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Requests Are Closed for Ever Sorry

Welcome readers!!

So sorry about this, but I just can't bring myself to do requests anymore.

If you requested, I will write it.

But no new requests please, I've found that I view them as a chore, and I don't like making writing feel that way.

Thank you for understanding and lots of love!!

-Nebula

Dedication

This book is dedicated to Zulu_the_demon, my soulmate and the biggest Countryhumans fan I know

Antarctica x Reader: Can Anyone Hear Me?

Antarctica x Reader
Can Anyone Hear Me?

A/n: Hello everyone!! Thanks so much for reading. This fic is based off a comic I did. Enjoy!

P.S. this is fic has the headcanon (/canon?) that Antarctica can't speak because his country doesn't technically have a language.

Italics- sign language

Normal- normal speech

Antarctica POV

Every country has a language.

Except for me.

I try to talk to them, and be friends.

But no one will take the time to talk to me.

I just wish someone would listen.

3rd Person POV

Antarctica stood in the back of the room at the party that America was hosting for all the countries. He watched as the other countries talked, and chattered, and partied to the pounding music.

He fiddled with the notebook in his hands. He usually signed to people but most of the countries weren't too familiar with sign language, except for his friends, namely Greenland.

He noticed Philippines and Canada chatting away near him and took a deep breath. He typically wasn't keen on talking to people he wasn't super close with them, but they seemed nice enough.

He walked over, scribbling something onto his notebook. He tapped Canadas shoulder, causing both of them to turn around.

'Hello!', the notebook read.

"Oh, uh hi." Philippines responded, questioningly, seeming to not know how to respond.

He flipped the notebook page and scribbled some more.

'Mind if I hang out with you guys?' He'd written.

"Uh..." both Philippines and Canada said in sync, sending glances at each other.

"We're actually going to grab a bite with Ame." Canada responded, and left the area with Phil.

'You idiot.' He thought. *'No one wants to talk to you...'*

He flipped his notebook and left the scene walking quickly outside, tears starting to sting his eyes. He didn't realize anyone had seen him go.

-Meanwhile-

Y/n laughed loudly at something Ame said. As she took a sip of her drink, she saw a flash of blue in the corner of her eye. It was Antarctica. She'd had a crush on the quiet country for a while, and had only managed to have a few conversations in sign language with him. Luckily, she'd taken sign language in highschool.

"I'll be right back." She winked at Ame, handing him her drink.

She quickly left the party and headed outside.

'Where'd he go now?' She thought looking around, then she looked down.

Tica was sitting on the ground, head in-between his knees.

She quietly sat down next to him

"Mind if I sit here?" She asked softly, smiling.

Ticas head popped up in surprise. He slowly nodded, wiping the tears that slipped from his goggles.

"What's wrong?" She asked kindly.

"No one wants to listen to a country with no voice." He huffed, signing.

"I'll listen to you..." She responded, smiling comfortingly.

"Really?" He blushed slightly.

She nodded, pulling him into a tight embrace, her head nestled into his fluffy blue coat.

She took in a deep breath and sighed, speaking softly.

"Always."

A/n: ayyy first fic doneee. I absolutely ADORE Antarctica but there's not a lot of content for him sadly. I'll probably make more Antartica fics between requests because this boy deserves more love.

Brazil x SoccerPlayer!Reader: Watching From the Sidelines (Requested)

Brazil x SoccerPlayer!Reader (Requested)
Watching From the Sidelines

A/n: Hello reader! Hope you enjoy this request by maria_do_amparo !

Y/ n's POV

"You ready for this y/n?" Your best friend Brazil asked.

"You bet!!" You responded, tying your sneakers. You were a professional soccer player and you had a big game today, your semifinals.

Brazil had come to see your game today and you were grateful for his support.

He didn't know it, but you had a massive crush on him, but you two were such good friends that you didn't want to tell him and scare him away.

"Need a hand?" He offered his hand to pull you up. You took it and he pulled you up. The two of you smiled at each other for a moment.

"YO Y/N!!" Y/f/n and fellow teammate called, beckoning you over.

"I got to go." You gestured to your team behind you. "Games gonna start soon. I'll see ya at half time!"

"Alright go get em." He smirked, holding his hand out for a high

five.

You grinned and obliged. You waved goodbye to him as you jogged over to your team.

-time skip to the actual game-

"GOAL!" the announcer yelled over the loud speakers.

The crowd screamed and cheered, lights of cameras flashed around you.
Your teammate high fived you as you grinned like a mad man. You jogged across the field to get to your position and as you did you spotted Brazil from the sidelines.

He was cheering loudly, smiling at you, he had his fist in the air so his jersey lifted up slightly on one side.

You smiled back at him, blushing slightly at his enthusiasm.

It was almost halftime and you were excited to talk to Brazil and get his opinion on the game so far.

'Okay y/n, focus on the ball....' you thought to yourself, waiting for the ball to be kicked.

-half time sorry for the time skips-

You jogged into the sidelines where Brazil was waiting for you.

He handed you your water bottle, you took a long, much needed drink.

"How'd I do?" You asked, looking at him as you drank water.

"Eh okay." He smirked, teasing.

"Hey!" You teased back, playfully punching his arm.

He laughed.

"Just kidding you're doing great." He replied.

"That's what I thought." You smirked, flipping your hair indignantly.

"You guys are looking good out there, but the other teams pretty good not gonna lie."

"Mhm..." You nodded. The score was almost tied. The other team was just a few goals behind.

The whistle blew. You passed him your water bottle and jogged back to the field. He smiled at you.

"Go get em n/n."

-another time skip-

You dribbled across the field as fast as you could, your heart racing, brow sweating.

Just 30 seconds left and you had to make the winning shot.

A rival team member kept trying to kick the ball away from you. And they were really good. You kept pushing faster and faster, the goal was almost within reach. Just a little farther!

Suddenly, a sharp pain shot through your ankle, and in desperation you kicked the ball at the goal.

You found yourself laying on the ground, the crowd going nuts. You knew you'd scored.

You sat up groggily, trying to get your bearings.

You saw Brazil racing over to you.

"Oh my gosh y/n are you okay?" He asked, concerned. "You went down hard."

"Yeah... I think so..." You replied. "I think I messed up my ankle a bit..."

"Here."

Your eyes went wide as he suddenly picked you up bridal style. You

tried very hard not to blush.

"Are you... blushing y/n?" He asked, smirking.

"No..." You replied shortly, averting his gaze.

He kissed you.

On the lips.

"Blushing now y/n?" He asked, slightly red faced himself.

You stared at him in surprise, blushing deeper.

"How long have you..." You asked.

"A while..." he shrugged. "You?"

You grinned.

"Same."

And kissed him again.

A/n: Hope I did it justice. Sorry for not finishing this sooner, I had a migraine and passed out for a while. :/ I'm doing better now!

Turkey x Reader: Country Contentions (Requested!)

Turkey x Reader
Country Contentions

A/n: Requested by RayquazerNili**!**

3rd Person POV

Y/n hummed softly to herself, quickly walking through the busy street. Her arms were full of groceries that she was bringing back to back to the apartment she shared with her boyfriend, Turkey.

She made it to the apartment, holding the door open for another tenant and slipping inside. She walked into the elevator, excited for a night in with her favorite country. She got off the elevator and started to her apartment, she frowned when she heard noises from the door. It sounded like... yelling?

Y/n shifted the bags in her arms and pulled the key from out of her pocket and unlocked the door. Her eyes widened in shock at the scene before her.

Greece and Turkey were standing across from one another, Greece had tears in her eyes and had her arms hugging her chest. Turkey on the other hand had his hands in fists and was glaring at Greece. **(a/n: I'm writing this as fem!Greece but if you hate it I'll make it male)**

Greece noticed you and glanced back at Turkey, she turned on her heel and walked towards y/n. Y/n stepped aside as Greece headed towards the door. She stopped and looked at y/n.

"Have fun with him." She said with a sniff, leaving the apartment.

Y/n's POV

"Turkey...?" You said slowly, facing the country and slowly closing the door.

"What... happened?"

"Nothing... I just..." he said roughly, flopping into their couch.

You set the bags on the table and walked over to the couch, sitting next to him.

You scooted close to him and went to lean on him, he stiffened for a second, before allowing you to cuddle up to him.

"Do you want ... to talk about it?" You asked softly, looking up at him.

"Not really..." he sighed. "It's just... well.. you know how she is sometimes." He huffed.

You nodded into his chest.

"I brought home food." You offered, trying to change the subject.

"That's good." He said shortly.

"We could... make something?"

"Y/n, I'm not really in the mood..."

"Come on." You said, standing up and offering your hand to pull him up.

He took it and you pulled the country up, leading him into the kitchen. You reached into one of the bags and pulled out chicken.

"Let's make kebabs! I know you like them." You winked.

He sighed.

"Alright. Just quickly..."

You grinned at him and the two of you began making the kabobs. You laughed and talked and the smell of delicious food filled the air. You watched as he relaxed and smiled and seemed to enjoy himself more throughout the evening.

You were just finishing up the finishing touches on your food when you felt someone's arms wrap around your waist.

"Thanks y/n." You heard him say softly behind your ear, causing the hairs on your neck to stand up.

"Of course." You smiled, reaching your head back to kiss him on the cheek. "I couldn't just have my favorite country feeling down."

He laughed.

"You're the best y/n."

"Oh. I know." You replied, with a shrug. "Now hands off love, I'm starving."

A/n: Okay, was not planning on getting through that request as fast (sorry I know it's kinda short) as I did but I had A LOT of free time on my hands today so here you go!! Bonus fic for today!! Probably won't ever post that often tho so don't get too used to it.

America x Reader: I'm Here for You (Emergency Fic)

America x Reader (Emergency Fic)
I'm Here for You

A/n: I wasn't going post until Saturday, but my friend really needed this fic right now. So this one's for you Multifandoms27. I love you 💟

Also: 100 reads?? Thanks !!! I love you all

Trigger Warning!!!- angst, personal issues

(n/n)- nick name

3rd Person POV

Y/n was not having a good time. Her mom wouldn't listen to her. She never felt like anyone heard her. She felt stuck, upset, and angry. Angry at the world.

She lay on her bed, face on her pillow, her body curled into the covers. She didn't want to move.

She heard the apartment door open and curled up tighter. She knew who was home.

_____

America entered the apartment, content to spend the night with his girlfriend, y/n.

"Y/nnnn" he called "I'm homeee"

No response.

The country looked around the living space, usually she was out here reading or working or drawing or something.

He walked over to her bedroom door.
"Y/n?" He called again, tapping on the door.

———————————————

Y/n, shoved the pillow over her head and groaned. She really, really did not want to talk to absolutely anybody.

Even her boyfriend.

She heard the door open with a "click!" She'd forgotten to lock the door again.

"Hey n/n." The country said, entering the room. He was surprised to see the lights off and the lump on the bed. He watched her breathing for a moment, to assess if she if she was sleeping.

Satisfied that she wasn't, he sat on the bed.

"Hey n/n..." he repeated, softer and kinder, rubbing her shoulder.

She moved her shoulder away sharply. She pulled the pillow off her face.

"Go away Ame, I don't really want to talk to anyone." She huffed shoving the pillow back onto her face.

"Wow what a warm welcome." He mumbled.

"Shut up!" She exclaimed, chucking the pillow behind her.

"Okay okay!!" He said, putting his hand up in surrender, easily dodging the pillow. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that. You're right."

He sighed and wrapped his arm around her up into a sitting position, and allowing her to curl up against his chest.

"What's going on baby I'm here.." he whispered softly into her ear.

"It's just..." she hesitated. "I'm just sick and tired of it all. I just want people to listen. I just want people to care. And im sick and tired of my friends and family, well most of them, you know what a mean,

and you know what? I just stop talking. Just never talk again. I'll... I'll.. go mute or something. Learn sign language or whatever." She said, taking a shaky breath, trying to push the tears that we're forming in her eyes.

"Alright baby. Whatever makes you happy. Just know that I'm here for you. You tell me what you need." He replied, stroking her hair.

She sniffed quietly, trying not to break.

The two lay there in the quiet. Ame murmuring words of comfort as a few tears escaped his partners eyes.

"Ame?" She spoke up.

"Yes baby?" He replied.

"Thanks." She said, with a small sniff.

"Of course." He nuzzled his nose into the crook of your neck. "I will always be here for you y/n. Forever and always."

A/n: I hope this fic helps anyone in need of a little comfort right now. And again thanks so much for 100+ reads!!

Japanese Empire/Japan x Reader: Arms Unfolding

[image]

Japanese Empire/Japan x Reader: Arms Unfolding

A/n: Hello readers and welcome to my first song fic! The song is Arms Unfolding by Dodie. It's a really soft and emotional song that I was going to use for another character but it fit so well with Japan I had to do it.

Side note: Yes Japan is female in this fic. Guess you're gay now.

Trigger Warning: death, angst, feelings

Italics- flashback

Normal- present

3rd Person POV

Hope I'm not tired of rebuilding

Y/n walked through the bustling and loud streets of the young Japanese Empire. She took it all in and let the sights and sounds envelope her, taking pictures to capture the moments. As she was taking it all in, she tripped and fell.
Someone grabbed her arm and hoisted her up.

She looked up at their face and blushed. Her face was unlike any others that she'd seen. It was a pale white and had a bright red sun on it that matched the blush on her cheeks.

"H-hi..." she managed, "I'm y/n."

'Cause this might take a little more

Y/n smiled softly at the Empire as she nestled into her arms. The two of

them sat on the roof top of one of the buildings of the palace, watching the stars. Japanese Empire kissed her softly on the head. Y/n blushed.

"Oh stop it you're going to make my face red again." She groaned teasingly.

"Well isn't it always?" Her girlfriend replied.

Y/n laughed and nuzzled the Empire.
The two sat together for a little longer in perfect content silence.

"I need to go." The Japanese Empire said suddenly. "I there's a military council meeting that I need to attend."

Y/n frowned and looked up at her.

"What?" She asked.

"I love you." She sighed. "I just wish you didn't work yourself so hard sometimes."

"My responsibility as a country- "

"And to your people and the military to protect them I know..." Y/n kissed her cheek. "Just take care of yourself okay?"
She nodded.

"O f course."

I think I'd like to try to look at you

"World War what??" Y/n exclaimed.

"Y/n-"

"No you listen! You're involved in a war now! There's bombs and fighting a-and you could get hurt. I don't want you loose you." Y/n cut in tears filling her eyes.

"I'm doing what's best for my country. And for my people. I have to protect me. And protect you. I'm sorry y/n it's just the way it has to be." She replied, cooly. Not even bothering to look her in the eye. "I'm leaving

for a meeting to discuss the attack on the U.S. I'll see you when I return."

She left.

And feel the way I did before

Y/n never saw Japanese Empire anymore. She was always busy at meetings or fighting with other countries. Y/n would watch in her love in horror at the marks and blood soaked bandages that adorned her once pale, clear skin.

Y/n cried herself to sleep most nights now. Out of fear of her lover. All she wanted was for her to be safe. She hated the way she always looked tired, the way she'd try not to wince in pain as her bandages were redone.

Y/n hated herself so much through it all. She just wi shed there was some why to make it all stop.

Oh, our fire died last winter

People were running about. Shouting. There was confusion. Everywhere. All y/n could hear were the voices yelling. "She's been hit. Japan's been hit."

Y/n ran. America had bombed Japan. She knew she had to find her love. She just had to.

All of the shouting blew it up

Y/n ran through the broken city. Screaming and shouting for her love. Her desperate panic could be heard all throughout the ruined streets. Just as she was about to give up hope she spotted her.

"My love... no..."

You know I could live without or with you

"Please no...." Y/n sobbed, cradling her lovers head in her arms.

"Y/n?" Japanese Empire said shakily. "Y/n I'm sorry."

"No no no.." She replied softly. "There's no need to be sorry."

"Yes.. there is.." she replied. "I should have spent more time with you, I just wanted to protect you an-and-and-" The former country coughed violently, blood spurting from her mouth.

"Shhhh...." Y/n shushed her, stroking the side of her face comforting her,tears were streaming down her face as she watched the life drain from the once great empire she loved so much. "You did well love. You did well..."

But I might like having you about

Y/n carried the lifeless body back to the city. She could hear the gasps and wails of the terrified people as she walked. She felt numb to it all. Her whole world had just been split in two. The moment the bombs fell and crushed her precious Japanese Empire. And she knew she'd never get her back

Y es, these new walls are pretty hard to crack

Y/n stepped off the plane, she was back. She didn't want to be here. She walked again through the streets that she'd once held the hand of her love.

Y/n was only here because she'd gotten an invitation to spend time with her best friend, who was now living in Japan. She hadn't wanted to be back here in this place. It was too painful for her to even fathom.

"Hey!!" Her best friend waved over to her from the road.

"B/f/n!" She smiled slightly and walked over to her.

"You excited y/n?" She grinned.

"Yup." She half lied.

"Great!! I have so much to show you!" She replied, taking her arm and leading her down the street.

And it might take a while

The two friends were walking through some gardens, near the old palace that y/n had lived in with Japanese Empire. They pointed out various plants and trees. As they turned a corner they saw a girl in a white shirt and white, blue, and red school uniform with cat ears and tail. What y/n noticed most was the bright red dot on her pale face.

"Hey Japan!" Her friend called out to the girl.

Y/n's face paled at her friends words.

"Hello!" The country called, greeting her friend.

"This is y/n." Her friend introduced.

"Hello y/n! I'm Japan." she greeted cheerfully with a little bow.

No.

This couldn't be her. Not her Japan. Y/n stumbled back in shock.

"Are you alright? You look rather pale.." Japan said, reaching out to steady her.

"No!" Y/n yelled, stumbling backwards.

She didn't know what to do, she ran.

"Wait!"

Until I trust you on the tackle

Y/n ran and ran. She couldn't believe it. Her love had been reincarnated.. into that? She could feel the tears burning in her eyes. She stumbled into a bench and sat down. She couldn't process anything.

"Y/n...?" Japan asked, concerned. "Y/n... M/n... L/n..?"

I apologize, but it was only self defense

Her heat shot up to look at her.

"H-how did you.."

"I don't remember much. Or anything from before my past self died..." The usually cheerful county sighed, sitting on the bench.

"But I... I remember you."

Running away just made sense

"You do?" Y/n asked, tears tracing down her face. "You really do?"

Japan nodded.

"Just bits and pieces. I have photos, and letters and that's it."

"I see..."

"You loved me- I mean her."

She nodded.

"I did..."

"Do you want to try again?"

But here I am with arms unfolding

"What?" Y/n exclaimed.

"I know I'm not your Japan. And I'll never be her. But I still love you."

I guess it isn't quite the end

"Y-you do?" Y/n asked, wiping her tear stained face.

"Mhm!" The country replied, blushing.

"And you want to... try?"

"Of course! But only if you do."

Oh, partner in crime

Y/n slowly nodded.

"You're not the Japan I knew. But you are you. And... I... I think I need to learn how to love again. So be easy with me alright?"

The country nodded.

"I'll teach you how to love again, but you must teach me how to love back, *hai*? I don't want to make any mistakes." She replied brightly offering her hand.

I'm going to try

Y/n took it, smiling slightly. Japan's hand in hers, exactly where it belonged.

To fall in love with you again

A/n : Okay that was officially the longest one shot I've ever written HOLY CRAP. Honestly hope y'all in enjoyed it, bonus points if it wrecked your heart.

Antarctica x Reader: I Got Dibs!

Antarctica x Reader
I Got Dibs!

A/n: Another Antarctica Oneshot!! Yay!! This one is based off another comic I did featuring myself and Multifandoms27 .

Side Note: Antarctica's description is based off my design of him (which is pretty close to everyone else's design of him but still)

Italics- writing

3rd Person POV

Y/n had her head on the table, bored out of her mind. She'd been invited to the meeting as b/f/n plus one, who was America's plus one. She had looked forward to the meeting, curious about what the countries actually did in meetings to help the world. Turns out they just yelled and argued a lot.

She looked at the clock and sighed, 15 more minutes of this. B/f/n bumped her shoulder, she looked up and leaned over.

"Me and Ame are going to get some late lunch after this, if you want to come." She offered.

Y/n nodded gratefully and put her head back down, watching the clock hands slowly tick...

Y/n stood up, rubbing the side of her face and trying not to make eye contact with some of the countries. It was pretty obvious that some of them were hitting on her.

She walked quickly and ignored the looks and whistles from a few of the countries, what was up with these guys? According to b/f/n

it was normal for some of the countries to hit on "attractive human girls", she'd said.

The trio exited the building and started walking to (your favorite restaurant) a few blocks away.

"Soooo... y/nnnn how was your first meeting?" Her best friend asked nudging her side.

"It's a wonder that the world spins 'round." She replied.

B/f/n and Ame laughed.

"Eh we'll just say the world spins around me." Ame winked at the two friends.

"Oh stop it you." B/f/n said, teasingly to America.

"Never." he grinned, leaning down and kissing her.

Y/n made faces and gagging noises at the couple.

"Hey!" B/f/n said, hitting her arm and blushing slightly.

Y/n laughed, and swatted her arm away.

"You guys are gross." She said, smirking.

"I'll be saying that to you when you get a boyfriend." She replied. "You should try dating a country, I think Canada or Russia has it in for you."

"Ew." She replied, sticking her tounge out at her.

The trio chatted and talked until they were only a block or so from the restaurant. They stood, waiting at the cross walk. Y/n was about to tease b/f/n about something she'd said when she saw a bright orange mittened hand tapped America's broad shoulders.

America turned around and as did b/f/n and y/n.

A country was standing there, in a deep blue coat and bright orange mittens. He had a pair of ski goggles on his face and was holding a

notebook that said:

'Hello!'

He flipped it around and scribbled something, and then flipped it back around.

'May I join you?'

Y/n suddenly felt a pang in her heart. This country was *adorable*. And surprisingly polite compared to some of the others she'd met. She could feel her heart beating fast and a blush starting to creep up on her.

The trio looked at each other for a moment. Y/n looked back at the blue and white faced country, and with a bright red face exclaimed:

"I got dibs!"

A/n: I know it's a short one but I really wanted to do another Antarctica one. Expect more Antarctica oneshots in the future!

Vampire!Romania x Shy! Reader: Into the Woods (Requested)

Vampire!Romania x Shy!Reader
Into the Woods

A/n: This oneshot is another request by RayquazerNili ! Sorry it took me so long, I planned to write this one sooner but I just couldn't get the story to flow right the first few times.

3rd Person POV

Y/n walked through the dark woods of Transylvania, lost, tired and afraid. She hadn't meant to get lost, it had been a complete accident.

She and her older brother had planned a trip to Romania to do some sightseeing. Her phone had fallen out of her bag and she hadn't noticed it fall out until they were quite aways away. Of course she'd rushed back to get it and get back to meet back up with her brother, she'd gotten on the wrong path and was now hopelessly lost. And because they were so deep in the woods, she didn't even have reception.

Y/n continued to make her way through the trees, trying to find a trail maker or a way out of the woods. She needed to find something fast because it was getting dark. She stumbled over a rock, startled by a loud crack that came from about twenty feet away.

"Hello?" She called out softly, walking quickly towards the area the crack had come from.

She came to a large oak tree where she'd heard the sound and sighed. Nothing. It was probably just a small animal or a trick of her mind. She reached into her travel pack and pulled out her water bottle and took a long, slow drink.

"Hello."

Y/n let out a scream and fell back, dropping her water bottle and felt a sharp warm pain in her hand.

"Oh sorry, are you alright?" the voice said, suddenly pulling her up.

"Y-Yeah." she stuttered "i-im fine."

The girl looked at the source of the voice and was surprised by what you saw. He had a blue, yellow, and red striped face and was wearing a white period shirt and what looked like a vampire cape.

"I'm Romania." He said, holding out his hand. That's when she noticed the fangs that showed when he talked.

"Y-y/n..." she said shyly, shaking it. "Are you a... vampire?"

He grinned, fangs showing, and she felt her heart flutter.

"Yeah I am. Or maybe just a really good cosplayer." The country joked.

There was a pause.

"What are you doing way out here?" He asked, cocking his head. "The woods are no place for someone like you at night."

"I um... got lost." She replied. "I was with my brother and we got separated. It was just over that way..."

She pointed and her eyes widened as she noticed the blood trickling down the side of her hand.

"Shoot." She muttered, putting her hand over her mouth to stop the blood.

She looked up at him embarrassed, noticing the slightly hungered look in his eyes.

'Hes a vampire." She thought. 'You're bleeding, or course he looks hungry.'

She watched as he reached down and ripped off a part of his clean white shirt off.

"Here." He offered, taking her hand.
Y/n blushed as his cool hand took her soft warm one. He carefully wrapped it up and kissed her hand.

"There." He said, "All better."

"T-thank you" She said softly, blushing a little more.

"There's a village just under a mile that way." He gestured. "We should get going, the woods can be a scary place ."

She nodded in response, her eyes widened as he took her good hand and led her through the forest. The girl did her best to stay behind the mysterious and handsome stranger.

The pair walked quickly and silently through the woods. The silence was broken as a howl ripped through the woods. Y/n tensed, her hand holding tight to Romania's.

"Don't worry *frumuseţe*, I won't let them hurt you." He smiled reassuringly.

She managed a small smile and they kept going, trying to ignore the howling that pierced the cool Transylvanian air.
She noticed lights coming from the edge of the tree line, that must be the village he was talking about! The pair made it to the edge of the trees.

"Thank you so much for everything." She said, gratefully.

"Of course my *frumuseţe*" He replied, kissing the top of her head.
"Take good care of yourself. Come visit me soon." He said, with a wink.

She looked away, blushing hard, she was about to say something to him but when she looked back, he was gone.

Y/n adjusted her pack and walked through the field to the lights of the small village.

She stopped and looked behind her, she could have sworn she saw him in the tree line.

Y/n smiled to herself and kept walking, she'd see him again very soon, she would make sure of that.

A/n: Yay! Another chapter up! I know it's a kinda short but this was the best story flow I could manage. I also apologize if the Romanian is inaccurate because I only speak English. A quick thank you to everyone for over 300 reads! You guys are the best.

Translations:

***frumuseţe* - beautiful (female)**

Vampire!Romania x Shy! Reader: Back Into the Woods (Part 2) (Requested!)

Vampire!Romania x Shy!Reader
Back Into the Woods (Part 2) (Requested!)

A/n: LittleSingingDragon liked the original fic so much that they requested a second one ! Thank you! So here you go, I know the sequel isn't usually as good as the original but I tried to do it justice!

Y/b/n- your brothers name

3rd Person POV

Y/n lay there in the hotel bed, staring at the ceiling, just doing nothing.

"Get up sleepyhead!"

A pillow smacked her face.

"Hey!" She said up, and rubbed her face. "Y/b/n!"

"Oh come on!" He said with a laugh. "That was funny."

"Maybe for you!" She replied, throwing the pillow back at him and frowning when he caught it.

"Go get ready."

Y/n stuck her tounge out at him and got out of the springy bed and went into the bathroom to get ready. She would have been ready sooner but she just couldn't get him out of her head.

'*Romania* …' She mentally sighed, and finished up with her face.

She left the bathroom and started picking out her clothes.

"So I was thinking we should probably leave this town soon and go tour some more of Transylvania. What do you think?"

"Um…" She hesitated, looking out the window to the woods where she'd last seen him.

"Perfect! We'll leave tomorrow!" He said. "I really want to see how the locals do things in the town, we can get a good grip on traditions and way of life in other cultures. Plus I want to know more about those woods."

"What do you want to know about the woods?" She asked carefully. "I mean, they're just trees."

"Did you know… that there's vampires in there?" He said with a low whispered, laughing.

"Oh stop."

"Whaaattt?" He laughed."Oh come on y/n, we both know vampires aren't real. They're just made up by locals to get attention from tourists and crazy people."

"Heh.. yeah.. you're right." She fake laughed along with him. "Definitely not real."

Y/n and y/b/n sat there at the small pub, she picked at her dinner, she just couldn't stop thinking about that night.

"You good y/n?" He asked. "You seem distracted."

"Hm?" She said, snapping back into reality. "Oh um… I'm not feeling that well… I'm gonna head back to the hotel, I'll meet you there!"

She quickly left and hurried down the road towards the woods, he *had* to be there. He just had to!

She quickly made her way to the edge of the woods and hesitated,

glancing back at the village lights before she pushed into the brush.

The sun was setting and she pulled out her phone to use as a flashlight, still no reception, just like last time.

She continued deeper and deeper into the woods, maybe if she could find that tree again. Suddenly, a loud howl pierced the air. Y/n tensed, it sounded close.

She kept on, getting more and more nervous by the minute, the wolves howls grew louder and louder, closer and closer. Y/n began to panic, she didn't even know how to get out!

A scream ripped from her throat as a large gray wolf jumped at her from the brush. It growled and walked towards her.

Y/n closed her eyes and pressed herself against a rock on the ground.

'*This is how it ends*....' She thought.

A thwack and a whimper echoed through the forest.

Y/n slowly opened her eyes and looked around and that when she saw the black cape.

"R-romania?" She asked hesitantly.

He turned, and smiled.

"Hello *frumuseţe*." He smiled, walking over. "Lost again?"

"You could say that." She replied as he helped her up.

"I'm surprised you came back. It's dangerous here."

"I..." She hesitated looking down at the ground. "I missed you. I know how it sounds but i-"

She stopped as he lifted her head up.

"Then stay." He said softly.

"Can I?"

"Only if you want to."

She nodded.

He gently traced his hand down to her neck.

"I have to protect you y/n. Please understand."

He suddenly lunged forwards and bit down on her soft s/c neck.

She cried out in surprise.

He held her shaking figure still as he let the bite sink in, transitioning her into a vampire.

He then let go with his teeth and pulled her close.

"You're alright… I've got you… I'm sorry…"

"I-its okay…" She whimpered, allowing herself to be held. "I just feel kinda-"

And she blacked out.

Y/n groggily woke up, the world felt murky and surreal. She tried to sit up but was gently pushed back by the red, yellow, and blue man before her.

“Shh…. just rest y/n.” He said softly.

“Your body is still adjusting.”

“You bit me….” She muttered, frowning.

“You said you wanted to stay.”

“Huh? Yes. I do. I very much do. I just wasn't expecting it.”

“My apologies. I just didn't want to lose you.”

“I dont want to lose you too.”

He pulled her close and kissed her, her face flushed a rich red, almost matching his face.

He slowly pulled away, still holding her close.

“Then never leave me, *frumuseţe*.”

A/n: Okay I hope you guys enjoyed that! Im not a vampire expert but I tried.

Translations:

frumuseţe- beautiful

Poland x Reader: Safe and Sound

[image]

Poland x Reader
Safe and Sound

A/n: Another WW2 song fic? I'm sensing a theme here... This one's Safe and Sound by Taylor Swift! I don't usually listen to her but this song is so soft and haunting I figured it'd go really nicely with this story.

Trigger Warning: WW2, concentration camps, PTSD , PTSD flashbacks, depression, thoughts of suicide, angst

Italics- flashback

Normal- present

3rd Person POV

Y/n hummed softly to the song playing over her headphones, tapping her pen against her leg. She was just finishing up some work for the E.U. Council Meeting next week. She read over the paper, now satisfied got up and left her desk heading into the kitchen for some water.

As she finished filling up her glass, she looked around the apartment for her boyfriend, Poland. She was tired from work and excited for date night.

"Poland?" She called, walking over to his bedroom and knocking on the door.

No response.

She frowned and pushed open the door.

"Oof." She muttered, as she realized Poland's body was against it. She managed to slip in, and saw Poland sitting on the floor, tears streaming down his red and white face, wrapped up in a large sweater.

"Oh Poland..." she sighed, sitting next to him on the floor, pulling him close and wrapping her arms around him.

I remember tears streaming down your face when I said I'll never let you go

"Y-y/n..." he muttered. "Y/n it hurt so bad."

"I know Pol, I know..." she sighed, squeezing him a little tighter. She could feel the tears sliding off his face and onto her arm.

"No..." he moaned. "You have no idea... I didn't want it- i-i.."

When all those shadows almost killed your light

Poland cried out as Third Riech punched his chest, knocking the wind out of him. Poland tried to get up but just... couldn't. He watched as his oppressor walked away from him, heading straight for the gates of Auschwitz.

"Please!" He cried out. "They didn't do anything! Don't hurt them! Don't hurt me!"

I remember you said don't leave me here alone

"He k-kiled them y/n. It was my fault. I-if I'd just been stronger." He sobbed violently.

"Hey hey hey... no... sh..." You tried to comfort him. "You did all you could. Their death wasn't your fault."

But all that's dead and gone and passed tonight

Poland just sat on his knees in the smoke and flames. He watched as the Riech burned his people. Some of them weren't even his. They'd been stolen away from other lands and brought here to die. He cried for them, horrible weeping sobs of pain as he heard them crying out.

It was too much. Too much. Too much. Too much.

Just close your eyes, the sun is going down

"Too much... too much..." The red and white faced country muttered over and over again. His whole body shook violently.

She hated to see him like this. But she knew she had to be there for him.

You'll be alright, no one can hurt you now

"Hey, shhh listen, I need you to take deep breaths, okay?" She said, gently rubbing his back.

"Deep breaths, that's good in and out...." She whispered as Poland took slow, shaky breaths.

Come morning light, you and I'll be safe and sound

Y/n sighed, letting her head rest against his shoulder.

"I-i hate it y/n." He said, sounding terrified. "I can hear them. I can see them."

Don't you dare look out your window, darling everything's on fire

Poland continued to sit there feeling numb, seeing the flames dance, and feeling him die more and more inside. The country didn't get up until he was lifted up by the Soviet Union. The large country removed him from the site, confused at the situation. But he knew.

He knew exactly what was happening. What had happened. It was all his fault....

The war outside our door keeps raging on

"Y/n... people... are forgetting. They're forgetting about what happened, about me." He whispered.

"I know... I know..." she said, his voice his made her want to cry.

She held back the tears that were pricking her eyes.

"Will you forget?" He asked, looking up at her.

Hold onto this lullaby even when the musics gone, gone

Y/n looked up at the large Soviet Union.

"Ready?" He responded bluntly. " He doesn't like me, for good reason. Maybe you can speak with him."

Y/n nodded as he pushed open the door, her eyes grew wide with shock.

Poland sat there on the floor, a thin blanket wrapped around his shoulders, his whole body covered in marks and bandages.

"Hello Poland." She said softly, approaching him and kneeling down to his level.

"I'm y/n, I'm here to help you."

"Help?" He rasped, looking at her with a broken expression.

"Yes." She smiled, taking his hand. "Help."

Just close your eyes, the sun is going down

"I promised I'd help you back then didn't I?" She replied. "I won't forget that and I won't forget you."

Poland looked her over and then took a deep, shaking breath.

"I-im sorry y/n." He said. "I-i didn't mean to break down like this."

You'll be alright, no one can hurt you now

"Hey it's okay-" she started.

"No it's not, it happened a long time ago and-" his eyes went wide, and he put his head in his hand. "We were supposed to have a date night."

Come morning light, you and I'll be safe and sound

"And we still can." She smiled, shifting and getting up, pulling him up with her.

"Come on, let's go watch a movie." She said, wrapping her arm around his waist and guiding him to the couch. They held each other close as y/n turned on his favorite movie.

Just close your eyes, you'll be alright

Y/n glanced over at her partner and smiled as she realized he'd fallen asleep.

"I love you ..." she whispered, kissing his cheek. "You're safe now."

Come morning light, you and I'll be safe and sound

A/n: thanks all for 500+ reads!! Special announcement coming in the next part!

Father!USSR x Daughter! Reader: I Love You Моё дути (Requested!!)

Father!USSR x Daughter!Reader
I Love You мое дитя

A/n: Request for skylarkae57 Hope you enjoy this daddy daughter oneshot!

Side note: This one actually turned out kinda gender neutral ((which wasn't intentional lol)) so boys.... ;)

Y/n POV

"Dadddddd!" You yelled, entering your house and throwing down your backpack. "I'm homeeee!"

You'd had just come home from a long day of highschool and were exhausted. You walked down the hall and knocked on the door to your dad's office, and then pushed it open.

"Hi Dad." You said, walking in and wrapping your arms around his neck as he said in his large office chair.

"Hello y/n." He responded, acknowledging you and turning back to the paperwork he was going at.

To most people, your father was a large, scary country with no emotions or ability to care about anyone but himself. But to you, he was just your dad. Sure he wasn't the most openly affection guy on the planet and he did have his quirks and flaws but you loved him. And he loved you back which was the most important part.

"How was school?" He asked, shifting through some papers.

"The usual." You said with a shrug. "Are you busy tonight?"

"I have a meeting in half an hour but we can have dinner together if you'd like." he offered.

You nodded and kissed his head.

"Love you." You replied, and unwrapping your arms, left the room.

You sat at your desk, finishing up your homework and waiting for your dad to get home. It was starting to get late.... Maybe he forgot? No. The meeting was probably just running over, it happened sometimes.

You heard a knock at the door.

"Come in!" You called.

Your father poked his head in, looking exhausted. You knew meetings took a lot out of him with all the other countries hating on him.

"Hey Dad...." You said sighing slightly.

"Listen, if you're too tired to hang out tonight, we could reschedule or something." You said with a smile, trying to hide your disappointment.

He studied you for a moment, as if trying to decipher your true intentions.

"I already made dinner." He said bluntly. "I'll see you downstairs in five minutes."

He left the room.

"Yes!!" You whisper-yelled, pumping your fist in the air.

You now realized that he wasn't late from his meeting, he'd been home making dinner the entire time.

You threw your homework back in your bag and grabbed your phone. You raced down the stairs and sat down next to your dad.

Your stomach rumbled in anticipation as you stared at your food.

He'd made Chicken Kiev and biscuits, one of your childhood favorites. You took a bite, chewed, swallowed, and sighed.

"Thanks Dad this is really good." You said, gratefully.

He nodded and took a bite of his.

Your dad had a habit of raising you and your brothers on food from the Cold War. Your dad was kind of a nostalgic sometimes.

"How is school?" He asked.

"Oh. Um.. good!" You said, nodding.

Actually it wasn't that good. I mean, you were doing okay in your classes and extracurriculars but there had been a lot of friend drama and late nights of stress.

"You doing well in class?"

You nodded again. You had A's and B's. That was good right?

"Good." He replied, looking satisfied. "I'm glad to hear that. Everything good with your friends?"

"How... was your meeting?" You asked quickly, changing the subject.

"You're ignoring my question?" He said, raising an eyebrow.

"Maybe I don't want to answer it." You replied defensively, not wanting to get into the details but also really not wanting to fight with your dad.

There was a tense pause.

"You should go get ready for bed." He said, standing up and clearing your plate.

"Sure thing Dad..." You muttered, leaving the kitchen.

You finished getting ready and walked down the hall to your father's bedroom.

You paused for a moment before knocking softly and pushing the door open.

He was sitting up right in his bed, a book in his hands.

"How can I help you y/n?" He asked.

You didn't respond, you walked over and climbed into the bed with him, cuddling him like when you were a kid.

"I'm sorry for getting mad at you Dad."

"It's alright." He said reassuringly, holding you close. "I know you have a lot on your plate, but please think before you get angry with me."

You nodded into his shoulder.

The two of you laid together in a comfortable silence.

"I love you Dad..." You said, not really expecting him to say it back.

It wasn't that he didn't care, it's just he wasn't always open to talking about the way he felt about other people, even his own kids.

"I love you too, *Моё дути*." He replied, kissing the top of your head.

You looked up at him in surprise.

"Shhhh... *малютка*." He said, the barest trace of a smile tracing his lips.

You grinned back at him and curled yourself up on his chest, wishing you could be there forever.

A/n: Hope you enjoyed this short fluffy oneshot! First time doing a Dad! oneshot so I hope it was okay. Have a great day/ night everyone!

Translations:

мое дитя- my child
малютка- little one

Antartica x Reader: Chivalry is Dead

[image]

Antarctica x Reader
Chivalry is Dead

A/n: A non WW2 themed song fic for once! This one's Chivalry is Dead by Trevor Wesley, it's a very cute song and I thought I'd fit well with my boy, Tica.

Side Note: No not all the song lyrics are used it's mostly repeated and it'd take me forever to do the whole song.

Italics- sign language

Normal- normal speech

3rd Person POV

Girl, just let your hair down

Y/n laughed and playfully punched America in the arm.

"I can get out of a limo by myself thanks." She teased.

"Just tryna help girly." He teased back.
She giggled.

"Oh let's just go."

Let's paint the whole town

Y/n and America walked into the party. She smoothed down a wrinkle on her (f/c) dress.

"Let's go find the others." She offered to Ame.

She'd come as his plus one for the night. She wasn't particularly romantically interested in him, but they were good friends and she was glad to be here.

"Hello y/n." A voice said next to her.

Life is our playground, yeah

"Germany!" She exclaimed in excitement, giving him a quick hug.

"This is going to be great guys!" She said linking arms with them. "Let's go say hi to the others."

But I'm not a kid no more

Y/n lead the group through the party, ready for a great night with her friends. They moved through the crowd, people were dancing and drinking. It was going to be a great night.

So I must open doors and make you feel like the lady you are

He walked into the party, adjusting the bowtie on his navy blue tux nervously. He knew you were going to be here and he was kinda nervous to see you. **(a/n: okay I need to stop making him go to parties but this is going to be really cute I swear)**

My momma raised me to be classy, not flashy

He weaved his way through the dozens of people and countries, hoping to catch a glimpse of you. Maybe talk if he was lucky, his heart swelled at the thought of being near you

I'm happy to please you

He stumbled back as Russia drunkenly slammed into him. He glared at him slightly, but not noticeably enough to start a fight.

Though I can tell that's not what you're used to

He kept trying to look over people's heads to find you. No luck. How big was this place? He walked over to the side and stood on a chair, a smile spreading across his face, finally spotting you.

And they say chivalry is dead

The cold country quickly made his way over to the large group of countries around her.

He watched as the girl laughed and flirted with some of the more major countries. His heart sank. He tried to move back out of the group but he was suddenly pushed forwards into someone's arms-

Girl, let a real man pick up the slack

Y/n stumbled back in surprise as a weight was suddenly thrust into her arms. It was none other than the frozen boy himself, Antarctica. He was staring at her wide eyed and red faced.

And treat you with respect

"Uh...." She muttered, blushing just as hard as the country infront of her.

He quickly pulled himself from her arms and brushed himself off.

He mustered up all his courage and signed;

"Would you like to dance?"

And you don't have to love me

"Yes." She said, grinning and watching the blush deepen on his face.

He held out his hand, offering to take hers.

She took it, and the crowd parted for the pair, allowing them to go to the dance floor, ignoring the surprised whispers coming from the others.

You don't have to love me

As they approached the dance floor, a slower song came on. Antarctica gently put his hand on her waist and clasped her hand in his freezing one and they began to dance.

Just 'cause I'm a gentleman don't mean

As the song went on, she found herself moving closer and closer against him. The dance floor was hot and he was nice and cold.

Y/n gently rested her head against his chest and she blushed as he put his head on top of hers. The duo gently swayed to the music, enjoying each other's company.

I ain't taking you to bed

As the song ended, she sighed and pulled back a bit. She wished that she could have stayed there forever.

"That was really nice Tica." She said, with a shy smile. "Thank you."

He blushed and nodded.

"I love you y/n." He signed.

Her eyes widened and she blushed.

"I love you too, iceberg." She replied, kissing him on the cheek.

And they say chivalry is dead

A/n: I know there's a lot of Antarctica content on this book but the thing is I can't find any really good Tica fics so I'm taking it upon myself to give you the Antarctic content you deserve.

Antarctica x Reader: Bird Talk

Antarctica x Reader
Bird Talk

A /n: Okay so I told myself I wouldn't upload two Tica fics in a row but this one was so funny to me I just had to write it. This one's not a request, but its going out to ImLonely11307 for putting this idea out there.

Italics- sign language

Normal- normal speech

Y/n's POV

Y/n stepped out of the plane and took a deep breath of the icy air. It was going to be a long week.

You'd decided to go to Antarctica house for the week to spend time with your boyfriend. But unfortunately, he lived in the cold South Pole with no one else so it was kind of a hassle to get there.

You'd hitched a ride with a couple scientists and flown up to their research facility and then had to get a snowmobile to get to his house over 10 miles away.

To most people this would seem like a lot, but spending time with your frozen boyfriend was important to you and you'd do anything for him.

You got on your snowmobile and carefully attached your stuff.

Revving the engine, you began the trip.

Your eyes were burning from the cold as you arrived at his house. A small smile rose on your face as you spotted Antarctica outside the house waiting for you, his bright orange mittens waving you

over.

You parked the snow mobile and got off, you grabbed your stuff and walked over to him as he opened the door for you. You walked in and dropped your stuff as he shut the door and wrapped his arms around you.

You giggled slightly at his sweetness and squeezed him tightly back.

He pulled away and slipped off his mittens so he could sign.

"I missed you y/n." He signed, smiling.

"Awe I missed you too, Tica." You replied, giving him a quick peck on the cheek.

"Go put your stuff upstairs and I'll make you some hot chocolate. You look cold." He signed, kissing you back.

"Yeah no duh Sherlock." You teased. "You live in the coldest place on the planet."

He shrugged.

"I'll see you in a minute." You said grabbing your stuff.

You and Antarctica sat together on the couch, mugs of hot cocoa and empty plates sat on the table. You were wrapped up in several blankets, and Tica had his arm around you.

You let out a sigh of contentment against him as you watched the small, crackling fire in the fireplace.

You were about to fall asleep when you felt Tica shift, you leaned off and lifted your head up to watch him.

"I've got a surprise for you tomorrow." He signed, grinning.

"Oh what is it?" You asked, sleepily.

"It's a surprise." He teased, laughing slightly.

"Oh… right…" You muttered. "Hold me?"

You felt him nod his head against you and hold you close. You went to sleep with dreams of tomorrow.

"Are we there yet?" You asked, teeth chattering as you walked through the frozen wasteland.

Antarctica turned his head and nodded slightly, indicating that they were almost there.

"Alright…" You muttered, trying to keep up with the cold country.

You walked in silence for a few minutes. You couldn't feel anything and your face was freezing. Your lips and nose burned from the cold.

You saw him come to the edge of a small ledge and wave you over. You walked to where he was standing and looked down.

"Penguins!" You exclaimed in excitement.

He nodded and grinned, taking off his scarf and wrapping it around the bottom half of your cold face to keep you warm. He took your hand and lead you down to where the large colony of Emperor Penguins were, and because it was June, there were dozens of little chicks running around.

You squealed with joy when you saw them.

"Awe they're so cute!" You said excitedly as one waddled up to the two of you.

You and Tica knelt down to greet it.
The little chick made small chirping noises in greeting.

You watched as Tica gently picked up the tiny bird and suddenly opened his mouth and made squeaking and chirping noises back.

"Tica… what…" You said in surprise, half laughing.

He looked at you and blushed, looking away.

"You can talk to penguins?"

He made a small chirping whistle in response, winking.

You laughed, kissing him.

"Just keep talking penguin, ice cube."

A/n:

No one:

Me: *does extensive amounts of research on every fic to make sure it's as accurate as possible even though no one would probably notice if I didn't*

Anyways thanks all for over 1k reads!!! I can't believe it! You guys are actually the best I love you so much. ♡

Canada x Reader: Come From Away

Canada x Reader
Come From Away

A/n: Posting two days in a row because I have so much time on my hands. This oneshot is a little confusing if you don't know what's going on so please read the background context.

BACKGROUND CONTEXT: This oneshot takes place on 9/11 in Newfoundland, Canada. On 9/11 hundreds of planes were rerouted and forced to land. 38 planes were sent to the town of Gander in Newfoundland on 9/11 and the townspeople welcomed them and took them in during the tragedy. This oneshot is based off the musical, Come From Away, which is based off the true stories of this event.

Trigger Warning: 9/11, mentions of death, drinking/alcohol.

Italics- flashback

Normal- present

Y/n POV

"Hello this is your Captain speaking I'm going to need you all to remain calm, there's been an announcement and we need to land immediately. I apologise for the inconvenience and ask you all to please remain calm. Thank you."

Y/n stood in line, waiting for your turn to hear from the outside world, just like everyone else. Ever since they'd landed in Gander, Newfoundland, you'd wanted to call your family or friends or just someone.

As you waited, you could hear the voices of desperate people trying to get a hold of their loved ones and the newscasters on the TV.

The atmosphere was tense, full of fear, and sickening to be in.

"Here."

You blinked back into reality and took the phone from the woman in front of her. Now who were you going to call?
Your hands shook as you punched in the number, she couldn't call her family, they'd be freaking out too much, so you decided to call your best friend.

"Hey b/f/n it's y/n…." You said.

"Y/n" You heard them say in surprise. "Y/n, are you okay?"

"Yeah… i-im fine…" You replied, your voice breaking slightly. "How's everyone else?"

"Well my fiance- i mean, your sister is having a slight break down and you parents are worried, but other then that we're all glad you're safe."

"Yeah…" You sighed. "Same."

There was a slight pause.

"Who were the pilots?" You asked, breaking the silence.

Your heart pounded in her chest as he listed the names.

"W-wait…" You choked. "John? Are you sure…" **(a/n: John Ogonowski was the pilot in the plane that crashed into the twin towers)**

"Y/n…"

"I should go. Thank you, b/f/n, for everything."

You hung up the phone and quickly left the building. You didn't

know where you was going but you knew you had to get away.

You walked for about half an hour, thoughts racing until you came to a small cliff overlooking a small waterfall.

You sat down on the ledge and just started to cry. You was tired, physically, emotionally and mentally. You had just lost a good friend, hadn't slept in days, was gross, and just couldn't cope. A small sob escaped your lips.

"Are you alright?"

Your head whipped around in surprise.

The man standing in front of you had a red and white striped face with a red leaf on it. He wore a black and red flannel, covered by a brown jacket with jeans and a fur cap.

"Sorry I didn't mean to startle you…" Hs said, shyly.

"It's alright." You replied.

"Can I…?" He gestured to next to you.

"Sure." You shrugged.

He sat down on the slab of rock next to her.

"Im Canada."

"Y/n, L/n."

"Are you one of the plane people?" He asked.

"Yeah.. um.. I'm a pilot." You replied.

"Wow…" He breathed. "You must be really stressed right now."

"Yeah you think?" You sighed. "I don't know what to do. I mean, I'm the pilot of the plane. I'm the one who's supposed to make sure everyone has a safe flight and it all goes well but now we're stuck. Somewhere. In the middle of nowhere." You huffed.

"Uh… no offense." You said quickly, embarrassed.

"None taken." He replied. "I know this is not exactly everyone's first place to get stuck in."

"Hm yeah…" You sighed.

"Can I take you out for a drink?" He asked. "Wait- n-not like that.. I just meant, to relieve stress, not like you know…"

"A drink sounds great." You replied, with a small half smile.

You and Canada walked into the bar and we're greeted by shouting and excitement.

"Uh… what's going on?" You asked, confused.

"Looks like they're doing a screech-in. It's a ceremony given to come-from-aways to make them honorary Newfoundlanders." He replied. "It's a lot of fun to watch. You can do it if you want."

"Anyone else wanna become a Newfoundlander?" The bartender yelled to the crowd.

You raised your hand slightly, still unsure of what was happening.

You found yourself pulled into the center of the crowd, Canada stuck close behind.

The Newfoundlanders cheered when they saw him, and you saw him blush and wave slightly.

"Alrighty, just drink some of this here screech, ready?" The bartender said, shoving the alcoholic beverage into your hands.

You took a deep breath and downed the glass.

"Whoa…" You said, eyes growing wide.

"Now it's time to kiss the cod!" He exclaimed, holding up the slimy fish.

"Oh no!!!" You exclaimed half laughing out of fear.

You looked over at the bartender.

"Do I have to?" You asked.

"You know what little lady, I'll make you a deal, you can either kiss the cod or this man." He replied, guesturing to Canada.

Without hesitating, you grabbed Canada's flannel and kissed him, causing his whole face to go red.

The crowd went wild.

You blushed as well, laughing.

"Sorry." You apologized.

"You're good." He said, still blushing.
The crowd dissipated as the two of you sat at the bar, getting drinks and talking. After you'd had your fill of alcohol, you and Canada left the bar.

"Thanks for that." You said, offering him a smile.

"Of course. Always happy to help." He replied, returning your smile.

The two of you got back to the building you were staying at.

"This is me…" You said, wishing you didn't have to go.

"Yeah…" He nodded I'll see you tomorrow.

"Here." You said, pulling a pen out of your pocket and grabbing his hand. "So you can call me if you want."

He nodded.

"I will."

"Night."

"Night y/n."

You looked out the window of the cockpit, trying to hold off as long as possible to say goodbye, but the winds were picking up.

"Y/n we need to go…" Your co-pilot said.

"I know…" You sighed, starting up the plane.

"Let's get these people home."

"Y/N!"

You were suddenly engulfed in a hug from your sister.

"Whoa!" You said in surprise.

"Oh my goodness y/n we were so worried about you!" She said. "I'm so glad you're home."

"Yeah…" You replied. "Me too."

"Come in you must be soooo tired.".

You nodded and walked in, exhausted from the events of this week, Canada appearing in corners of your mind.

"Hey y/n?" Your best friend and sisters fiance called for you.

"Yeah?" You yelled back.

"There's someone on the phone for you."

"Coming!!"

You walked over and grabbed the phone from him.

Your eyes widened and a large smile spread across your face when you realized who it was.

"Hey."

A/n: Hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! In case you haven't noticed, I really like history and enjoy writing historical oneshots.

If there's ever a moment in a country's history you'd like to be a part of, just request!! I really enjoy them and will probably write them really fast lol.

Russia x Reader (Emergency Fic!): Hold You Close

Russia x Reader (Emergency Fic)
Hold You Close

A/n: Wasn't going to update again for a few days but by best friend Multifandoms27 really needed this. Hope this makes you (and anyone else struggling) feel better!

Trigger warning: self harm, depression, stress, angst, suicidal thoughts.

***Italics* - text message**

Normal- normal speech

3rd Person POV

Y/n just wanted out. Out of her home, out of her life. She wanted to shut everyone out and die. She wanted to escape her mom and run away. Far far away.

She lay there on her bed, frustrated and trying not to cry. She picked up her phone and texted her boyfriend, Russia.

Y/n: Hey Russia, can I come over?

Vodka Lad: Sure. I'll be waiting for you ;)

Y/n: Thanks

She shoved her phone in her pants pocket and opened her bedroom window, slipping out silently and walking quickly down the sidewalk, luckily Russia only lived a mile away but was still a bit of a walk.

Y/n jumped the fence of Russia's backyard and she saw him in the

back door. He opened the door and let her in.

“Hey y/- oh no. I know that look."

She wrapped him in a tight hug and she could feel the tears just starting to prick from her eyes.

BRussia lead her over to the couch and sat her down in his lap.

“What's going on y/n?” He asked softly.

“I can't live there anymore Russ, I hate it. I can't stand to be there any longer its a nightmare every day I go home. There's yelling and fighting and I'm breaking down and I-I hate it” She said, her voice breaking with emotion and burying her head against his chest.

His mouth set into a hard line as he thought your words over.

"Hey…." He said, holding her close against his large body, almost engulfing you. "I'll help you… it'll be okay. You can live with me if you want. Or we could run away together."

She looked up at him in surprise.

"You'd really let me stay?" She asked.

"Mhm." He nodded, squeezing her shoulder slightly.

She let out a small gasp and winced, her eyes grew wide when she realized what she'd done.

"Y/n what was that?" He asked slowly.

"I-its nothing." She replied, shrinking away.

"Let me see." He pulled down the collar of her shirt to reveal fresh scabs.

"Y/n-"

"I'm sorry!" She said.

"Y/n why?" He asked, coldly.

"Because I was hurting!" She yelled, suddenly getting angry. "And because I hate my life and I don't know what to do! I try everything but nothing gets better. I-i wish I were dead."

"Y/n… I wish you'd told me all this."

"I can handle it." She replied, hot, wet frustrated tears streaming down her face.

"Yeah but I'm here for you." He said. "And you don't have to do this alone."

“It feels like it…” She muttered, wiping the tears from her face.

“I know.”

He held his hand in hers and offered to pull her in closer, to which she obliged.

“I’ll take care of you y/n.” The large country said, as he wiped the remaining tears from her s/c face.

“I’ll hold you close.”

A/n: Sorry its kinda short but I hope this makes someone feel a bit better if they’re struggling. Please take care of yourself and PM me if you need someone to talk to!

Scary!America x Timid!Reader 7 Minutes in Almost Heaven (Requested!!)

Scary!America x Timid!Reader
7 Minutes in Almost Heaven

A/n: This one was requested by CloudyLeopardX-X . I'm so sorry this one took me so long to do! I hope I did an okay job with it and thanks for enjoying my work!

Y/n POV

"Okay okay your turn!" Japan said excitedly.

"Uhh... Russia? Truth or dare?" Canada said.

"Dare." Russia responded.

"Uh ... kiss my brother."

You watched as Russia's face reddened slightly as he looked at America.

"Do you think he'll do it?" You whispered to Germany.

"We'll see." He whispered back.

The group watched in anticipation as Russia leaned over and kissed Ame on the cheek.

The whole group oohed and giggled loudly at the sight.

You were happy that Japan had invited you to her little party. It was fun seeing her friends and spending time with them. You were kind of scared of America though, he was large and powerful and his actions and big ego made you nervous.

"Alright." Russia said. "Japan... truth or dare?"

Japan thought for a moment.

"Truth!"

"Wus.." He muttered.

You giggled slightly at over hearing it.

"Who do you like?" He asked.

"Y/n!" She giggled blushing slightly. "Duh!"

"Called it." Germany whispered to you.

"Y/n? Truth or dare!" She said, everyone looked at you.

"Um... Dare?" You said, but instantly regretting it. Japan was going to make you do something crazy you could just feel it.

"Do 7 Minutes in Heaven with America!"

"W-what!?" You exclaimed, feeling the anxiety rushing through your veins.

"Can I pass?"

"You already used your pass!" She reminded you.

"Oh... right.." Your face reddened as your remembered your passed up dare.

"Get in the closet you two!" She said, pointing to the closet down the hall.

You and Ame stood up and walked into the closet. He shut the door behind you.

"Im starting the timer now!" You heard Japan yell.

You sat on the ground, trying not to look at the hulking frame of Ame in front of you.

7 minutes

You stood there, trying not to meet his eyes while he stood there, arms folded at watched you.

6 minutes

You finally sat in the awkward silence, counting down from 60 under your breath.

"Are you counting?" He asked, glaring at you in slight annoyance.

"N-No." You lied.

"Sick of me already?"

"No."

5 minutes

"So... how are you?"

"Im- I'm alright." You offered, trying to sound upbeat. Maybe if you faked some confidence he wouldn't be quite as scary. "You?"

"Same." He replied.

"That's good." You muttered.

"What was that?" He asked, raising an eyebrow.

"N-nothing..." You said, speaking up more.

4 minutes

"You know you're supposed to do stuff when you play 7 minutes in heaven." He commented.

"Huh? O-oh I know." You said, face reddening.

"Shall we do stuff?"

He sat down in front of you and you tensed up.

"Do I scare you or something?" He glowered.

"U-uh ah um..." You sputtered in embarrassment.

3 minutes

He leaned in closer to you.

"Do I?"

You started breathing faster and faster as he leaned in closer and closer to your face.

"W-well that depends on what you me- hmmph!"

Your eyes grew wide as he kissed you, deeply.

2 minutes

You closed your eyes tight as you felt his hand hold the side of your face. You could feel his body moving closer and starting to press into you.

A sigh escaped from with in you as you could feel him moving his lips harder and harder against yours.

1 minute

You managed to pull away.

"We...we only have a minute left I think..." You gasped.

"Well let's use it wisely." He replied.
He quickly pressed his lips against yours and had you completely pressed against the wall.

You trembled under his kiss, out of fear and excitement.

0 minutes

"Okay times up!"

You quickly managed to shove Ame off you and stood up just as

Japan opened the door.

"Oooohh..." She said, noticing your slightly disheveled look. "I see it went well. Come on!"

She grabbed your hand and you glanced back at Ame, still blushing. He caught your eye and winked.

"Kiss you later y/n."

A/n: Ahhh sorry for not updating as often this week guys!! Schools and friends are messy you know how it goes . I'll be posting another fic this weekend so be sure to check back in a few days!

France x Reader: Lost in Paris

France x Reader
Lost in Paris

A/n: Hope you enjoy this cute oneshot! If I messed up on my French, don't be afraid to correct me!

Side note: Translations in the bottom under the authors note.

Y/n POV

Y/n yawned and stretched as she sat up in bed. She looked around the hotel room and smiled.

Y/n had decided to spend her whole week in Paris and was excited for her stay.

She got out of bed and rummaged through her freshly unpacked clothes, settling on (your favorite color) sundress and some cute but comfy walking shoes, she grabbed her bag and headed out the door.

As she walked out of the hotel, she was greatest by the sounds and scents of the city.

She saw a small bakery nearby and walked inside and ordered some pastries and coffee to go.

As she left the bakery, she pulled out her list of sights she wanted to see. She noticed that the Louvre was only a few blocks away so she decided to walk over.

Y/n stared at the Mona Lisa in awe. She snapped a picture of it with her phone and checked it, smiling. She slipped her phone back into her pocket She walked started walking to the next exhibit.

She was absorbed with the museum map that she bumped into a

man.

"*Pardon*!" She said as he walked away.

‘I wonder what time it is..’ She thought, putting her hand it her pocket and feeling nothing.

Her eyes went wide as she whirled around and noticed the man quickly turning the corner.

She quickly walked after him, trying to chase him down through the crowds of people.

“Hey!” She whisper-yelled, moving through the crowds of people and watched helplessly as he walked through the doors.

“No, no, no!” She muttered, bursting through. “Hey! Stop!”

The man started running.

All of a sudden the man was whacked in the head with a large baguette.

She quickly rushed forward and grabbed her phone back from the man.

"Thank you- gah um I mean *merci*." She said quickly to her rescuer. He had a blue red and white face and wore a black and white striped shirt with a beret.

"Sure thing, *belle*." He replied. "I do speak English by the way."

"Oh sorry." She replied. "And thank you again."

"Of course!" He said, nodding. "I take it your not from here?"

"Mhm." She nodding. "I'm just here for the week. Paris is really amazing."

"Would you like to see more?" He offered, sheathing his baguette into his mini backpack.

"Uh sure!" She replied. "I'm y/n by the way."

"France." He gestured behind him. "I have an electric scooter just down the block if you'd like a tour."

"That'd be really great thank you." She replied gratefully.

She quickly followed after him as he got onto the bike, he handed her a helmet, which she accepted and put on, slipping on to the seat behind him and wrapping her arms around his waist as he took off.

“Have you been anywhere else besides the Louvre?” He yelled back to you.

“No not yet.” She yelled back.

“Well don't worry I know some great spots!” He said, stepping on the gas.

———————————

“Welcome to the Luxembourg Gardens y/n.” He said, parking on the curb.

She pulled off her helmet and looked in at the gardens.

"They look amazing!" She commented.

"Come on, I'll show you." He replied, taking off his helmet and helping her off.

She felt a small blush flush over her cheeks.

The pair walked into the gardens and y/n took pictures of the scenery and the plants. They talked through paven paths and laughed through beds of flowers. Y/n enjoyed talking and getting to know the handsome country.

"Come on y/n." He said, taking her hand. "There's so much more to see."

She got on the scooter with him, excited for the next spot.

———————————

"Oh!" Y/n exclaimed when they pulled up to the large building.

"The Paris Opera House!"

"*Oui*." He responded nodding. "The ceilings are painted by Marc Chagall himself."

The couple walked in and y/n looked around at the beautiful interior.

Y/n looked up at the ceiling, eyes wide, admiring the craftsmanship.

She didn't the soft smile France was giving her as she looked around.

"This is amazing." She said to him excitedly as the left the opera house. "And thank you. For everything."

"What's the rush? We still have one more stop." He said hopping on his bike.

"We do?" She asked.

He nodded.

"Alright, I suppose one more wouldn't hurt…" She muttered, smiling slightly as she got back on.

———————————————

Y/n looked around in confusion as he parked on the curb on a random street.

"Are we… here?" She asked, as France helped her off.

"Almost." He said covering her eyes. "It's a surprise."

She hesitantly went with him, feeling his warmth against her back as she allowed herself to be guided through the dark streets.

"We're here." He said, uncovering your eyes.

"The Eiffel Tower?" She squealed in surprise.

"Well of course. Why else would you come to Paris?"

He took her hand as they ran to the elevator, laughing.

Their hands stayed intertwined all the way to the top.

The elevator dinged and they stepped off.

"Whoa…." She breathed, letting go of his hand and walking to the railing. "It's beautiful."

"You know what else is beautiful?" He asked.

"What?"

"You."

She blushed deeply.

"Why are you so…"

"Charming? Handsome? Attractive?"

She laughed.

"I was going to say kind, but those work too."

"Ah I see." He replied, nodding.

"Why'd you take me all over Paris? I mean, I'm flattered but I'm a total stranger."

He shrugged.

"Life is short and you are hot."

"Oh…" She muttered quietly, feeling the heat rising.

"I'm glad I met you y/n." He said, putting his hand on hers. and stepping closer to her.

"Me too…" She breathed.

He leaned in closer so their lips were almost touching.

"Do you know why they call it the city of love?" He asked softly.

"Why?" She breathed.

"Because of this."

He kissed her gracefully, passionately.

She could feel a thousand city lights all coming up inside her. She let out a soft sigh as he pulled her close and kissed her again… and again… and again.

He grinned.

"How do you feel about dinner?"

"Aren't you supposed to ask me out on the date first, then kiss me?"

He shrugged, smiling.

"I just couldn't wait."

A/n: Hope you enjoyed this cheesy romantic oneshot! I know I've done some pretty fluffy stuff recently so be prepared for some angst. ;)

Translations:
Pardon- Sorry
Merci- Thank you
Chose sur belle- Sure thing, beautiful
Oui- Yes

Antarctica x Reader: Oh Ms. Believer

[image]

Antarctica x Reader
Oh Ms. Believer

A/n: I haven't posted an Antarctica fic in a few chapters so I figured it'd be good to do another one. This is another song fic! It's Oh Ms. Believer by Twenty One Pilots.

Also, it's fall here where I live and its soooo cold already. I'm not really a fan of being cold but this fic should ah.... Warm us up.

Side note: Hopefully sign language and writing should be obvious if it isn't, please let me know.

***Italics* - flashback**
Normal- present

3rd Person POV

Oh, miss believer

"Hello? Is anyone reading me hello?"

Y/n stood shaking in the frozen wasteland, a radio in one hand and the other shoved deep into her pocket.

My pretty sleeper

She stood there, so frozen, so cold.

Suddenly, she felt someone tap her shoulder, she whirled around and was surprised to see a blue and white faced man in a large blue jacket and a pair of orange mittens.

She watched as he reached in his pocket and pulled out a small note pad.

'Are you lost?'

Your twisted mind is like snow on the road

She nodded her head as much as she could. He looked her over and offered her his hand. She slipped her radio in her pocket and took it, allowing the strange being to take her away.

Your shaking shoulders prove that it's colder

Y/ns knees suddenly gave out as they walked. She hugged her arms tight to her chest, tears streaming and freezing on her face from the bitter cold. She felt arms trying to pull her up.

"I-it's t-too cold... I'm sorry...." She said, looking up at him.

Inside your head than the winter of dead

She could feel herself shutting down, the could seeping into her soul. Her eyes fluttered in and out of consciousness before her whole world went black...

I will tell you I love you

Her eyes opened as she found herself on someone's couch. Was she back at the base? Had it all been a dream?

She sat up groggily, she rubbed the side of her face and looked over the couch, revealing the strange man at the kitchen.

But the muffs on your ears will cater your fears

"Uh.. ahem..." She cleared her throat, trying not to sound awkward.

He turned and faced her, a small smile pulled at the corners of his mouth. He walked over to the side table and grabbed the notebook and scribbled something.

'Oh good you're up! Are you feeling better?'

She nodded with a slight smile.

"I am now."

My nose and feet are running as we start

"Tica wait up!" She yelled laughing.

The cold country grinned, and stopped waiting for her.

"Come on y/n!" He signed playfully. "Or we're going to miss the lights!"

T ravel through snow

She took his hand in hers and let him pull her to the small icy cliff.

They stopped at the cliffs edge and looked up at the stars.

3.....

2....

1.....

Y/n let out a small gasp when she saw them flickering in. The beautiful Southern Lights danced across the frigid Antarctic sky.

Together we go

"Whoa...." She breathed softly.

She blushed as she felt Antarctica's lips brush her cheek.

"Tica..."

"Sorry." He signed, blushing.

"Oh come here you..." She said, kissing him.

We get colder

"*Y/n why do you stay?" Tica signed to her one night as they sat on the couch.*

"Because I love you... duh.." She said, smiling at him.

As we grow older

"But I mean, you can go anywhere in the world, hang out with any country, and yet you chose to stay with me?" He questioned.

"Yes. You're perfect. Kinda chilly sometimes." She laughed. "But you're kind and sweet and you make me happy."

"You make me happy too y/n." He signed, smiling, kissing the top of her head.

We will walk

"Y/n?" Antarctica signed to her.

"Mhm?" She responded, putting the whipped cream on to their hot cocoa.

"What do you think of all this global warming stuff that's starting to happen?"

"Hey..." She said, turning to him. "I know your worried about it, but it'll be okay."

So much slower

"And listen," She smiled, taking his freezing hand into her warm one.

"I promise you'll be fine. The other countries know how important you are to the planet and they won't let you down."

Oh, miss believer

"T-Tica?" She said, tears streaming down her face as she cradled his head in the snow.

The air was barely chilled and the stars glittered above them.

M y pretty weeper

"Tica.. please respond.." She choked. "I'm begging you.."

Your twisted thoughts are like snow on the rooftops

This had been all their fault. She'd tried to warn them, tried to protect him. She'd cried out and raised her voice in protest but the world got hotter and hotter and he'd gotten weaker and weaker. She prayed she'd never lose him.

Please, take my hand, we're in foreign land

She pressed her face his, she could feel it melting under her. Her eyes squeezed tightly shut as she felt his hand weakly grab onto hers.

As we travel through snow

"Tica.. please.. Please d-dont leave me..." She choked out between sobs, feeling his hand tightly squeeze hers.

As we travel through snow

She pulled her face away and stroked his gently. She watched helplessly as his face and body began to melt faster and faster, tearing away the life and identity of the one she loved.

Together we go

"I love you." He managed to sign, shakily.

We get colder

"I love you too..."

As we grow older

"Y/n look." He nodded upwards to the glowing northern lights.

We will walk

"I see them..." She replied, glancing up at the faded lights and back down at him, his face almost gone and his body reducing to a puddle.

So much slower

"Don't forget me y/n."

A/n: Told you I'd warm us up. ;)

40s!America x Reader: In the Mood

[image]

40s!America x Reader
In the Mood

A/n: Wanted to do something more short and fun this time around so have some 1940's America! Because incase you haven't noticed, I really enjoy WW2 history.

This fic is inspired by "In The Mood" by Glenn Miller, one of the top hits from the 40's era of big band music. You've probably heard this song before but didn't know the name of it (but I did because I'm a band kid and we carry all musical knowledge with us).

Y/n POV

"Y/n hurry up! We're going to be late!" Your best friend, b/f/n called through the door.

"I know just a moment!" You called back, smoothing back a stray hair from your freshly curled hair.

You quickly smoothed down a small wrinkle on your swing dress and nodding at your appearance in approval, left the room.

"You take forever to get ready y/n." She teased.

"Oh hush." You replied. "Let's just go."

The two of you left your house and began walking down the busy Manhattan streets to where the party was just a few blocks away.

"Isn't this exciting y/n?" She said, beaming at you. "Maybe you'll find yourself a man."

"Ha like that'll ever happen." You replied, rolling your eyes.

"What are you talking about?" She replied. "You look amazing! Any guy would want to go out with you!"

"Awe..." You laughed. "We'll see."

_____

The two of you entered the door way into the dance.

"What a party!" She exclaimed. "Come on!"

The large room was filled with people. Some were jiving to the beat of the band, partners swinging while others stood and talked, laughter and smiling faces.

B/f/n grabbed your hand and lead you over to where some of your friends were.

You and b/f/n were soon giggling and talking to your friends.

"Find any cute boys yet?" B/f/n asked y/f/n.

"There's a new group over there." She shrugged pointing to a group of boys.

"They're from out of town though, might be worth a shot if you're looking for a fling though."

"Oooh perfect!" B/f/n said, grabbing your hand and walking over to the group.

"Oh.. um.. we really don't have to..." You said shyly.

She pulled you into the group of guys and was quick to make herself heard.

"Hello boys, Im b/f/n and this is my friend y/n." She said.

You could feel the guys looking you over. This is why you didn't like going out, I mean sure some of these guys were probably nice but you didn't want to be tossed from guy to guy like a ragdoll all

night. One of the guys was staring at you hungerly and his eyes kept drifting to your chest.

"Ladies and gentlemen!"

Your head turned to see the trumpet player speaking into the mic.

"Thanks folks for being here tonight and for having us here we really appreciate that. Anyways this next jive is for all you love bugs out there. This one should ah... get you in the mood. So grab your partner and lets get to it!"

There was a bustle of excitement from the crowd.

"Wanna dance?" One of the guys offered, unfortunately it was the one who'd been staring at you.

"Oh no thank you." You replied, backing away. "That's real nice of you but I'm alright."

"Oh come on babe." He said, grabbing your arm.

"Oh no thank you sir i-"

"Is there a problem here?" A voice from behind you said.

You felt the man let go of your arm and you turned around to find a tall red, white, and blue faced gentlemen.

"Is there?" He asked again, raising an eyebrow at the man.

"No...." He muttered, looking away.

"Good." He said, offering you his hand politely, which you took. "And don't ever let me see you grab her like that again."

"Thank you." You said quietly.

"Sure thing, doll." He replied. "Some guys are just big fat-heads."

"Yeah you're right." You giggled slightly.

"Would you like to dance?"

"Sure." You replied, blushing.

He pulled you to the dance floor and began to move you two to the beat of the music.

"Im y/n." You offered as he spun you around.

"America." He replied, grinning as he moved you back into place.

"I'm guessing you're from out of town?"

"I guess you could say that."

"Just another visiter in New York huh?" You smiled, spinning again.

"Eh... I go where I please." He shrugged, flipping you over his shoulder so you landed behind him.

You quickly brushed a stray hair behind your ear as you moved your feet back in time with the music.

"I'm guessing you won't stay long then?"

"Not unless you want me too doll." He winked. "It's not like I'm busy."

You felt a blush streak across your face.

"You aren't going to sign up to go overseas?"

"Why would I? It's not like anyone would try to bomb me with my power." He laughed.

"Yeah you're right." You laughed with him.

He gave you one last spin as the song ended.

"Thank you for dancing with me America." You said.

"Just call me Ame." He replied.

Just then, the clock chimed on the wall.

Midnight? Your parents were going to kill you if you stayed out any later.

"Y/n. Come on!" You heard b/f/n yell from the door, waving you over.

"Do you have a pen?" You asked.

He nodded and pulled one out of his pocket and handed it to you.

You quickly scribble down your number on to his hand and hand him back the pen.

"Y/n!" B/f/n yells to you again.

"I know!" You called back.

"Call me?" You asked.

He nodded.

You smiled and quickly hurried away.

Just before you exited the door, you looked behind you to see him smiling at you. He waved with one arm and cupped the side of his mouth with the other.

"Swing you later y/n!"

A/n: I'd like to use this author's note to thank the amazing, wonderful, and talented Multifandoms27 ! She wrote me AN AMAZING ANTARCTICA FIC THAT Y'ALL SHOULD CHECK OUT *cough*. Anyways, love you. And thank you guys so much for over 2.5k!

40's Slang Translations
Jive/jiving- dancing (typically swing)
Fat-head- idiot/stupid person

Australia x Shy!Small! Depressed!Reader: Worst Day Ever (Requested!)

Australia x Shy!Small!Depressed!Reader
Worst Day Ever

A/n: This one is requested by garnetthePhoenix . Sorry it took me so long to get up! Enjoy!

Normal- present

Italics-flashback

3rd Person POV

Y/n walked down the street, tears brimming in her eyes as her mind flashed through the events of her day.

"You never listen!" She cried, tears streaming down her face.

"Y/n m/n l/n you are so disrespectful!" Her mom yelled back. "Ungrateful!! A disappointment!"

Her mom gave her a swift tap on the side of the face and y/n grabbed her face in surprise.

She grabbed her bag and raced out the door.

Y/n pulled her jacket hood over her head as a fresh tear slid down her s/c cheek.

"Your results have been posted in the system." Her professor announced.

Y/n opened her laptop and quickly pulled up her results. Her face paled when she saw them.

"An F?" She whispered to herself in horror.

"Class dismissed, essays due tomorrow!"

There was a bustle in the classroom as the students began leaving.

"Professor!" Y/n called as she walked towards him, trying to get his attention. "Professor!"

"Yes Ms. L/n?"

"About my test grade i-"

"There's nothing I can do about it." He cut in. "I told you before the test that the grades you got were final. Have a good day."

The tears started to flow faster and faster, she kept her head down to avoid the looks of the people on the streets.

"Sorry y/n. I just don't think it's gonna work out…"

"What do you mean?" She asked her boyfriend/girlfriend worriedly.

"I just think we should you know…. See other people, branch out."

"You're breaking up with me?"

He/she nodded.

"Who is it?"

He/she hesitated.

"You know (name of person you hate)?"

"Yeah…? Why- no."

"Sorry y/n. Maybe we can just be friends?"

Y/n was sobbing now. She stopped walking and leaned against the side of a building. She covered her face with her hand, trying to make herself stop. It was all so awful. It hurt so much.

"Hello?" She felt someone tap her shoulder and she whirled around, nearly falling.

"Whoa there!" The man said, catching her and putting his hands up in mock self defense.

He looked like a safari tour guide or some kind of wildlife expert and had a red white and blue face dotted with white stars.

“S-sorry.” She said, embarrassed as she wiped a few tears off her face with her hoodie sleeve.

“You're alright. I just wanted to make sure you were alright thats all."

“I-i.. I am…” She lied. “Really. Thank you though for checking on me sir.”

“Australia.” He offered, holding out his hand. “And you being fine is some certified bs. Come on.”

She hesitantly took his hand.

He began to lead her down the street.

‘Well I've got nothing to lose.’ She thought as she went down the street with the strange man.

"I'm y/n." She said softly as he lead her down the street.

"Cute name." He replied smiling. "Hey you wanna grab something to drink?"

She nodded.

"Perfect!"

He pulled her into a small bar and sat her down.

"Two of the usual please." He told the barwoman.

She passed them drinks.

"Uh… what's the usual?"

"A ginger beer." He replied simply, opening his. "So what's a girl like you so upset about."

"Oh um… bad day…"

"Must have been a pretty bad day if you were crying like that."

"Mhm…." She nodded and took a deep breath and sighed.

. "I fought with my mom yes I still live at home it's pathetic I know and then I failed a really important test in class and then my boyfriend/girlfriend broke up with me and I really don't know what to do and I'm really upset and I'm hurting and I still kinda want to cry and I don't know why I'm telling you all this I'm sorry." She said quickly, taking in a sharp breath. "Sorry…"

"Hey." He put a hand on her shoulder.

"Everyone has bad days. It's okay to be upset about it."

"I-i know…." She sighed. "It's just…."

"Alot. I can tell. Just try and lighten up a little bit huh?" He smiled. "Can you name at least one not so bad thing from today?

"Uhhh I'm sitting in a very small bar with a strange guy whos dressed like a wildlife expert and has bought me a drink?" She offered shyly.

He laughed loudly.

She blushed a little and smiled.

"You're adorable." He mused, taking a sip of his drink.

"Thank… you?"

"You're welcome." He winked, taking a sip and downing his whole beer.

"It's getting late." She sighed checking her phone. "I should get

going…."

"Alright let's go!"

He left some money on the table and took her hand again, causing her to blush.

———————————————

"This is me…." She said, pointing to the door. "Thank you… so much… for everything."

"Of course, anytime y/n. Oh and here."
He passed her a note with his number on it.

"In case you're having a bad day." He winked.

She blushed deeply.

"Good night y/n." He gently kissed her cheek.

"And call me!" He yelled back as he walked down the sidewalk.

Y/n smiled to herself.

Maybe today wasn't so bad after all.

A/n: Ahh over 3k reads! Seriously guys you're awesome.

An important update, due to some chronic health issues, my updates may be a bit slower and I deeply apologize for that. I will still be updating tho! So stay tuned!

Son!America x Mother!Reader: Come Home to Me

Son!America x Mother!Reader
Come Home to Me

A/n: I was thinking about my American Studies class I had to take in middle school and poof! This was born. Enjoy!

3rd Person POV

"Shhh…. Don't cry darling mommy's here. I got you." Y/n smiled softly down at the small infant cradled in her arms.

The small baby sniffed, tears streaming down his face. She gently bounced the baby, humming softly.

"It's alright darling, just rest."

———————————

"Mom?" The young boy asked as he lay curled up in his mother's arms.

"Yes?"

"Why does dad tax me so much?"

"I…" she hesitated. "I'm not sure. But your father probably knows what he's doing."

"I know…" He huffed. "I just don't like doing it. He's never around and all he does is make me send him stuff."

Y/n frowned and stroked his hair, trying to think of a good response.

"Mom?" He said, looking up at her.

"You're father is trying his best okay? I know that some of the things he does… doesn't always make sense but he takes care of us so we have to take care of him back? Okay?" She smiled. "Don't worry about it. I'll try talking to him about lowering some of those taxes, m'kay."

"Alright…" He sighed.

"Don't get so upset darling." She said. "We'll fix it. I promise."

"What on earth were you thinking?" She exclaimed.

"What do you mean what on earth was I thinking?!" The teen yelled back.

"You said you'd help! You said we'd fix this!"

"I was trying..." She replied. "But I didn't think… you'd dump… an entire shipment of tea… all over the harbor!!"

She paused, trying to pull herself together.

"Ame… please.. just apologize to your father. I'm sure he'll understand…" She sighed, reaching up to touch the side of his face.

"No." He said, slapping her hand away.

"You don't understand. You think he loves me huh? You think he cares!?" He yelled angrily. "He only wants to use me! He *never* cared about me. I bet you were in on it too, huh? Just try and make me stick around so he can get what he wants?"

"America, I would *neve*-"

"I don't want to hear it. I'm leaving. Forever. No one can use me. Not you or Dad or anyone else!" He seethed, marching over to the door and storming out.

"America wait!" She cried, but he was too far gone.

Y/n sat on the couch with a book her hands, music played softly and the summer sun was streaming through the windows.

A knock came from the door.

The woman frowned, she hadn't been expecting anyone, she got up from her seat and opened the door, eyes growing wide at the shock of the young man before her.

"Hey mom…." He said awkwardly not making eye contact. "Listen i-"

She quickly pulled her son into a tight embrace.

"Mom I'm sorry… I'm so sorry… I was angry and I blamed you. It wasn't your fault but I was too much of a coward to come back and tell you…. And I..."

"Shhh… it's okay…. don't cry darling. I'm here. I got you."

She gently rubbed his back comfortingly for a moment and then pulled back.

"You're so grown up… you're your own country now." She smiled, squeezing his hand. "I'm so proud of you…"

"I love you Mom." He said, a tear tracing down his face.

"I love you too, my son."

A/n: Okay okay, I know it's short, but this idea just wouldn't get out of my head! I hope you enjoyed this angsty/fluffy oneshot (fun fact I was just gonna cut it off after Ame left but then it would have been REALLY short).

Germany x Reader: Come Hold Me Close

Germany x Reader
Come Hold Me Close

A/n: I don't know about you guys, but school and marching band has been kicking my butt lately and im super tired rn. Enjoy this soft and sleepy fic.

3rd Person POV

Germany sat at his desk, working through some paperwork for the government. There was still so much to get through. No time for sleep.

Y/n rolled over in bed, reaching over slightly for her partner. Her eyes opened sleepily and she frowned, finding it empty.

She groaned and sighed, not wanting to get up from the warm, soft, comfy bed.

"Germany…" She murmured sleepily.

"Germany." She tried again a bit louder.

'Oh great… he can't hear me…' She thought.

Y/n rubbed her eyes and sat up, pulling off the fluffy duvet cover and started for the door. She opened it and walked down the stairs, yawning. She walked down the hall and peeked into Germany's large and neat office.

He sat in his small office chair, hunched over his desk. was looking down intently at a large file. There were little pen marks on his hands and she could see his tired eyes behind his thin frames.

A tired smile settled on her face as she watched him work.

She loved his little habits when he was in deep concentration, the way he scrunched his brow when reading a difficult paper, the way he'd tap his pen against his thigh when he was thinking, the tired, incoherent mutterings that would escape his lips every so often.

Y/n yawned again, she was exhausted and she knew he was too. She made her way over to the chair he was sitting in and wrapped her arms around his neck.

"Germany…" She sighed. "Come back to bed… it's late…"

"I just need to get this done. I'm sorry." He replied.

She looked at the dates of the paper he was working on.

"That isn't even due for two more weeks." She said pointedly.

"The sooner I can have it done the better." He replied.

"Come back to sleep…." She said, giving him a quick squeeze and kissing the top of his black, red and yellow head. "Please? I love you…"

He paused and sighed, setting down his pen.

"Just for a few hours y/n. And then I'm coming back to work."

"Yay...." She half cheered sleepily, laughing slightly. "Come on you workaholic."

She let go of his neck and took his hand, leading him out of the hall and back up the stairs.

She pulled him into their bedroom and flopped down on the bed as Germany changed out of his usual white button down and beige slacks and into his night clothes.

He set his glasses on the nightstand and climbed under the covers with her and wrapped his arm around her and held her close.

A small smile came to her face as she found herself wrapped up in his arms. She heard the sounds of him breathing slowly and heavily,

indicating that'd hed fallen asleep.

She curled up against his warm body and let out a sigh of contentment. Her eyes fluttered shut and that pair drifted off into the night.

A/n: Okay the next fic will be longer I swear. Im just tired and cold and need a cuddle, anyone else feel the same?

Mentor!China x Student! Reader: Kung Fu Fighting

Mentor!China x Student!Reader
Kung Fu Fighting

A/n: This fic is inspired by the amazing LittleSingingDragon's China fic! Its a really cute concept and her stuff is well written. Full creds of the idea go to her!

Also, side note this one is kinda platonic because I wanted it to be that student-teacher vibe but it the end you can interpret how you want.

3rd Person POV

China sat on a large rock under a large yulan magnolia tree, reading a book and gently rubbing the end of his staff.

He would occasionally wiping fallen tree petals off its pages. The world was peaceful and still, besides the soft breeze that echoed through the large garden.

———————————————

Y/n groaned sleepily she opened her eyes, the sun brightly streaming in from the curtains and filling her small room.

She could hear birds singing and the wind moving the summer air around her room. Y/n sat up in her cot and yawned loudly. A loud bell echoed out side.

1...2...

'Two oclock already?' She thought, suddenly leaping up from the cot and grabbing her wushu clothing and her weapons bag.

She raced through the courtyard and ignored the dirty looks she was getting from the staff and other students at the facility. She

jumped over a small stone wall and raced towards the meeting spot.

"OW!" Y/n exclaimed, falling flat on her face. She groaned and got back up, glaring at the stone she'd tripped over.

"Stupid rock." she muttered, getting up as fast as she could and taking off up the mountain.

She was running so late. China was going to kill her.

Y/n ran faster and faster, leaping up over rocks and pushing through the forests.

She sped up as she came to the large magnolia grove of trees where she was to meet with China.

'Now where is h-'

THWACK

Y/n was on the ground clutching her stomach, she'd been going so fast that China had stuck out his staff to stop her from passing him and she'd run straight into it.

She groaned and got up as quickly as she could, one hand on her stomach and wincing in pain.

China bent down and grabbed the knife that had fallen from her pack.

"You're late y/n." He said, standing up without facing her.

"Yes sir." She said, looking down at the ground.

"I said to meet me here at noon. It's now two."

"I uh... overslept." She admitted, honestly.

"This isn't the first time this has happened."

He turned to her and walked towards her until he was only a foot away.

"You know what we'll have to do if this behavior continues."

"I know..." She sighed, reaching for the knife.

He pulled it back slightly and tightened his grip.

"Do not disappoint me again."

He placed the knife in her hand and picked up his book from off the rock.

"Come along y/n." He said, walking into the trees. "We'll have to do our lessons quickly. I still wish to meditate this afternoon."

"Oh great..." She muttered, shouldering her bag and walking into the trees.

———————————————

Y/n stumbled back and tensed up as China got her in the chest. She watched him intently, waiting for him to strike again.

"Keep your hands up y/n. Higher!"

SMACK

Y/n found herself on the ground as he kept at her, she held her hands up to protect her face and tried to avoid China's blows. In a moment of panic, she swiftly kicked her leg up, nailing him in the chest.

He stumbled back in surprise and her face went pale.

"*Sifu*!" She exclaimed, getting up and rushing over to him. "I'm so sorry- I don't know what came over me! I just-"

"Quiet." He said, softly, holding his hand up. "You did well y/n."

"What?" She blinked.

"That was a solid hit. You do well under pressure. I will keep that in mind for your next lesson."

The far away echoes of the clock bells rang up the mountain.

"6 o'clock." She muttered.

"Dismissed." He said, with a quick nod. "And make sure you don't oversleep next time."

She nodded and gave him a quick bow and quickly heading down the mountain.

As she came back onto the path, she looked back at the rocks and trees she'd just come from.

'You did well y/n.' His voice rang in her mind.

She smiled to herself, maybe she had a chance of becoming a Kung Fu master after all.

———————————

Y/n woke up earlier than usual the next day, she quickly got dressed and grabbed her stuff and started through the courtyard, humming softly to herself.

She was about to jump over the small wall as usual, before someone calling her name stopped her in her tracks. Y/n turned to face him.

"*Sifu*?" She asked.

"Please. No more on the formalities." He said approaching her.

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm leaving now."

"Leaving? When will you be back?" She asked, confused.

"My country needs me. I do not know if I'll see you again. But I trust you'll do well here and that you will take care of yourself. You may often be clumsy and lazy, but you have heart and a strong spirit. You've earned my respect y/n
l/n." He bowed deeply.

She felt a small blush rise up in her cheeks. She didn't know how to feel to have China bow to her and compliment her like that.

"Thank you...China..."

A Few Years Later

Y/n lay on her cot, crickets chirping outside of her window the chilled nights breeze dancing in her curtains. She fiddled with the pipa in her hands, gently plucking a few notes.

She stopped when she heard a knock on her door, frowning in confusion as she got up to opened it.

"Hello y/n."

"*Si*- I mean, China?" She asked in surprise.

"May I come in?"

She nodded and let him inside her tiny living quarters. The two of them sat cross legged on her cot.

"I never thought I'd seen you again." Shs said.

"I thought the same. But I figured it'd be nice to see you after all these years."

"It's nice to see you too." She replied, smiling slightly.

"I've been told you've become quite the master." He noted, a small smile tugging at the corner of his lips.

"Ah well I've learned from the best." She replied, blushing.

"I'm sorry I was not there for you to complete your training."

"It's alright." She shrugged. "You had more important things to do besides teach one student martial arts."

"It was important to you."

She paused and let his words sink in.

"Will you be staying?" She asked, changing the subject.

"Only for a while. It's late, you should rest." He said, standing up.

"Yeah you're probably right." She nodded.

"Tea with me? Under the magnolia trees?" He asked, pausing at the door.

"I'd like that." She replied, smiling.

"Good night y/n." He said exiting."睡个好觉."

A/n: Alright guys, honest question since this book is getting a surprising amount of views (hit 4k today you guys are my favorite thank you thank you thank you!!), would you guys rather have shorter fics posted more often or longer fics posted less often or is my current posting "schedule" fine?

Please let me know, I want to do my best for y'all!

Translations:
Sifu- name for a Kung Fu master/teacher
Pipa- a 4 stringed Chinese instrument
睡个好觉- means sleep well

Father!America/Daughter! Hawaii x Nurse!Reader: Bring Her Back to Me

Father!America and Daughter!Hawaii x Nurse!Reader
Bring Her Back to Me

A/n: Back at it again with some WW2 content and my first fic featuring one of the statehumans! Inspiration hit me I've the head with a brick for this one.

Also, there's not really some good content for America being a total dad to his states?? We deserve more of that.

Also, also, I headcanon that Hawaii would be only like 6 or 8 when this happened, because she's one of America's newest kids and other countries like the 13th colonies would be more like 16-18.

3rd Person POV

December 7, 1941, 7:48am (Hawaiian time)

Hawaii was running around on the beach, happily running across the sand and splashing through the waves.

She laughed and slapped a wave, scaring a small school of ahi fish.

She giggled with happiness as the warm Hawaiian sun glittered on bright blue waves.

The noise of planes suddenly entered the scene.

Hawaii, looked up and waved to them, unaware of what was about to occur.

Her scream ripped the air as a bomb hit her chest.

America sat at his desk he hardly ever used, playing with a pencil in his hand, thinking about the War.

Things were tense between him and the other countries and he didn't know what to do. He didn't want to put himself and kids in danger over something he wasn't even involved in.

He just hoped the war would blow over and life could return to normal.
His phone suddenly rang at his desk, he sighed and picked it up.

"Hello, America here what do you want?" He sighed, leaning back and spinning around I'm his office chair.

His eyes grew wide over the words that were spoken over the phone.

"WHAT?" He exclaimed, bolting up in his seat. "Is she alright? What's happening? Where is she?"

His face filled with worry as the caller relayed the information he needed.

"I'm on my way." He said, slamming the phone back down, grabbing his jacket, and rushing out of his office.

Virginia was coming around the corner and he nearly ran into her.

"What's going on Dad?" She asked, confused at his frantic nature.

"Hawaii's hurt. I need to go make sure she's okay. I need you to be in charge and stop the boys from killing each other while I'm gone okay?" He said.

"I will." She nodded.

"Thanks sweetie." He said, giving her a quick kiss on the top of her head.

He quickly rushed out the door hoping his daughter would be okay.

Y/n sat in the break room of the hospital, mindlessly picking at her food.

"Hey y/n." B/f/n said, plopping down on the seat next to her.

"Hey." She replied.

"You good? You look kinda out of it." They said, pulling out their food from their bag.

"Eh yeah..." She said. "It's just been a long day."

"Oh yeah." B/f/n chuckled slightly. "I feel that."

A doctor came rushing into the room at full speed.

"I need a nurse, pronto." He said, looking panicked.

"I'm free." She said, standing up and straightening her uniform. "Where do you need me?"

"East wing. Now."

She quickly hurried after him, wondering what could be this bad that he was pulling a nurse from break.

She entered the room where she saw the little girl laying pale faced and bloody on the bed. Her face was white, red, and blue striped and had the British flag on it. She was wearing a torn up flower patterned dress and her feet were bare.

"What happened?" She asked one of the doctors working on her. "Who is she?"

"This is Hawaii. She was hit by a bomb and found on a beach, Pearl Harbor to be exact, less than an hour ago. She took quite a hit."

"Oh my...." She trailed off. "What do you need me to do?"

"Get me as much painkillers as possible. And figure out how to find her parents."

"Will do." She nodded, and left the room.

———————————

Y/n, took a deep breath and picked up the phone.

"Hello?" She started.

"Hello, America here what do you want?" The man said from the other side.

"This is Nurse L/n from the Naval Hospital at Pearl Harbor. "I'm calling about Hawaii-"

"WHAT?" Is she alright? What's happening? Where is she?"

"She's currently in critical condition, we're trying our best to get her patched up but... it doesn't look good. I need you to come here immediately."

"I'm on my way."

The man hung up.

Y/n took a deep breath and sighed.

This was going to be a mess.

———————————

Y/n waited anxiously by the door, she was sure that'd she see the man who called himself "America" soon.

Sure enough, a man with a face of red, white and blue burst through the door.

"Where is she?" He exclaimed, looking around frantically.

She quickly stepped in front of him.

"America? Sir. I'm Nurse L/n. I'm going to ask you to be as calm as possible. If you aren't calm I can't take you up to see her."

"Okay ... okay...." He muttered still looking concerned.

She nodded in reassurance.

"Follow me."

She lead him through the halls and up the stairs. They came to the hall where Hawaii was in and one of her doctors came up to them.

"Oh good you two are here." He said.

"How's she doing? Is she going to be okay?" America asked.

"We just finished surgery. She's going to be okay. It's just going to be a bit of a recovery. But she is young and they tend to bounce back faster." He tried to assure him.

"Can I see her?" He asked.

The doctor nodded.

"Nurse L/n will take you." He said, looking pointedly at her.

"Come on sir." She said, guiding him to the room.

She watched sadly as all life drained from his face as he saw his little girl laying there. Her face pale, the thick bandages around her chest, and the cuts and bruises littering her arms, legs, and face.

She watched as he slowly walked towards his daughter and sank down in the seat next to her. He gently took her small hand in his and put his other hand in his face.

"This is all my fault...." He said. "I should have been there for her. I-i should have protected her."

He looked up at her, a broken expression traced his face.

"Do you know who did this."

"It was the Japs sir." She said. "Several Jap planes hit her."

His face darkened.

"Japan did this? I'll kill her when I get my hands on her." He

growled. "She's going to regret this."

Y/n suddenly felt very intimidated by the time im his voice. He quickly noticed this.

"Sorry but-"

"It's okay sir. You're in alot of shock right now. I understand i-"

The doctor walked through the door.

"I'm going to have to ask the two of you to leave while I run a few more tests."

Y/n walked over to America and led him out of the room and into a nearby waiting

"I can arrange for you to stay overnight if you'd like." She offered.

"That be great thank you." He replied, sitting down.

"Would you like some water... or...?" She asked carefully.

"No thank you... He said softly. "Will you just... sit with me... if you have a moment? Or course if you're busy..."

"No no... I have a moment." She said sitting down.

"I just want her to be okay...." He sighed, putting his head in his hands.

"She will be." She said reassuringly, putter hand hand on his shoulder. "The doctors said her surgery went well, despite the severity. She seems strong, I'm sure she'll be fine. If that's... any consolation..."

"Not really but thank you. I appreciate it." He said, looking up and offering her a sad smile.

There was a silent pause.

"I'm America by the way... just to.. properly introduce myself." He offered.

"Y/n L/n." She replied.

"Nice name."

"Thank you." She said, finding herself blushing slightly. "I should ah... get a cot ready for you sir. And check on your daughter. I'll be right back."

"Ms. Y/n?" He said, a tear tracing down his cheek. "Bring her back to me."

She nodded quickly left the room, not wanting to bear the pain that weighed down on his face.

———————————————

"Ms. Y/n?"

"Yes?"

"Thank you. Again."

"Of course. You two have a safe trip home."

Y/n smiled and tapped the young girl on the nose, causing her to giggle.

"You be on your best behavior young lady."

"I will!" The little girl exclaimed, holding fast to her dad's neck as he held her in his arms.

She smiled at America and he smiled back.

"Just change the bandages every few days like I showed you and keep with with the painkillers. Just keep her safe and happy and you should be fine."

"I will."

"And call if anything comes up. We're always happy to help."

"Could I call you?" He asked. "I mean, if you ever get out of the hospital."

She laughed.

"Yes. You can."

"Can we go home daddy? I'm tired." Hawaii said.

"Sure thing sunshine." He said, giving his daughter a peck on the cheek. "The others will be happy to see you."

"I'll call you later Ms. Y/n. Hopefully I'll see you under more positive circumstances."

He waved to her as they left the hospital.

"I'll be there when you call." She said.

And smiled to herself.

A/n: Okay I swear these are a lot longer on Google Docs then they end up on Wattpad.

Italy x Reader: Pasta Night!

Italy x Reader
Pasta Night!

A/n: A short fluffy one shot that just came to my mind the other day as I was making pasta.

Y/n's POV

"Ready?" Italy said, looking over at you.

"Set." You said, face filled with determination.

"Go!" You both yelled in unison.

The two of you rushed over to the cupboard and jokingly shoved each other as you got out the pots and pans.

You quickly filled up your pot with water and threw it on the stove as he began to fill his.

"Awe.. so slow." You teased.

"Heyyy." He pouted. "You said we weren't racing."

You laughed.

"Don't worry we're not, I just like to tease."

He put his pot on the stove and cranked up the heat.

"So what sauces tonight? *Alfredo*? *Pesto*? *Carbonara*? *Puttanesca*? *Marinara*?" He asked, ticking them off on his fingers.

"Uhhh all of them?" You replied.

"Yes!" He exclaimed, pumping his fist in the air.

You went to the fridge and started pulling out ingredients while he

got out some more pans.

"You got everything?" He asked, walking over to the assortment of food piled up on the counter.

"Uhh I think so." You replied. "You tell me, you're the real chef here."

He shrugged and grabbed some stuff and began to work.

He began to gently and precisely mix the ingredients together. Your boyfriend was usually kind of an enthusiastic mess until it came to his interests, namely cooking, painting, and singing.

You loved to watch him work, he was so smooth and passionate in the way he worked sometimes, it was relaxing.

The bubbling of the water pulled you away from watching him and you walked over to the stove and turned down the heat slightly, walking over to the pantry to get some pasta.

"We have *orecchiette* and *pappardelle*. Which do you want?" You called from inside the pantry.

"Make both!" He yelled back.

"Should have known." You muttered, smiling to yourself and grabbing the boxes.

You threw the pasta in the pots along with a little salt and gave it a quick stir.
Italy walked up next to you and set the sauces on the stove and began to cook them.

"Ooohhh those look good." You commented.

"Yup!" He said, looking down at them satisfied.

"And now we wait." You sighed, sitting down at one of the barstools at the counter.

The two of you waited patiently for the pasta to be cooked and

then drained it.

You whistled in appreciation.

"That's a lot of pasta."

You and Italy then put the pasta into large bowls and poured a different sauce into each bowl.

"Mmm…" You sighed. "That smells good."

He sighed and nodded in agreement.
He grabbed forks and spoons and the pair of you sat down at the counter, bowls and bowls of pasta laid out beautifully in front of you.

"Cheers!" He grinned, and the two of you clinked forks.

"This was a bad idea." You reached, holding your h/c hair back as you leaned over the toilet.

"What are you talking about." Italy laughed, holding a large bowl that was *not* filled with pasta. "It tasted good."

"I mean yeah, it was amazing. You're a fantastic chef. I still can't believe we ate two boxes of pasta though." You groaned, feeling sick all over again.

"I'm getting sick again just thinking about it-"

You suddenly threw up again all over the toilet.

"Ughhh…" You groaned. "No more pasta for at least another few weeks. My body's going to have pasta PTSD."

Italy laughed loudly at your joke.

"You're funny." He said, scooting next to you.

"No I'm tired." You half laughed.

"Go to bed?" He asked, wrapping his arms around your waist.

"Please?"

You felt a tiny blush rise up in your cheeks.

"Alright."

You turned her head and kissed him on the lips.

You quickly pulled back.

"Sorry that was gross i-"

He giggled.

"Tastes like pasta."

A/n: Okay I know the endings a little gross but hey, I don't know about y'all but I just really like pasta.

Also! This week is Halloween so get ready for something special!

Antarctica x Reader: Melting for You

Antarctica x Reader
Melting for You

A/n: Okay you guys are very much overdue for a Tica fic and im sorry. But he's back in business with this little oneshot. Hope you guys enjoy!

"Ewwww." She groaned, laughing. "That one was so bad!"

"Okay, okay, let me try another one." He signed, grinning.

He paused for a moment, thinking.

"Do I have a fever? Because you are giving me chills." He signed.

"Woww…." She said in mock exasperation.

"Oh come on y/n. You try it."

"Okay fine." She sighed. "Let me come up with one."

She leaned her head off the couch and put a pillow between her head and his lap, looking up at his blue and white face as she thought.

"Hmm... Okay I got one. Do you live in an igloo? Because you seem like a pretty cool person." She said, smirking.

"Oh come on y/n! That one was way worse than mine." He signed, rolling his eyes playfully.

"Oh you did not just roll your eyes at me!" She said, taking her pillow and gently hitting his face with it.

He took the pillow in response and started ticking her.

“H-hey stop!” She cried, laughing her head off. “Ow Tica stop!”

She nearly fell off the couch but he quickly stopped tickling her and pulled her back into his lap, giving her a quick kiss on the cheek.

“I'll tickle you next.” She said, sticking her tongue out.

“You’d never, I'm too cold.” He stuck his tongue out at her in response.

"That's very true." She nodded. "Okay you're turn."

"Ohhhh so now you want me to do pickup lines?"

"Eh…." She shrugged. "Its cute to listen to you say them."

She watched in satisfaction as her boyfriend began to blush.

"Are you ice? Because you're always so smooth."

"Are you a snowflake? Because I'm falling for you." She replied.

He chuckled slightly.

"No, you're my *snowflake."* He said, kissing her cheek.

"Awe… iceberg….." She said, smiling and kissing him back.

"Are you a fireplace? Because you warm up my heart." He signed, and then made a heart symbol with his hands.

She giggled and blushed.

"Hope I don't warm you up too much, don't want you to melt on me."

"I'm always melting for you."

She blushed deeper and kissed him passionately on the lips.

She pulled away from his cold face, now warm on the cheeks. As he blushed from her kiss, a slow smile spread across her face.

"Are you an iceberg in summer? Because I love watching you melt."

A/n: A little something to hold you guys over for the next few days since I'm going to be kinda busy.

I just got back from the hospital and I'm trying to play catch up with school work. But I will be writing as much as I can for you all! Sorry for the waiting and thanks for understanding!

Halloween Special!!

Halloween Special

A/n: Happy Halloween everyone! Enjoy this Halloween Special and thank you all so so so much for over 5k!

Y/ n's POV

"Japan?"

"Just a minute y/n!"

You leaned against the door and checked the time on your phone.

"You do realize that it's just Halloween right?" You teased to Japan through the door. "It shouldn't take you this long to get ready."

"What? It gives me an excuse to dress up!" Japan replied, opening the door and revealing her costume.

"Catwoman?" You asked, half laughing.

She shrugged.

"Seemed appropriate." She said, tapping her ears and winking.

"I like your costume though." She said enthusiastically. "It's very you."

"Oh thanks." You said, looking down at your outfit for the night.

You had decided to dress up as (your Halloween costume this year).

"Come on, let's go now!" She said, grabbing your arm and dragging away.

"I was waiting on you!"

You and Japan walked to the park you were going to meet the boys at.

It'd been a while since you all had hung out together, since every country had their own business and problems to deal with.

"I see them!" Japan exclaimed, pulling you to the bench the guys were waiting on.

You and Japan has managed to convince Germany, America, Russia, Canada, and France to come out and spend Halloween night with you.

"*Konnichiwa*!" She said, as they all looked up to greet you.

"Hey guys." You said, a small smile slipping onto your face.

"Y/n." France said, smiling.

He stood up and gave you a customary two kisses on each cheek.

"It's been a while *mon ami*."

"If you flirt with her all night I'm gonna be sick." America said, pretending to throw up and making coughing noises.

"Ame!" Canada said softly.

"What?" The egotistical country shrugged. "Its gross."

"Don't worry Ame." You said. "We're just friends."

You turned to France.

"I like your costume by the way. A mime is a good choice for you "

"You look like a clown." Russia said monotonously.

"Gah! *Excusez-moi*??" France exclaimed. "You're the one in the polar bear onesie!"

"That was my idea!" America piped up.

"Of course it was you. Dressing up as a cowboy, typical!" France spat.

'And this is why I never come to meetings…' You thought.

"Hey guys…" You intervened. "You all look great! Maybe we could you know… not argue about the costumes? Please?"

There was a lot of head nodding and muttered apologies.

"Y/n's right!" Japan said. "We should go trick or treating for a bit instead!"

You nodded in agreement.

"Yeah. We should head up that way." You said, pointing up the road. "There's supposed to be a haunted house up there. I've heard it's decently scary."

"Well I'm not afraid of anything!" America said, standing up. "Let's go!"

You decided to hang with Germany and Canada at the back of the group.

Canada was dressed up as a reindeer and Germany was in his regular clothes.

"Hey Germany." You said. "How come you didn't dress up?"

"I didn't feel like it." He replied.

"That's fair."

You and the countries spent a good while trick or treating. As you got to the end of the road, you finally saw the large house.

"Is that it?" Canada whispered to you.

"Yup!" You replied. "It is."

"Heck yeah!" Ame exclaimed. "Let's get going."

The group entered the haunted house. It was decked out in Halloween spirit.

The walls were covered in spiderwebs, the pictures on the walls were of skeletons and shadowy figures and there were an assortment of Halloween props littering every surface.

Ame whistled in appreciation.

"Wow they really went all out huh?" He said.

"I'm so excited!" Japan squealed.

"Alright gang, which room to we go in first?" You asked.

"That one." Russia pointed to the nearest door on the left.

"Okay let's go."

You lead the way and pushed open the door. The room was a dining hall and was filled with vampires. They had a whole feast of dead animals and goblets of blood on the table.

"Welcome." A vampire with a blue, yellow, and red vertically striped face stood up and greeted you. "Join us at our feast."

You paused for a moment, something looked very familiar…

"Romania?" You asked.

There was a pause.

"No…." The vampire (who was very clearly Romania) said. "I am a vampire. Join us so we may drink your blood."

"Drink my blood?" Japan asked, nervously. "I don't do well with blood. Let's get out of here!"

Japan shoved everyone out of the room as quickly as she could and shut the door.

"Oh come on Japan! That wasn't even scary!" Ame whined.

"Okay guys let's just go next door." You said, pushing it open.

You walked in and saw the whole room filled with spiders. Some were fake, and you could see the real ones in jars and containers.

"Wow." Russia said. "Impressive."

You looked to you left and you saw Germany looking tense.

"You good Germ?" You whispered to him. "Are you afraid of spiders?"

He nodded.

"Hey Germany!"

Ame quickly thrust a jar with a live tarantula into his face.

Germany yelled in fear and surprise, dropping the jar. The jar shattered and everyone screamed as the tarantula went racing towards them.

Russia quickly slammed the door and you all just stood there in shocked silence.

"America!" Germany yelled angrily.

"Oh come on! I didn't think you were gonna drop it! Plus it was really funny okay?"

"It was not funny." Germany said, glaring at him.

"Let's move on." Russia said, pointing up the stairs.

The group hesitantly walked up the stairs.
You leading the way, as you'd almost reached the top step, a coo coo clock, suddenly range and a skeleton hand popped out of it. You stumbled back in surprise, but luckily, someone caught you.

"Thanks Nada." You said in relief.

"Anytime." He nodded, smiling at you.

"Jeez y/n." America started. "Thought we're gonna play dominoes here in a moment."

You and Ame came to the top of the stairs first and looked down the hall.

"At least it's empty." France noted, nodding to the empty hall.

As he finished saying this, two young girls, walked out of the room down the hall.

"Come play with us." They said in unison.

"Oh I do not like that." France said, trying to nearest door.

"Oh great! It's locked!" He said, kicking it. "Ow!"

The two little girls, both dressed identically, began walking down the hall.

"Try the other door!" Japan said.
France tried the next door and it opened.

"Inside! Quick!"

You all quickly went inside.

It was pitch black.

"Canda?" America said in the darkness.

"Yeah?" He replied.

"Let go of my hand."

"Sorry."

"Is there a light switch anywhere?" You heard Japan ask.

"I'll find it." Germany replied.

There was a pause and you could hear Germany shuffling around.

"I found it." He said.

The lights flicked on and everyone screamed as suddenly, a bunch of people came running at you, screaming.

"RUN!" You yelled, throwing open the door and bolting out, the others running down behind you.

You went for the front door.

Locked.

"Its locked! Go for the back!"

You all raced to the back, still being chased. The back door swung open and you all stumbled out, running through the graveyard that had been set up.
It had headstones and pumpkins and bodies. As you all ran, the bodies perked up and started grabbing at you.

You heard I high pitched girlish scream from behind you.

"One of them's got my leg!" You heard Ame scream behind you.

You didn't look back and kept running after Canada, who was in front of you. He glanced back and saw you.

"Come on y/n!" He said, grabbing your hand.

The two of you joined the others over the small creek that separated the woods from the haunted house.

"Uh where's America and Russia?" Japan asked, timidly.

"Uhhh…" The rest of you said in unison.

You looked back at the graveyard and saw Russia running up to you, carrying Ame bridal style.

"I'm fine Rus." Ame said, as the large country set him down.

"Sure you were." Russia said, rolling his eyes.

"So uh…" You said, slightly out of breath. "Movies at my house?"

———————————————

You gently set down the mugs of apple cider next to the candy you all had collected and some food you and Japan had prepared earlier that day, and sat down on the couch between Canada and France.

"Dig in boys." You sighed, grabbing a mug and leaning back in your seat.

"I am girl y/n." Japan said.

"Uhhh *cough* furry." Ame faked coughed.

"Ame!" Canada sighed in exasperation.

You let out a tired laugh.

"I love you guys."

You leaned on Canada shoulder as France leaned on yours, Japan sat by herself, and Ame and Russia sat with each other.

You let out a sigh of contentment as *The Nightmare Before Christmas* began to play.

This was the best Halloween ever.

Hope you guys have an amazing Halloween! Enjoys your plans for the night! I know I'll be home tonight, just chillin watching movies (and maybe starting the next oneshot). Anyways, Happy Halloween loves!

Translations:
Konnichiwa- hi/hello- Japanese
Mon ami- my friend- French
Excusez-moi- excuse me- French

Antarctica x Deaf!Reader: Cafes and Stars (Requested!!)

Antarctica x Deaf!Reader
Cafes and Stars

A/n: Request for nagitoOvO ! Hope you enjoy this cute and fluffy Tica fic!

Italics- flashback
Normal- present

3rd Person POV

Antarctica walked down the city streets on that chilly fall afternoon. It was the perfect afternoon for a hot drink.

He spotted a small cafe on the street corner and headed towards it, pulling out his notebook and slipping his mittens into his blue coat pockets.

He pushed open the door and walked in. He entered the line and began looking at his choices and around the shop. As he moved up he wrote his order down in his notebook, ready to order.

He moved up to the nearest barista, and watched as she quickly pointed to the sign in front of her register.

Hello! My name is y/n and I am deaf. If you could please type your order on your phone or use the pad of paper provided in front of me, it would let me talk your order smoothly and quic kly. Thank you for your cooperation. :)

Antarctica's eyes widened in surprise as he looked up at her beautiful e/c eyes. A slow smile spread across his face and he slipped his notebook into his pocket.

'Hello!' He began to sign. 'May I have a large hot chocolate, with

chocolate drizzle, a little milk, extra whipped cream, and sprinkles?'

Y/n looked at him in surprise. This was the first time anyone had ever signed to her, and so fluently too.

'Rainbow or chocolate sprinkles?' She signed back.

He smiled.

'Rainbow.'

'Can I get a name for that?'

'T-I-C-A' He fingerspelled.

She nodded, writing it on the cup.

'You can pick it up down there.'

She went to work on his cocoa, quickly and expertly finishing his order.She went over to the pick up counter and saw him waiting there.

She held it out to him, and he took it.

'Have a nice day and come again soon!' She quickly signed before he left.

Antarctica came everyday for the next two weeks.

He ordered the exact same thing everytime and every time he came, he got to know her. Got to know how nice, kind, funny and amazing she was.

He walked into the cafe, ready to ask her out. He could feel the butterflies in his stomach fluttering as he walked up to the counter. But something was wrong, y/n wasn't there.

"Hello, how can I help you today?" The barista said.

He fished out his notebook and quickly wrote something down.

I'm looking for y/n l/n. She usually works this shift. Can you help me find her?

"She just left to go home. She's being transferred to our other cafe a few blocks away." He replied, pulling out a map and circling the location. "Also, you wouldn't happen to be Tica would you?"

He nodded in confusion.

"She left this for you." He said, grabbing a large coffee cup from the counter behind him. "Free of charge."

His usual order.

He quickly grabbed the cup and the map, gave the barista a nod of thanks and raced out the door.

He took off through the streets, his cold heart pounding, he knew he had to see her again, he just had to.

He finally reached the establishment and raced in. And there she was. Y/n l/n. Beautiful as ever.

He quickly raced to her counter, breathing heavily.

'Hi.' He sighed, grinning, adjusting his goggles.

'Hi Tica.' She signed, using the sign name he'd given her.

'I didn't think I'd see you again. I see you got my present.' She nodded to the drink in his hands.

'Will you go out with me?' He signed.

Y/n paused, blushing madly.

She slowly nodded, trying not to show just how excited she was.

His whole face lit up.

'Is tonight good? Say…. seven?'

'Sounds perfect.'

Y/n and Antarctica had been together for 6 months now and the two of them couldn't be happier.

Y/n woke up to her alarm buzzing under her pillow. She sat up and stretched. She looked out her window.

Night?

She looked at her alarm, someone had reset it. She smirked. She knew who was responsible for this.

Y/n threw on a shirt and left the bedroom, and there he was.

'Morning!' He signed, putting his phone away as he sat on the couch.

'Tica it's night! Why'd you change my alarm?'

'Because you were sleeping. And I didn't want to wake you.'

'Tica…' She laughed.

He grinned. Her laugh was the most beautiful thing in the world.

He waved her over and she sat down and curled up with him.

'TV?' He signed.

'Only if I pick the show.' She signed back.

He nodded, passing her the remote and grabbing a blanket for the two of them to cuddle under.

'I love you.' He kissed her cheek.

'I love you too.' She smiled, grabbing the blanket and pulling it over their heads and kissing him deeply as the starts outside lit up the night.

A/n: I hope that was nice and fluffy for ya! I'll try and upload as much as I can this week but with end of term and me

missing so much school because I've been really sick, I don't know how many chapters I can get y'all.

I'll try and get at least one more before the weekend! Have a great day/night and thanks for understanding.

India x Depressed!Reader: In The Rain (Requested)

India x Depressed!Reader
In The Rain

A/n: Request for moonfeatheranime1 **2 !**

Trigger Warnings: depression, angst, thoughts of suicide.

3rd Person POV

Y/n L/n had never felt so alone.

I mean sure, she had a few friends, a place to live, and a job. But still, the voice in her head just kept shutting her down.

Y/n sat there in the meeting, her head propped up with her arm. She zoned out of the discussion and just played with her pen on the table, they probably wern't discussing anything important anyways. And she didn't have to worry about being called on to contribute, no one cared enough to.

As the meeting was dismissed, Canada and France came up to her.

"Hey y/n." Nada said. "Me and France and a few of the others are going to get something to eat. Do you want to come?"

'Oh come on y/n. You don't think they actually care, do you?'

Y/n shook her head politely.

"No sorry, I.. have something at home I need to take care of. Bye."

She quickly left, not noticing the country that watched her leave.

Y/n walked down the street, the sky was overcast, and there

were hardly any people on the street.

There was a part of her that wanted to go back, to just hang out with her friends and eat something. But she just… couldn't.

She kicked a rock as she went, the thoughts clouding her mind.

Weighing her mind, it got heavier and heavier, she kicked the rock harder and harder and-

CRACK!

Y/n looked up at the sky as the sky opened up and the thunder rolled.

'Oh great. Now I'm wet.'

She let out a sigh of frustration and kept walking, she wished the rain could just sweep her away and get her away from this wretched place.

She wished the world would just disappear, she didn't even want to be here, she-

The rain stopped.

She looked up and saw an umbrella, she turned in surprise.

"India?" She asked.

The country stood there, holding the umbrella, his orange, white, and green horizontally striped face, mouth curved into a kind smile.

"Are you alright y/n?" He asked.

"Um yeah. I'm fine." She reassured him.

'That's a lie'

"Are you sure? You've been really distant lately."

"Just a little tired." She lied.

'You're exhausted. So tired. Tired of living-'

"Shut up." She muttered.

"What?" He asked, looking confused.

"Nothing." She said quickly. "I'm fine really."

'Lies.'

He frowned.

"I'm worried about you, you haven't been acting like your usual self."

"Well maybe I've changed." She snapped. "People do that you know."

He looked taken back by her sharp response.

"Im sorry…" She said, rubbing the side of her face. "I shouldn't have gotten angry with you."

"It's alright." He replied. "You seem stressed, I shouldn't have pressed."

"No no I just…" She could feel the tears welling up in her eyes. "Ah… shoot sorry."

She wiped the tears that were starting to fall.

"Hey… it's okay. I'm here."

She found herself wrapped in a hug. She started to cry a little harder. She wanted to just let it out. Tell him everything.

"Shhh…." India said, comfortingly. "Just get it all out."

She told him everything. Her depression. Her sadness. Her loneliness. Her thoughts of suicide.

Everything that had been hurting now washed out with the rain.

"Y/n… why didn't you tell me all this sooner?" He said, stroking a stray hair from her face.

"I-i don't know… I just… I didn't know what you'd think." She said honestly.

"I think this is going to take time to get through. But you're stronger then you know y/n."

He planted a kiss on her head and she felt her cheeks grow warm.

"Keep the umbrella, you still live aways away and I don't want you catching a cold." He smiled. "I'll see you tonight."

Y/n was left standing there in the rain, still shocked by the events that had just occurred.

A small smile came to her face as she looked up at the sky, the rain began to clear as she watched. Maybe with him, her cloudy sky could clear up too.

A/n: Thanks all for over 6k! Makes me think we might hit 10k one day… nah… that'd be wack.

Anyways, its almost end of term for me and so I'm really busy right now, but I promise Ill try and squeeze in atleast one more short one this week!

The Immortal Marriage AU: Oblivion

[image]

The Immortal Marriage AU
Oblivion

A/n: This amazing au is created by Multifandoms27 !

In this au:

"The rules are; you are immortal until every country you knew is dead.

If you were married to Ancient Rome and he died, then all the other ancient countries would have to die or become something new before you die.

And every time a country changes name or dies you get closer to death and older."

- Multifandoms27

Hope you enjoy!

***Italics- Memories* (3rd person)**
Normal- Normal POV (1st person)

Y/n's POV

When you fall asleep

"Gren no."

"Please no. Wake up."

With your head

"Please you're the last one. Please wake up. Everyone else is gone…"

Upon my shoulder

The life drained from his eyes as he took his last shaking breath. The world crumbled, quaked, trembled. It was the end. She felt a tear slip down her cheek.

When you're in my arms

"Please…. I… I don't want to be alone…"

But you've gone somewhere deeper

My name is Y/n, M/n, L/n and I have lived a thousand lives.

I was born in Mesopotamia, the very beginning of his life. I met him when I was a little girl.

I didn't know he was a country, he and I were both so young. We didn't know what we were doing. I don't blame him either, it wasn't his fault, but mine.

Are you going to age with grace?

"Come on y/n!" The little boy laughed, dragging her along.

She stumbled as he dragged her.

"Slow down!"

The two of them tumbled down the hill and splashed into the river.

"Meso!" She shrieked with laughter.

"Come here y/n, I have a secret to tell you."

The little girl inched closer, pulling a string of h/c hair behind her ear as he whispered to her.

"I love you."

"Meso," She giggled. "I think I love you too."

Are you going to age without mistakes

I didn't age one bit when we were together, he grew up but I didn't, I stayed that little girl for so long. I thought something was wrong with me.

I was right. As long as I had him, I stayed.

The worst part was watching my family grow and die so quickly, like little flowers in the summer, being sniffed out by winter's coming.

The next person I fell for was Greece.

The *original* Greece.

Are you going to age with grace?

The older child walked through the streets of the city. She had grown since her first love and was now a blossoming teenager.

"Hello there." Someone beside her said.

"Greece." She said with a smile.

"Follow me." He said, moving swiftly away from the crowds.

She quickly raced after him, wondering what he could possibly be up too.

He quickly ducked into one of the temples and she ducked in behind him.

"Greece we could get in trouble for this!" She hissed, trying to pull him out of the building.

"Not with me here." He replied, pulling her behind one of the statues.

"What's all this about?" She asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Y/n, L/n." He sighed at her name. "I love you."

Y/n paused. She was finally aging, slowly but surely, but she was still

aging. She was having somewhat of a normal life, but…. What if she… just one more time...

"I love you too Greece."

"Marry me?"

"We'll see." She grinned as he kissed her.

Or only to wake and hide your face

Me and Greece never married, just engaged. We were going to before he came. The great and powerful Roman Empire. He tried to take me as his own but I refused and went back to aging after all the ancients died out.

I aged for a short while, before being forced into marriage with the Persian Empire. I had to wait until all the versions of the Persian Empires were through.

The next country, was the first one I actually married of my own free will.

His name was England.

Well, oh, oblivion

“We’re finally alone.” The young woman smiled, as she looked at her love.

"Finally." He said, unbuttoning his shirt. "The wedding night."

"Don't be that eager." She laughed, flopping on the bed. "We have all night."

"And I hope we both remember it for a longgg time." He grinned, pulling her into a passionate kiss.

Well, oh, oblivion

After William the Conqueror took him over, we broke off our marriage for my safety. And I was heartbroken for a while after

that.

I didn't find love again for so long and I aged quite bit more than previous times. I had to wait until the world shifted again for me to find love again.

We were married for as long as we could be. But he broke my heart when he died but he couldn't live any longer.

Is calling out your name

"Please. I love you. We- we have to stop them." She sobbed at his bedside as she held his hand tightly in hers. "I don't want to lose you."

"I know you have lost many." He coughed, already fading.

"Soviet…." She whispered. "Save your strength…"

"Were you happy with me?"

"Yes. I was so happy. I am so so happy."

"You're a strong woman y/n. You can do this."

"Sov… please hold on." She said, gently holding his face in her hand.

"Whatever I am when I am reborn, take care of them. Make sure they're strong willed and can take care of this great nation."

He faded faster and faster as she held him.

"Soviet…" She repeated softly through the tears.

You always take it further

I never got over him. I'm still not over him. You'd think with all the horrors and war and death I've faced, I'd be alright with death but I wasn't. Still am not.

I told myself I would die as soon as I could. But with all the others still alive and kicking, I wouldn't be allowed to age until they all died.

But I was a coward. When the opportunity came… I fled death again, just as I had many times before.

Than I ever can

"Gah!" She stumbled back as a plasma blast hit her chest, grateful that her suit was protecting her.

"Ame! I need back up now."

When you play it harder

It was the year 2128. World War 4. The worst one yet.

There was so much horror the world faced during this time. So much anger and bloodshed.

The countries had been reborn after World War 3 and I was ready to give up my life and see what lay ahead. At least that's what I thought.

And I try to follow you there

“Greenland is coming in to get you.” New America replied over the comms.

“Understood.” She replied, firing a few rounds from her gun.

In all her years she’d never met Greenland. After Soviet died, she’d locked herself away, she didn't need another country to break her heart.

She'd only met the new incarnation of America a few years ago, at the beginning of the war.

"What does he look li-"

"Over here!"

Y/n turned at saw the country with a white and red face wearing an eyepatch.

"Hurry up!"

She felt her heart and face begin to warm.

She quickly ran after him as fire rained on the battlefield.

It's not about control

We married shortly after the war.

I wasn't as beautiful or as young as I once was all those years ago, but he loved me.

But it was short lived.

But I turn back when I see where you go

The world ended in 2250.

Are you going to age with grace?

I was there.

The climate had destroyed the planet.

Oceans rose.

Volcanoes exploded.

Disease spread far and wide.

The earth split.

And everyone died.

Are you going to leave a path to trace?

The countries disappeared quickly.

I wonder if it hurts when they do.

But, oblivion

"Please…. I… I don't want to be alone…"

Is calling out your name

She watched as he disappeared.

You always take it further

She was alone.

I ever can

The last one.

When oblivion

Every one. Everything.

Is calling out your name

Gone.

You always take it further

Forever.

Than I ever can

This was the end.

A/n: Okay I apologise if that was kind of confusing. This is a brand new au and I'm the first to write it.

This could honestly use a whole book to really explore it but since I really like writing one shots, I tried to do a condensed version.

If you have any questions, feel free to ask me or Multifandoms27 !

P.S. Feel free to write your own with proper creds! I'd love to see other peoples takes on this au!

Russia x Americas Sister! Reader: Freedoms Little Sister (Requested!)

Russia x Americas Sister!Reader
Freedoms Little Sister

A/n: Request for Mercurygi !

Russia's POV (3rd Person)

Y/n L/n. America's little sister. Everyone knew her, she was kind and fun and was friends with almost everyone she met.

And everyone knew she was completely. Off. Limits.

Russia had been head over heels for her for forever. But he'd watch as other countries would try to get close to her and America would just step in and shut them down.

He sat at the meeting, ignoring America give another big speech on why he was clearly the most important person in the room and chose to let his eyes wander to y/n instead.

She was just so beautiful. The way her h/c hair framed her face, her dewy skin looked as soft as freshly fallen snow and her smile was the most precious thing he'd ever witnessed.

As the meeting ended, he spotted Italy, one of her friends, talking to her excitedly. As he passed by the two of them he overheard part of their conversation.

"Exactly!" Y/n exclaimed, grinning.

Italy nodded, smiling back.

Russia spotted America walking towards him out of the corner of

his eye.

'Well this should end well...' He thought sarcastically, slowing his pace.

"Yeah we should go see it sometime! It'd be fun to hang out just the two of us." Italy piped up.

"Definitely!" She replied, looking excited.

His heart skipped a beat at how cute she was.

"Oh definitely not!" America interrupted, stepping in between the two of them.

Russia stopped to watch what was going to happen next, although he had a pretty good idea of what was about to go down.

"Ame!" Y/n said in exasperation.

"What? You think you can just ask my little sister out on a date like that?" He frowned at Italy, who backed away.

"N-no!" He replied. "We just wanted to hang out."

"Ame, were just friends." She sighed, rolling her eyes. "He's not my type anyways."

"I'm not?" Italy said, looking slightly disappointed."I-i mean of course I'm not!"

Russia chuckled softly to himself at the sight.

"See y/n?" Ame said, pointing to Italy. "Exactly what I've been talking about. Let's go."

Russia watched as they left, wishing that pesky country could just let y/n have some freedom, then he might have some sort of chance with her.

He watched as she glanced behind her and caught his eyes. She gave him a small smile when she noticed him looking.

He gave her a small wave and she waved back before Ame noticed and slapped her hand down, looking behind him and glaring at Russia.

He didn't care, she'd acknowledged him, and that was all he needed.

_____

Russia walked through the isles of the grocery store, looking for the alcohol.

He turned the corner and spotted someone very familiar in the produce section. It was y/n. He felt his breath hitch as she walked near him, not noticing him at all.

He inched closer, trying not to make it look like he was watching her. She finally spotted him.

"Hi Russia!" She said with a smile.

"Hi Y/n." He replied.

"Sorry am I in your way?" She asked, pointing to the pile of apples in front of her.

"What? Oh. No." He said quickly.

"Alright."

There was a slight pause.

"I'm sorry for my brother earlier today. " She sighed, slumping her shoulders. "He can be kind of..."

"Loud, overbearing and controlling?"

"Um...."

"Oh sorry, I didn't mean for it to come out like that." He said quickly, mentally slapping himself.

"It's okay." She said. "I understand. He's really nice and good to me, honestly. But yes, he's... very protective."

"I see. Uh ..."

'*Just ask her!'* He thought.

"Would you like to go... do something? Tonight?"

She looked at him in surprise.

'uɔuom'

"Yes."

"Really? I just figured since-"

"He can suck it up for once." She grinned. "So what do you do for fun?"

———————————————

The two of them sat on swings in the park as snow fell softly around them.

"So how come you're always staring at me at meetings and stuff?" She asked, swinging gently.

"Uh... you're just nice to look at I guess." He replied, mentally trying to hold down the redness he could feel creeping into his face.

"Oh..." He watched in surprise aa she blushed.

"I can see why you like it out here." She said, looking up at the stars above the swing set. "It's peaceful."

He nodded, looking up.

"Y/n?"

"Yeah?"

"I love you."

He held his breath and waited for her response, not taking his eyes off the sky.

"I love you too."

"You wanna do this more often?"

"Every night."

He looked over and saw the biggest, most beautiful smile on her face.

There was contentment and peace for the moment.

Y/n's phone buzzed and she opened it.

"It's Ame... " She sighed. "It's getting late."

"I'll walk you home if you'd like."

"Yeah I'd like that."

"Wow..." Russia said, looking at the large house. "That's... big..."

"Yeah." She shrugged, as the walked towards the front door. "We have a big house so that way we have enough room for when the kids come over."

"Kids? You have-"

"They're Ame's."

"Ame has kids?" He asked in surprise.

"Aunt of 50." She laughed. "They're great, kind of a handful sometimes I'll admit."

"50..." He mouthed to himself.

They walked up to the front door.

"Thanks for tonight." She smiled. "I had a lot of fun."

"I did too." He smiled back.

The door suddenly opened, revealing America.

"Y/n..." He said, glaring at the two of them. "You better not be-"

"Well I am." She retorted. "I'm not some sort of child and I can take care of myself. I don't need you taking time away from me and the people I care about so thanks."

There was a tense moment between the two siblings and Russia had to admit he was slightly intimidated by it.

"I'm sorry y/n." Ame sighed. "I'll leave you two alone."

"Daddy!" All heads turned as a small child tugged at Americas pants. "Tex and Cali are fighting!"

"Alright let's go take care of that huh buddy?" Ame said, picking up the little boy. "I'll see you inside y/n."

He shut the door, leaving Russia and y/n alone again.

"Who was that?" Russia frowned, the kid had looked familiar.

"That was Alaska. He was Russian Empires before Ame adopted him."

"Oh..."

"I should go. But call me. Or text. Just... I wanna see you again sometime. Is that okay?"

"Sounds perfect. Is tomorrow a good "sometime"?"

"Definitely."

"Sounds good. I'll text what time I'll pick you up okay?"

"Sounds perfect." She replied, giving him a kiss on the cheek and leaving quickly.

"Wow..." He grinned to himself. "Freedoms little sister."

A/n: Ah sorry for not posting this one sooner! My phone died

and I couldn't get hold of a charger sooner.
It's getting colder and colder where I live and as much as I love sweaters and cozy blankets, id much rather the weather be warm. Anyone else agree?

USSR x Short!Male!Reader: Your New Neighbor (Requested!)

USSR x Short!Male!Reader
Your New Neighbor

A/n: Thanks KittyKuteAnima223 ! for requesting my first male! Reader fic!

A male x male fic is something I've been thinking about doing for a while but just never really had the push to do until now!

Y/n's POV (3rd Person)

Y/n hummed softly and tapped his fingers on the steering wheel as he drove down the street.

He was moving into his new house today and was excited at the prospect of starting over. Yeah sure, moving could be tough but he was finally out of his parents' house. He was an adult, he could take care of himself anyways.

Many people had warned him that moving to Russia was a terrible idea, but he figured most of their claims were misguided.

He pulled into the snowy driveway of his new house and got out of the car. He looked at his new house and a small sense of pride welled up in him. He was a man. He had this in the bag.

His house was the last one on the street, meaning he only had one neighbor. His neighbors house was large and beautiful. Probably someone important lived there.

He wondered if he'd meet them soon...

_____

It had been two weeks since he'd moved in and no sign of his neighbor, until that night.

Y/n had been at work all day. He had worked overtime to cover some shifts and was exhausted. He drove home as fast as he could, ready to crash. He struggled to stay awake at the wheel, his eyes fluttered open and closed. He was so tired... maybe if he just rested... just for a moment...

SLAM

His car spun as he hit something, he felt himself being banged around the driver's seat. He held his breath until the car finally stopped.

_____

Russia's POV (3rd Person)

He sat at his desk, swearing at the stupidity of his work. He was so busy and tired all the time. He leaned back in his seat, and looked out the window. He saw the (f/c) car rolling down the road. His new neighbor. He sighed and went back to his work, glaring at the papers in front of him.

SLAM

A loud crash from outside made him jump up from his seat and rush out the door. He shoved the front door open and pulled his gun from his pocket.
He saw the broken mailbox and the wrecked car a few feet away.

"Ты шутишь, что ли..." He muttered, walking towards the damaged car.
He peered inside the car and his heart stopped. There was a very attractive and slightly beat up man inside. He took a deep breath and managed to get the door open, he pulled the man out as carefully as he could and carried him in his arms bridal style back up to his house.

_____

Y/n's POV (3rd Person)

Y/n groaned as he woke up, his head was throbbing as he blinked a few times, adjusting to the light. He slowly sat up and looked at his hands and body, which had been cleaned up and bandaged.

He looked around the room and realized he had no idea where he was.
He pulled himself from the large and fluffy bed and slowly walked to the door. He walked through the halls of the large house and peeked in every room, trying to find who ever lived here.

He finally found the kitchen and that's when he saw him, finishing up making some food. He had a red face and a small hammer and sickle above his eye and he was hot.

"Uh...." Was all that y/n could manage.

"You hit my mailbox last night." He said bluntly.

"I hit you... oh shoot." He mentally slapped himself.

"You're lucky you only suffered minor injuries."

"Yeah.." he nodded rubbing the bandage under his shirt. Wait.... Not *his* shirt.

"I'm Y/n. Y/n L/n." He blurted out, trying not to blush.

"Soviet Union. Or USSR." He replied.

"I'm your uh.. neighbor by the way."

"I know."

"Sorry I didn't say hi before, I just... never saw you around I guess." He said, feeling slightly bad.

"It's alright. I'm not always the most social." He replied. "Now eat."

He pushed a plate of eggs and porridge at him and nodded to it.

"Oh wow thanks. You really didn't have to."

The country sat next to him and they ate in silence.

"Thank you again for everything, but I should probably leave now. I don't want to overstay." He laughed nervously.

"You may say as long as you'd like." He replied, clearing his dishes.

"No no. It's alright. I have work that I need to get done. Ahhh... I don't have a car now." He groaned.

"You can borrow one of mine."

"What? No. You've already done enough. I can find one."

"Borrow one." He repeated.

"Okay... if you're sure... " He said hesitantly.

"I am."

"Well this was really nice of you, but I do need to get home." He said, standing up.

"I'll show you out." He nodded.

The two walked out of the kitchen and to the front door.

"I'm really sorry about the mailbox, I'll get you a new one as soon as I can."

"It's alright." He said, waving away the question. "I can get a new one. You're not the first one to hit my mailbox."

They stepped out into the snowy world outside and y/n shivered from the cold.

"Did you make him breakfast too?" He teased.

"No. I shot him. "You're lucky you are attractive."

"Uh.." Y/n laughed.

He honestly couldn't tell if he was joking. He felt a large brown coat

put around his shoulders.

"Huh?" He looked at it in surprise.

"You're small and cold, да?"

"But aren't you going to want it?"

"You can give it back next time."

"Next time..." He murmured, feeling a burst of excitement well up in his chest.

"I'll see you soon." He nodded, reatreting into his house and closing the door.

There was a pause of silence outside the house.

"Yes!" Y/n grinned, pumping his fist the air.

A/n: Look for a lot more requested chapters coming up soon! I'm kinda swamped to be honest, but I will get them done as soon as I can!

Translations:

Ты шутишь, что ли?- Are you kidding me? (Russian)

да- Yes (Russian)

USSR x Short!Male!Reader Pt.2: A Visit From a Neighbor (Requested!!)

USSR x Short!Male!Reader Pt.2
A Visit From a Neighbor

A/n: *breaks in through your wall*
What up gays here's part two sorry it took me forever.

Originally requested by KittyKuteAnima223

Dedicated to
Lambidennn
-_USSR_-
Im_Star_Boy
NoUsernameHere21

So yall don't have to be the girl :)

Y/n's POV (3rd Person)

"Hey I have your coat, do you want it back? No. Wait- duh. Of course he wants it back it's his coat. So uhhh... what are you doing here? Y/n no this is his house what are you thinking. You want your coat back? Oh? You do? Well uhh thats gonna require some payment if ya know what I mean? Ew! No! Just ring the doorbell already it's not that hard!"

"You would be correct."

Y/n let out a loud yelp of surprise and jumped backwards, smacking his head on the large wooden door.

He hadn't realized the large Russian man had been standing behind him the entire time, and had, indeed, heard everything.

"Jeez! Don't scare me like that!" He said, feeling flustered.

"You came to return the coat?" USSR asked, raising an eyebrow.

Y/n nodded and offered him the coat.

He took it.

"Oh, and I'll park the car in the driveway for you tomorrow, I'm picking up a new one. Thanks for letting me borrow yours." He said politely.

"Of course." The Russian nodded. "Just be glad you didn't wreck it like you did yours."

"Yeah... still sorry about your mailbox." The shorter male said, rubbing the back of his neck.

Y/n had already replaced it for him because he felt kinda bad about crashing, passing out, and then having USSR cook for him and taking care of him. He wished he could do more to return the favor.

"It's alright, no harm done." The Union assured him. "And I will take you to pick up your car tomorrow."

"What? Oh no, I wouldn't want to take time out of your day for that.." Y/n said quickly.

"I'll pick you up tomorrow at 11:30 so I can take you to pick up your car." USSR replied, pushing past y/n and unlocking his door. "I will see you then."

The country slipped inside and a surprised y/n was left standing out in the cold russian air.

"He's picking me up tomorrow..." He muttered softly to no one.

———————————————

Y/n barely slept that night.

He just lay there in his bed, eyes open, and the conversation from earlier replaying over and over again in his mind.

Was this a date?

Did this really mean anything?

Was he overthinking this?

Did Soviet like him back?

And why was he so hot?

Y/n sighed and groaned, rubbing the side of his face and trying to clear his thoughts.

'Deep breaths y/n, you'll wake up in a few hours and then you'll feel better.. Yeah.. that sounds go-'

And then his alarm went off.

"Frick."

He dragged himself from his warm and comfortable bed and went into his bathroom to get ready.

He washed up and ran a comb through his hair, walking out, he rummaged through his drawer looking for something decent to wear.

Throwing on his clothes, went down stairs to finish up some extra assignments for work since he didn't have to meet with the USSR for a few more hours.

He grabbed a snack from the fridge and some coffee, sitting down and starting to work, he waited as the hours ticked painfully by.

Finally, a knock at the door.

Y/n slammed his computer shut and raced to the door, he opened it and casually leaned against the door frame so he didn't look like an excited maniac.

"Hello Soviet." He said in his chillest voice. "Are we ready to go?"

"Arnt you going to need a coat?" The large country asked, raising a brow.

"Oh. Uh... yes. I'll meet you in the car." He said, quickly heading over to the hooks on the nearby wall where he kept his coats and jackets.

Grabbing a large fluffy one, he stepped out into the snowy walk, and shut and locked the door behind him.

He went out to the car parked in his driveway and slipped into the passenger's seat beside USSR.

"Thanks for being willing to drive me, its very nice of you." He said, buckling his seat belt as USSR backed out.

"It is no trouble." He responded. "Do you have the address?"

"Mhm." Y/n nodded and rummaged through his pocket until he found it.

"Here."

Y/n passed it to him and the Russian took and read it over.

"Thank you." He replied, setting in on the dash.

The two men drove in silence until they reached the dealership.

They got out of the car, despite y/n telling USSR that he could go home and take care of whatever he needed to, but the country refused.

Y/n walked into the small building and walked up to the desk.

"Hello. Im y/n l/n, I called yesterday about the (your dream car) and the man I spoke to said I could pick it up today."

The man at the desk didn't even look up at him before saying something in Russian.

"Uhh..." Y/n started.

USSR interrupted him with his own comment in Russian.

Y/n watched as the two men went at it for a moment.

The man at the desk stood up and yelled something angrily.

Soviet slammed his hand on the desk causing the other man to promptly fall into his chair.

He said something in a steely cool voice and the man nodded fearfully.

"They'll have your car ready for you in about twenty minutes." Soviet told him.

"Um... thanks?" Y/n responded.

"You are welcome. Come. There's a bakery across the street, we can grab something to eat while they get it ready for you."

"Sounds good to me, I could go for a bite right now."

Soviet held the door open for y/n and lead him out of the building. The two walked across the street and into the bakery.

Y/n let out a sigh of contentment as the smell of breads and pastries wafted their way into his nose.

"That smells amazing." He commented as he looked around the small shop.

"You'll have to show me what's good, I've never been to a Russian bakery before."

USSR walked up to the counter and talked to the lady that owned the shop.

"Одна булка пожалуйста." He said, pointing to a large loaf of bread. "И два pryanik пожалуйста."

She nodded and got the goods for him.

"Спасибо." He said. "Anything else you'd like y/n?"

"Nope. I'm sure whatever you got will be amazing." He smiled, as they exited, walking out onto the tree lined sidewalk.

"Here." USSR reached inside the bag and broke off a piece of bread for y/n.
He held it out for y/n, who took slow bite, he felt his chest heat up as his lips grazed Soviets fingers.

"Your face is red." He commented.

"What."

Y/n was so flustered by USSR noticing that he walked straight into a tree.

A pile of snow fell onto his head and the cold snow slipped down his back.

"Oh hell!" Y/n yelped in surprise, jumping back and trying to shake the hair from his head.

He looked up shyly at the Union, his face now even redder and to his surprise he was... laughing?

The large man gave a hearty chuckle and said something y/n didn't understand and placed his arm around y/ns small frame.

"That was funny. You're a fun guy
y/n. I like you."

"Why thank you. I try." Y/n chuckled, trying not to further embarrass himself.

The two headed out to the parking lot where y/ns new car was already for him.

"Guess this is me." He said, patting the hood of the car.

"Here." USSR passed him the bag of goodies. "You take them and

tell me what you think when we meet again."

"Thank you." Y/n said, smiling at him. "I'm sure I'll enjoy."

As the man left, y/n started the car, now wishing he wasn't alone.

———————————————

Y/n woke up cold.

He did live in Russia and it was winter, but it wasn't supposed to be this cold...

He climbed out of bed, grabbed a hoodie from his dresser and walked down stairs to where the heater and thermostat was.

After checking and rummaging around, he realized that the heater was broken and there was no way to get it fixed tonight.

He could either grab all the blankets, turn on the oven and open it, and then camp out in the kitchen for the night, or he could go to Soviets house.

Would he be upset?

Would he mind?

Would he think it was weird?

Y/n made his decision and grabbed his coat, swiftly exiting his home.

He made the short trip over to USSR's house and knocked on the door.

The door opened.

USSR stood there, in a pair of pajama pants and a plain white t-shirt.

"Um hi. Its me again, I'm so sorry to bother you, but my heater broke... and well.. I.. uh.. Would you mind it if I stayed here?" Y/n asked.

USSR nodded, and opened the door further to allow y/n to come inside.

"I'll show you where you can stay, or you may sleep with me if you'd like." Soviet offered.

"My own room is fine." Y/n replied, red faced at the thought of them sleeping in the same bed.

USSR showed him upstairs to the room he'd stayed in last time.

"Let me know if you change your mind." He said, y/n swore he saw something of a smirk played on his lips.

"I probably won't, I wouldn't want to intrude. But thanks for the offer." He replied.

Y/n lay on the comfortable bed and sighed softly, he was just going to sleep here and go back home in the morning. It would be simple and USSR wouldn't ever know his feelings, right?

Y/n closed his eyes and took in a deep breath, and just lay there.

And lay there.

And lay there.

"Frick!" He yelled in frustration, getting out of the bed and marching down the hall.

He flung open Soviets door and stood there, red faced, only in his boxers, and looking at the shirtless red man in the bed before him.

He walked up to the foot of the bed, praying he wasn't shaking as much as he felt he was.

"I want to sleep with you." He announced.

The Union sat up and grabbed y/n's face, pulling him into a kiss.

"Then by all means, dear neighbor, get in."

A/n: I'm so so so so so sorry that took forever for me to write

ahhhhhhhhh.
Hope you gays enjoyed.
Love y'all and thanks for over 40k!!
Also, anything special y'all want for like, 50k or 60k or somethin?

China/Japan x Abandoned! Child!Reader: Never Be Alone (Requested!)

China/Japan x Abandoned!Child!Reader
Never Be Alone

A/n: Request by Owoanduwucomingforu !

P.S. I made this one gender neutral.

Also , I guess that my brain didn't click that dudes were interested in countryhumans fan fiction?? Like, I feel bad for not clicking in sooner. Dudes if you want fics don't hesitate to request (on the request page please). Seriously, this is a very open book and I want everyone to feel included here.

Italics- flashback
Normal- present

3rd Person POV

Life on the streets wasn't an easy one.
It was brutal.

Not knowing where your next meal was going to come from.

If you'd have a place to sleep.

If you'd die from pure exhaustion.

This was the reality y/n faced every day.

———————————

Y/n walked through the crowded market with mom, just barely over two, the youngster stuck close to their mom. Looking around at the lively crowd and the people shouting and making offers.

The small child held tightly to the larger hand of the woman they called mother.

"Y/n?" The woman asked, bending down to face her child. "I'm going to grab some fruit. I need you to wait right here. Can you be big kid for mommy? Just wait here please?"

"Mhm!"

A tear streaked down her face as she looked into the eyes of her only child. She didn't want to go, but it was for the best.

She gave the small hand a squeeze and kissed their forehead, before quickly walking off.

Y/n waited for hours. Eventually coming to the realization that their mother wasn't coming back, they started to cry.

Y/n ran through the market, looking for their mother.

But they never found her.

_____

Y/n sat in the corner in a box in a small alleyway.

A thin blanket wrapped around tiny shoulders, eyes looking up at the cold rain falling down a dirty face. The only sound was that of people walking on the street and the rain tumbling in sheets. Y/n sighed, it was going to be a hard night.

A loud bang caught the attention of the child as they peeked around the dumpster.

"Gimmie it or I'll shank you!"

_____

Japan and China exited the large office building.

"That was tiring." Japan sighed softly.

"Agreed." China replied. "Those western countries don't tend to think things through do they."

"Nope."

The white and red faced country opened up a large umbrella.

"I'll walk with you since you don't have an umbrella if you want." He offered.

China nodded.

"That would probably be a good idea."

The two countries walked down the street, talking about food and the meeting they'd just come from. They didn't always agree on everything, like war and politics, they'd been on opposite sides before, but they both had a very rich and interesting culture and didn't mind sharing information about it.

The pair walked through a more shady part of the big city.

The talking quieted as Japan had an uneasy feeling growing in the pit of his stomach.

"Japan are we lost? Because if we are-"

"Hey!"

The two men stumbled back in surprise as a group of three boys rushed out from one of the abandoned shops.

"You two! Money! Now!" One of the teens barked, grinning.

"Listen, maybe we can talk it out-" Japan said trying to calm the situation, China raised his hands in a fighting position, glaring at them menacingly.

The boy, clearly the leader, pulled a switchblade from his pocket.

"I said now!" He demanded, pushing them into the nearby ally.

"I'm not kidding about the money!" He growled. "Gimmie it or I'll shank you!"

Y/n quietly crawled out of the box and picked up a rock, slowly approaching the situation.

There were two men being forced into the ally that y/n claimed, and their eyes narrowed when they saw the boys.

"Hey!" Y/n shouted. "This is my ally!"

"Shut up loser." One of the boys glowered.

"No you."

Y/n threw the rock as hard as possible, hitting one of the teens square in the face.

"Ow!" He yelled, stumbling back.

Y/n, rushed them, throwing rocks and yelling, the boys ran away in surprise.

"Well be back!" The leader yelled. "Just you wait!"

Y/n weakly sank to their knees as their vision blurred. They coughed slightly, tasting the tinge of blood rise up in their mouth.

"Whoa there..." Japan said softly, kneeling down and looking over the small child.

They had a thin frame and a pale face, their e/c hair looked think and they appeared as if they hadn't bathed in weeks.

"All you alright?"

The tiny head nodded.

"No youre not." China said bluntly.

"China... be kind." Japan chided, giving him a look.

"What's your name?" China asked.

"Y-y/n."

"Y/n... are you.. alone out here? Do you know where your parents are?" Japan asked gently, his concern growing.

"I am alone."

China and Japan shared a look, it was as if they were having a silent conversation.

China let out a small sigh.

"Y/n, we need to get you out of here. Its not safe. We can take you to the authorities-"

Y/n shrank back in fear at the mention of being in some sort of system care.

"Okay okay. Calm down." China said bending down to their level. "We wont take you in then."

"You can with us. Me? Us. You can come with us." Japan said, looking over at China. "Come here 赤ちゃん."

He handed off the umbrella to China and lifted the small child into his arms.

"Let's get you taken care of." He said as they began to walk.

"How are we supposed to take care of a child?" China asked softly.

"Not quite sure. But we'll figure it out." He nodded reassuringly.

"I suppose we will."

Japan smiled softly down at his arms, realizing that y/n had fallen fast asleep.

"You'll never be alone again y/n."

A/n: I'll be updating as much as I possibly can, but im swamped in requests right now (which feels great), I've got an art challenge I'm doing (Its the #sevendaysofprime challenge, anyone else doing it?) and just school (which sucksssss).

Also, I been thinking of starting a new book, so we'll see about that.

Translations:

赤ちゃん**- Baby (Japanese)**

Finland x Dog-Lover!Reader: A Little Surprise (Requested!!)

Finland x Dog-Lover!Reader
A Little Surprise

Requested by Countryhumans_Japan !

Finland's POV (3rd Person)

"I'm home." Finland said, opening the door to y/ns bedroom.

He frowned. There was no one there. There was no one in the rest of the house either.

He pulled out his phone and texted her.

F: hey where are you?

Y/n: hi sorry got a little busy at work. I'm on my way

Finland's frown deepened. Y/n was supposed to be back from work *hours* ago. What had happened?

Finland waited on the couch for her to get home. He heard the door open and stood up, walking over to the hall, wondering what was going on.

Y/n's POV (3rd Person)

Y/n closed the door and took off her shoes and throwing off her back.

"Y/n?" She heard Finland's questioning voice coming from down the hall.

She internally groaned, she just couldn't deal with anyone right now, she instantly felt bad. Finland hadn't done anything, she tried

to shove her emotions away.

"Hey what's going on?" He said, gently holding her shoulders. "You look like you've been crying."

"I'm fine." She lied.

He raised an eyebrow.

"You were supposed to be back hours ago. What happened at work?"

"I got fired."

"What?"

"You heard me."

"What happened?"

Y/n took in a shaky breath.

"You know, (insert name of someone you don't like)? Well she was accusing me of something I didn't do, and started yelling at me, and then I was just trying to defend myself, and then my boss walked in and then she sucked up to him and he got mad at me and told me I was being unprofessional, called me to his office, and fired me." She rattled off quickly. "And now I'm just tired and out of a job. I'm just going to go to my room now."

Finland wrapped her in a tight hug, she could feel the coolness radiating off of him. She felt the tears well up in her eyes.

"Stop it or I'm gonna cry." She said softly.

"I'm sorry." He said, pulling away. "About everything that happened today."

"It's okay." She sighed. "You didn't do anything."

"Okay, go take a shower or something and make yourself feel better. I gotta go take care of something." He said, kissing the top of her

head.

_____

Y/n lay on her bed, texting and ranting to one of her friends and wondering where on earth her boyfriend had run off to. She felt slightly better now that's she'd had a shower and changed into comfy clothes.

She heard a knock on her door.

"Come in!" She called.

The door popped open and Finland stuck his head in.

"Y/n come down stairs I have a surprise for you." He said, a smile playing on the corners of his lips, quickly shutting the door.

Y/n curiously got off her bed and walked down the stairs, her eyes widened when she saw Finland. And a dog.

"Oh my gosh!" She squealed in excitement, rushing towards the animal.

"He's a Karelian Bear Dog. His name is Aleksi. It means defender."

(a/n: Karelian Bear dogs originate from Finland and so does the name!)

"He's so cute!" She grinned, petting him as he licked her face.

She scratched him behind the ears and petted his smooth black and white coat.

After petting him for a few moments she stood up and pulled Finland into a tight hug.

"You're the best, Finn." She smiled into his chest.

"Feeling better?" He asked.

She looked up at his smiling face.

"Much better."

She went on her tiptoes and kissed him.

"I love you."

"Love you you n/n." He said, kissing her back.

She heard a bark down by her feet.

"I love you too Aleksi." She giggled, as he licked her face again.

A/n: Hope y'all enjoyed this request! It was so cute to write, thanks again Countryhumans_Japan !
I've actually never owned a dog and I personally think it'd be fun.
I have a beautiful ball python though, her name's Rory and I love her with all my heart.
Any other snake owners here?

Russian Empire x Depressed! Reader: I'll Help You (Requested!)

Russian Empire x Depressed!Reader
I'll Help You

A/n: Requested by MichaRodriguez !

Trigger warning: depression, angst, suicidal thoughts, slight self harm.

Y/n's POV (3rd Person)

Y/n sat there on the floor. In the dark. In the silence.

She felt numb all over.

Her head raged with a thousand thoughts.

But her heart felt nothing.

A tear slipped down her face.

Why was she crying when she was so sad she couldn't feel anything?

A sigh escaped her soft lips.

'Feel something y/n.'

"I don't want to do that…." She murmured, her hands closing into fists.

'Please I need to feel something.'

"Not this way…"

She lay on the ground and closed her eyes, not that it mattered. Her world was still dark.

Y/n stayed there for a while, trying to ignore the pounding in her head.

Her eyes opened and she stood up, walking into the kitchen. She opened a drawer as quietly as she could, and grabbed a knife. She quickly began walking back to her bedroom.

"Y/n?"

She froze.

Her head turned as she quickly shoved the knife up her sleeve with her hand.

"Yes Russian Empire?" She asked, with a forced smile.

"It's late… what are you still doing up?"

"Just got a quick snack, going back to bed now." She said, gently squeezing the knife in her hand. "I could say the same about you."

"Well *I*-" She watched as his eyes widened. "Y/n why is your arm bleeding."

She looked down.

The knife must have grazed her.

He quickly rushed over and lifted up her arm, revealing the knife.

"Y/n what's going on?" He asked, taking the knife. "Why are you doing this? What's happening? Talk to me."

"I don't have to tell you anything."

"Y/n, this is serious."

"Im fine." She hissed, pulling her arm back as blood dripped on the floor.

"No you're most definitely not." He said, crossing his arms.

There was a tense pause.

"Come on." He said, taking her good arm and pulling her into the kitchen.

She sat up on the counter and watched as he got the first aid kit from one of the cabinets.

"Lemme see." He sighed as she lifted out her arm.

They sat in silence as he began to clean the wound.

"I'm sorry." She whispered. "I'm being stupid."

"All done." He said, setting her arm back down. "We'll have to make sure to keep it clean."

"Rus-"

"Hey. You're clearly going through a lot. I should have been there for you better."

"It's not your fault." She protested.

"Y/n. I love you." He said seriously. "And you can talk to me. You know that right?"

She nodded, a few tears slipping down her soft s/c cheeks.

"Come here." He pulled her off the counter and into his arms. "I got you."

"R-russian Empire?" She asked, shakily.

"Y/n?"

"Will you… help me?"

"Of course."

She knew it wouldn't be easy, but if he was by her side, she could

do anything.

"I'm always here to help you."

A/n: Alright, Imma be pumping these suckers out as much as I can. I just feel like I've been neglecting this book and I really want to get back on track.
Also, I apologise if some of the depression/angst fics are shorter, I feel like there's only so much I can do with the scenarios you know?

New Zealand x Reader: Always be Your Teammate (Requested!!)

New Zealand x Reader
Always be Your Teammate

A/n:

No one:

Me: *watching YouTube videos on how to play rugby because I am a dumb American who has no idea what they're doing*

Anyways, requested by HeroKarma !
But seriously if I got anything wrong please tell at me I want to do it right.

Y/n's POV

"Ready y/n?"

"Heck yeah."

Y/n shoved her phone in her bag and grinned at your best friend, b/f/n.

"You ready to play your boyfrieeennnd?" They teased.

"Shut up!" You laughed, playfully, bumping there arm.

"Hey!"

You laughed again.

"Come on b/f/n, let's go play."

The two of you walked out onto the field and on to the side. You took a quick swig from your water bottle and began stretching to warm up. You sat on the ground and began waiting for the game to start.

"Hi y/n!"

You looked up, feeling a warm sensation in your chest.

"Hey Z." You smiled. "Aren't you wearing the wrong colored jersey to be over here?"

"Maybe. Ready to play some ball?" He asked, tossing you the rugby ball.

You tossed it back and forth between your hands.

"Yup! You?"

"Always ready to play with you!" He grinned bending down and kissing your cheek, stealing back the ball.

"See you out there n/n!"

You smiled to yourself as you watched him go.

"Oh my gosh. Get a room y/n."

"B/f/n!"

_____

"Over here!" You called, waving to one of your teammates as you ran down the field.

You saw the ball coming and reached out and caught it. You quickened your pace and kept going, hoping to score a point.

You suddenly felt yourself go down.

'Oh great.' You thought as one of the opposing teammates wrestled you for the ball.

As you wrestled, you could feel the opponent fighting harder back.

A sharp pain went across your cheek and you quickly pulled away as you heard the whistle blow.

"Ow..." You muttered, the taste of blood began to fill your mouth.

"Y/n? What happened? What's going on?" B/f/n asked, confused.

"Y/n, are you alright?" New Zealand asked, pushing past b/f/n and kneeling down to where you were on the ground.

You slowly nodded.

"Yeah, just got hit in the face." You replied, trying to shake it off. "Yeah that's gonna leave a mark.."

"You still look amazing." He smiled, tracing the mark on your cheek. "Just a little more beat up."

"Z!"

The ref came over and asked if you were okay and quickly checked your vitals as everyone took a break for half time. New Zealand stayed by your side the whole time, even though you told him to go rest, he persisted which you found a very cute gesture. The ref told you that you needed to sit out for a bit, just to make sure you were alright, to which you grudgingly obliged.

You came to the conclusion that sitting out was boring. You sighed, playing with the edge of your jersey, occasionally glancing at the field and cheering loudly when your team scored or stole the ball from the opposing team.

Your boyfriend seemed to pick up on your agitation because as soon as you would look at him, he'd make a funny face at you to try and cheer you up.

You giggled quietly to yourself.

'What did I ever do to deserve him?' You thought to yourself.

"Hey y/n, 5 minutes left." One of your teammates said, coming in from the feild and guesturing behind him.

"Yes." You said, jumping to your feet, ready to go. "Thanks!"

You quickly got into position, ready to start the next play.

You played your hardest and scored points a few times.

You were running down the field, and then New Zealand caught the ball.

You smirked and quickly raced after him. You tackled him to the ground and began to try and take the ball.

"Y/n!" He said in surprise. "I don't want to accidentally hurt you!"

"Then don't."

You kissed deeply on the lips, you pressed harder and harder.

He stopped fighting in surprise.

You managed to get the ball and score.

"TOUCHDOWNNN!" You yelled as the ref blew the whistle.

"We would have one if you hadn't kissed her!" One of New Zealand's teammates said angrily.

He shrugged.

"It's just a game."

He walked over to you, smiling brightly.

"Cheater." He teased.

"Oh you definitely let me." You laughed.

"Wish you could have been on my team. Then we definitely would have won."

"I'll always be your teammate." You grinned, getting on up your tiptoes and kissing him again.

"Awe n/n." He giggled, blushing. "You're so cheesy."

"Hey.." You responded playfully. "I was *trying* to be cute."

"Well there's no need to try."

You felt your face flush.

He grinned in satisfaction.

"Come on, teammate." He said, taking your hand and starting off the field. "Let's go home..."

A/n: Hope I didn't screw up writing this one too much. I've only played a few sports before, namely basketball, soccer (American), marching band (yes it is a sport), and horseback riding. So if I messed up just tell me!

Britain x Short!Depressed!Male! Reader: Locked Away (Requested!!)

[image]

Britain x Short!Depressed!Male!Reader
Locked Away

A/n: Request for Lambidennn ! Sorry it took so long love, and thank you for being so kind and understanding!

The song is Locked Away by Maroon 5.

Trigger warning: depression, angst, sadness, almost suicide.

Britain's POV (3rd Person)

Britain knew something was wrong.

He and y/n had been dating for months now and he'd began to notice y/n slipping away from him. He was moodier, more reserved, always in his room, and always had an excuse for never leaving the apartment.

He'd notice y/n try to be enthused when ever he was around, but there were times when he could only hear sniffles from behind the door. And that was another thing too, y/n and him had stopped sharing a bed.

Britain got home from a long meeting that night, he was tired and frustrated.

He walked over to the hall where there rooms were and stopped when something caught his eye in the window. It was y/n. On the balcony railing. Feet over the edge.

Memories and images of all the moments he'd seen of y/n pulling away.

It clicked.

He pushed the glass doors open and ran to y/n in desperation.

"Y/n don't!"

_____

Y/n's POV (1st Person)

If I got locked away

VTears streamed down my face. I looked at the ground. It was so far down.

My hands tightened on the balcony railing. Part of me wants to jump. It'd be so easy to jump. Then Britain wouldn't have to deal with me. Britain. What would he say?

And we lost it all today

I glanced down at the ground again.

My hands loosened.

"Y/n don't!"

I slipped.

_____

I felt someone's hand grab mine as I dangled in the air. I looked up.

Tell me honestly, would you still love me the same?

"Don't let go y/n!" Britain said, pulling me up as hard as he could.

I held on fast. I could hear the desperation in his voice. I didn't want to die. Not anymore.

He pulled me over the railing and into his arms.

"Y/n. What were you thinking…?" He said softly into my h/c hair, and pulling me back to look into my e/c eyes.

"I-i…" I tried, but the tears came faster and faster.

If I showed you my flaws

"Y/n?"

I just put my face in his chest and sobbed. I couldn't stop, my small body shook in his embrace.

"Sh…" I heard him speak softly. "You don't have to talk. I'm here…"

If I couldn't be strong

I stayed there for what seemed like forever. I cried until I just couldn't anymore.

"Y/n… why didn't you tell me you were feeling like this…?"

Tell me honestly, would you still love me the same?

"I-i didn't want you l-leave me."

"Y/n… I'm not going to leave you."

"Please don't leave me…" I said softly.

"I said I wouldn't didn't I?" He said.

"Let's get you inside y/n. It's starting to get colder out here."

———————————

Britain's POV (3rd Person)

He rummaged through y/n's drawer and grabbed some clothes.

He couldn't believe what had just happened.

He shut the drawer and y/n came into the room wrapped in a towel.

"Here. He said, handing him his clothes. "Get changed and then we're going to bed. I don't want you to be alone tonight."

"Brit.. I don't want to bother you.."

"When was the last time we slept together?"

"Uh…"

"That's what I thought. Climb in."

He'd already changed out of his suit and into his night clothes and the two of them got into bed together. He pulled the fluffy white duvet cover over them.

He wrapped his arm under y/ns and pulled him close so his body perfectly encased his boyfriends.

"I love you y/n…" He whispered softly. "And I'll always be by your side…"

———————————————

"Y/n…" He gently shook him. "Y/n it's time to get up…"

"No…." Y/n groaned, shoving the pillow back over his head.

"Y/n… its ten in the morning."

"Too early." He groaned.

"Not too early. I thought you were fine with early."

"I was… its just hard to wake up.. now.."

Britain felt a pang of guilt.

"Y/n…" He said, sitting on the bed and moving the pillow off his face. "I know it's hard for you.. but we atleast have to try...okay?"

"Fine…" He muttered.

"Come on." He said, gently pulling him up. "Let's get you fed."

The couple walked hand in hand down stairs to the kitchen where he had breakfast waiting on the counter.

Y/n sat down and picked at his food.

"Eat."

He obliged.

"Wow… this I really good Brit.. I… wait.." He frowned. "This is too good. There's no way you made it."

"No…" He said, blushing slightly. "I called France over and made her make it."

"You called your ex over to make breakfast for me… to make me feel better?" He asked, the faintest twitch if a smile appeared on his face. "You're lucky she's an amazing cook."

"Yes I am." He said, trying not to smile.

"Why are you trying not to smile?" He asked, frowning.

"Because you almost smiled just there and I forgot how attractive you are when you're happy."

A blush grew on y/n's face.

"Don't you have a meeting to go to today?"

"I cancelled it."

"You what?" Y/n asked, almost choking on his food.

"Yes I am aware of my important presence and prestigious reputation there." He replied pomptiously. "But you are more important. And I am going to take care of you."

"Britain i-"

"No."

"Finish up breakfast, I'll meet you in the basement." He gave him a

kiss on the forehead.

He flipped on the TV and got the movie ready. It was (your favorite comedy movie) and although Britain wasn't the biggest fan, he knew it would make y/n happy.

Y/n came down stairs and he looked at the screen in surprise.

"Is that what I think it is?"

He nodded.

"Of course darling." He patted the couch and y/n sat down next to him. "Anything to make you happy."

"You make me happy…"

"You make me happy too y/n." He said kissing him on the cheek. "And I'll never leave you."

A/n: Okay I know the way I did the song part was kinda weird but just go with it.
ALSO, AHHH 10K GUYS WHAT??

A/n: A Very Very Important... Thank you!

Okay for starters I hate authors notes in the middle of stories I think they're dumb.

But there's some very important things I need to say.

WE HIT 10K GUYS IM BLOWN AWAY SERIOUSLY LOVES, YOU ALL ARE TOO MUCH!!

I wrote the first chapter for fun, figured maybe I'd do 2..3? More chapters and then just leave it to die so I had at least something on my account.

So here's a list of very important thanks you's, because I don't know how else to say it.

First of all, this goes to the love of my life (teasing, no bromo ;)) Multifandoms27. She's the reason I got into Countryhumans and I seriously owe it all to her.

I'd like to thank every who's requested and letting me bring those characters to life for you. It's such an honor.

Id like to thank you to everyone who's left a comment or a vote. You guys make me smile and laugh and it makes me so happy to get Wattapd notifications.

Id also like to thanks those of you who added my books to your lists/library's so you can get updates. I'm sorry my schedule is so messy, and I appreciate you none the less.

Entering the Countryhumans fandom was something I was nervous about, because I had heard so much crap about it. But ever since I got into it, I've met nothing but kindness and those willing to teach.

I've made a few really cool friends making this book and Ive learned alot about other countries.

I know I'm being kinda cheesy on here right now, so I'll keep it short. Again, just.. thank you. I don't know how else to say it.

Have a great day/night!

Much love,

Nebula

Father!Britain x GenderNeutral!Child!Reader: A Father's Protection (Requested!!)

Father!Britain x GenderNeutral!Child!Reader
A Father's Protection

A/n: Another request for Lambidennn !

Trigger warning: abuse, bullying, verbal/physical harassment.

Italics- flashback
Normal- present

3rd Person POV

"Dad?"

"Yes y/n?"

"I'm nervous…"

"Is it the new school?"

"Mhm…"

The father and child stopped walking. Britain sighed and bent down, and looked y/n in the eyes.

"Y/n, you're a good kid and everyone will want to be your friend. I know you're nervous about starting your first year, but you'll do great, I'm sure of it." He said, giving his child a kiss on the forehead and taking their hand. "Come along y/n, we don't want you to be late on the first

day."

Britain sat on his favorite chair tapping his arm against the arm of the chair and sighed into the phone.

"I'm just worried about them, France." He admitted. "I don't know what to do…"

Y/n had been in school for two weeks now and Britain had noticed some...changes…

Y/n had been more quiet and less energetic than usual, they'd kept mostly to themselves and seemed skittish around any kind of touch.

"Oh Brit, y/n probably just adjusting to the new school! Kids are tricky you know. Also, I don't know why you're talking to me about this. Is this because I actually *raised* kids instead of just *leaving* them for the other parent to take care of?"

"Oh don't start with me woman." Britain smirked to himself.

"*Excusez-moi*?" France exclaimed from the other end and then started going off in French.

Britain rolled his eyes and looked at the clock.

"Y/n will be home in a few minutes. I should go."

"Alright, just remember you're over thinking this and y/n is fine. They're just adjusting to the changes and once they figure it out, it'll all be back to the way it was. I have to go now too. *Au revoir*!"

She hung up.

Britain sighed, she was probably right. He got up and started making (your favorite snack) for when y/n got home.
He heard the knock on the door and opened it.

"Hello n/n."

"Hi Dad.." Y/n replied, walking in the house.

Britain have them a hug and looked into their eyes.

He frowned.

"Y/n have you been crying?"

"N-no." Y/n said, suddenly looking nervous.

"What happened n/n? What's going on?"

Y/n looked terrified. Their lower lip trembled and their eyes got watery.

Britain gently took his child's small hand that's when he noticed the mark on their arm. His frown deepened.

"Y/n where did you get-"

Y/n quickly pulled their arm back and a few tears slipped down their s/c cheeks.

"N-nothing." Y/n said softly.

"Did someone tell you not to tell me?"

There was a pause.

Y/n slowly nodded their head.

"Will you tell me please? You won't get in trouble. I promise."

"Hey! Give it back!" The little boy cried as a group of older kids laughed at him.

Y/n watched them out the corner of their eye as they held a book above the boys head. They made a face, this was wrong. But they didn't want to get involved or in trouble.

The group of kids laughed harder as the young boy fell on his face. That was it.

Y/n marched over with as much confidence as a 6 year old could have.

"Hey!"

The crowd turned to them.

Y/n suddenly felt very scared.

"Give it back to him." Y/n said, nodding to the book.

"Uh… excuse me? Who do you think you are?" A girl asked.

"Please give it back to him."

"Please." One of the boys mimicked, causing some of the kids to laugh. "Pathetic."

"Why don't we show the baby what happens when you mess with us?" One of the kids piped up.

The other kids grinned, and started towards y/n.

"Who did this? Y/n don't worry about me getting mad, I already said I wouldn't be mad." He tried again gently. "Was it one of the kids from school?"

Another nod.

Britain could feel the anger boiling up inside him. But he couldn't lose it infront of his kid.

"Can you give me names?"

Y/n lay there on the ground. Bruises and cuts littered her body as they cried softly on the asphalt.

"And that's what happens if you mess with us, punk." One of the boys snarled. "We'll be back tomorrow to teach you another lesson."

The group left, laughed and jeering at y/n.

"Here."

Y/n looked up and saw the hand of the little boy the other kids had been teasing.

Y/n took his small hand and he helped her up.

"Thank you for standing up for me." He said quietly.

"Anytime."

"I'm Sealand."

(A/n: Sealand has no relation to Britain in this chapter)

"Y/n L/n."

"Do you want to walk home together?"

Y/n nodded, smiling slightly.

"I don't…" Y/n started, looking down.

"You don't know their names?"

Y/n nodded.

"But you can show me what they look like if you saw a picture, right?"

A hesitant yes escaped y/ns lips.

Every day for the next two weeks y/n was beaten to the ground everyday after school.

Y/n was scared all the time now. They wanted to tell their dad so they could stop worrying all the time, but they didn't want to get in trouble.

"I think you should tell someone y/n." Sealand said to them that day at lunch.

Y/n shook their head.

"I don't wanna get in trouble."

"But they're hurting you." He frowned. "And that's mean. I think you should tell your dad."

Y/n shook thier head.

"I can do this. Dad says I'm a big boy/girl."

"Okay. Why don't we get you a snack n/n?" Britain said, trying to cheer them up. "And then we can look at the school pictures and figure out who hurt you, okay?"

Y/n cried out as one of the boys kicked their rib cage.

They made eye contact with Sealand just a few yards away. Y/n had made him promise not to get involved.

"Stop crying loser." One of the girls sneered.

"You're such a baby!" Someone in the crowd shouted.

"Let's shut them up! I stole my dad's army knife!"

"Whoa too far dude. That's like, almost murder."

"Oh yeah you're right."

"Get em in the face!"

"Right there!"

Laugher.

Y/n ached all over.

Y/n closed their eyes tight.

And waited for it to be over.

Britain calmly walked into the school building later the next day. He'd finally managed to get the information he needed out of y/n to get those kids in trouble.

“Good afternoon.” He said, politely tipping his hat to the lady at the front desk, his briefcase gently tapping the side of his leg. “I called yesterday? I’m Britain. I’m here to see the Principal.”

“Right back there sir.” She said, nodding to the door behind her.

He walked in and saw the woman standing in her office, looking through some papers.

“Ahem.”

“Oh. You must be Mr. Britain. Please close the door and have a seat.”

He closed the door and they both sat down.

“Is there a problem sir? Y/n seems to be doing very well he-“

He smacked his fist on the table.

“Then why… the *hell* is my child coming home.. with *bruises*.. and *scratches* all over her body… from your students..” He seethed, anger rising in his voice.

“I was aware of no such thing-“

“Bloody hell you weren’t!” He yelled, standing up quickly, knocking over the chair backwards and slamming his hands down on the tabletop. “My child is being bullied and harassed at your school because of your arrogance! Here!”

He pulled out a large stack of files from his briefcase and shoved them on the desk.

“These are the kids you’re looking for and these-"

He pulled a smaller stack of files from his case.

“Are the other kids that have been harassed by your stupidity! You are very lucky or very unlucky, that I have stepped in. These bullies better get the punishment they deserve or I am taking this to court and suing you.” He said, his whole body shook with anger.

“I-I am so sorry sir. This will be taken care of immediately- I will no longer be blind to this situation. T-The children will be properly punished. I promise. I…” She said, looking at him in terror. “I will need to make a few p-phone calls now, it will be taken care of immediately.”

“It better be.” He said, giving her one last glaring look, and walking out the door, slamming it shut behind him.

He tipped his hat again at the receptionist and left the school to wait for y/n to get home.

———————————————

Y/n walked timidly out of the school, looking nervously around for the bullies.

“Hey!”

Y/n flinched and turned around.

“Wow sorry y/n!” Sealand said in surprise. “I didn’t mean to scare you, guess what? Those meanies that were hurting you are gone now!”

Y/n furrowed their brows in confusion, as they walked home.

“What do you mean?”

“I heard some of the teachers talking by the bathroom and they said this guy in a suit and top hat came in and yelled that the principal and she sent those kids away! Maybe for good!”

“My dad… did that?”

“Oh! You did tell him! See? I told you to tell him. He seems pretty awesome”

“Yeah.” Y/n smiled. “He’s the best.”

They stopped in front of y/ns house.

“I’ll see you later Sea.” They smiled.

“In a while y/n!” He giggled, racing off to his house.

“Dad! Dad?” Y/n called as they raced into the house.

“Y/n what happened? What’s..”

He stopped and caught the small y/n hurtling into his arms.

“I love you Dad.”

He smiled and looked down at his precious child.

“I love you too y/n.”

“Dad?” The child piped up, looking at their father with big eyes.

“Yes n/n?”

“Did you really stop the bullies?”

He gently nodded.

Y/n smiled and nestled their head back into his arms.

“Thank you.” Y/n said quietly.

“Of course y/n... I’m never going to let anyone hurt you again.”

A/n: Sorry I didn't get this one o ut yesterday. I hope you enjoyed it!

Translations:

Excusez-moi- excuse me (French)

Au revoir- bye/good bye (French)

Mexico x Reader: My Sky (Requested!)

Mexico x Reader
My Sky

A/n: Requested by nagitoOvO!

Y/n's POV (3rd Person)

"Yes Mom I'll send pictures. No I won't do anything to dangerous. Mhm. Yes. Yes. No. Yes. Mom! Okay. I love you. Bye." Y/n hung up her phone and sighed, leaning back in her beach chair with a sigh.

She looked out onto the glittering blue waters of the small beach she was at.

There were little hidden gems like this all over the Mexican coast. Y/n had decided to take a trip for herself after graduating college.

She stood up off her chair and grabbed her snorkeling gear. Her feet sank into the warm sand and she wiggled her toes in it for a moment and smiled to herself before heading down into the water.

She threw on her her goggles and swam through the water.

It was beautiful. There were pockets of beautiful coral reefs, hundreds of brightly colored fish of all shapes and sizes swimming gracefully through the water. It was like being on another planet.

Y/n stayed out there for hours without even realizing it. She felt tired and popped her head out of the water. She looked around in confusion. The shore line was nowhere to be found.

"Oh great…" She muttered to no one in particular.

"*Hola*!"

She turned around in the water and spotted a boat coming to a stop in front of her.

"Hey!" She called, waving to the boat.

"Ladders on the back *chica*!" The voice yelled again.

She quickly swam to the back and climbed up the ladder.

"Need a hand?"

She looked up and saw her rescuer. His face had tricolor of green, white, and red stripes with a coat of arms charged in the center. He was wearing a pair of swim trunks with a poncho I've his shoulders.

"Uhhh…" She said, blushing.

He laughed at her lack of words.

"Climb up." He said, grabbing her hand and pulling her into the boat.

He tossed her a towel as he began to drive.

"So what were you doing way out here?"

"I was just swimming. I didn't realize how far is gone. And thanks for rescuing me by the way."

"Of course! Couldn't just let you drown." He winked. “Im guessing youre not from around here?”

“Nope. Just on vacation.” You replied as he pulled up to the shore.

“Im guessing thats your stuff?” He asked, pointing to the beach chair a few feet away.

“Yup. And thanks for the ride.” Y/n smiled.

“Grab your stuff and hop back in.” He smirked.

Y/n shrugged it off casually, pushing back the excited feelings growing inside of her.

She quickly got her stuff and sat down in the boat.

“Where are we going?” She asked as they pulled out of the shore.

“Its around dinner time. Want to get tacos?”

———————————————

“Why are we stopping?” She asked as he suddenly stopped the boat.

“Close your eyes.”

“Going to throw me overboard?” She teased as she did what he asked.

She felt him put his hands over her eyes. They were warm and soft, as well as slightly calloused. She felt her heart beat faster as he stood her up and turned her around.

“You seem tense. Just relax.” He said softly in her ear, she could hear the smile in his voice.

“Yeah you haven’t told me your name yet.” She said, trying not to blush.

“It’s Mexico.” He said. “And this is.. is my sky.”

He took his hands off her eyes and she sucked in a sharp breath.

Reds, oranges and yellows, along with hits of pink and purple streaked across the sky. It glittered and flowed over the waves as it reflected off the sky.

“Whoa..” She breathed. “It’s beautiful. I think that’s the most beautiful sunset I’ve ever seen.”

She turned to him and smiled.

“Thank you.”

“Of course.” He said, returning the gesture. “Figured if you were out this late you’d want to see it.”

The pair watched the sunset for a few minutes longer. Her gaze kept shifting from him to the sky and back again. The sun sank below the horizon, and
y/n suddenly felt a little cold.

“Here.” Mexico said, slipping his poncho over her head. “Let’s head back.”

She sat near him as they began to drive through the water.

“I’m uh.. y/n.. by the way.”

“Nice name.” He grinned back at her.

They pulled into the docs, and Mexico hopped out and quickly tied down the boat. He reached in and grabbed his shirt and held out his hand to help her down.

She took his hand as he lead her down the docks, he never let her hand go and she didn't mind.

"Here we are!" He walked up to one of the taco stands. "This one's the best in town."

She waited while he got the tacos.

The two walked down the street in comfortable silence as they ate.

"Okay these are officially the best tacos I've ever had." She admitted, licking a story drop of lime juice off her finger.

"Told you." He laughed.

"How much do I owe you?"

"Not a cent *chica*." He replied.

"You sure?"

"Positive." He nodded. "How long are you planning to stay?"

"Four more days." She sighed, now wishing it was longer. "I should uh… head back and find my hotel."

"I understand."

"Thank you." She said gratefully. "For rescueing me and everything else."

"Of course. Why wouldn't someone rescue someone as amazing as you?"

She blushed deeply.

"Uh.." She felt her mind shutting down.

"Later *chica*." He said, kissing her on the cheek and she felt him slip a pice of paper into her pocket. "Give me a call!"
He waved to her and disappeared into the crowd.

"Oh no…" She blushed.

A/n: Okay yes I know this chapter isn't the best and I deeply apologize.
I was transferring data to my new phone and I just straight up lost like, half the story I'd written and I had to rewrite it. I apologise again.

Translations:

Hola- hello (Spanish)

Chica- girl (Spanish)

North Korea/South Korea x Short!Reader: Sibling Rivalry (Requested!)

North Korea/South Korea x Short!Reader
Sibling Rivalry

A/n: Requested by
Owoanduwucomingforu !

Y/n's POV (3rd Person)

Y/n flopped down on the bed.

"You're impossible." She muttered shoving her face into a pillow.

"Oh come on y/n! Just vent it out!" Japan said encouragingly.

She groaned into her pillow.

"Y/n!"

"Okay fine!" She said, teasingly pretending to throw the pillow at Japan. "I'll tell you what's bothering me if you swear not to tell them or anyone else. Promise?"

"誓願."

"Okay. They won't stop fighting."

"Really? All this for that?"

"No you don't understand... they're always at it."

"Oh? How?"

"And then I was like, that's what she said!" South Korea giggled.

"You're so immature." North Korea said rolling his eyes.

"Oh come one! Don't be such a downer! Y/n thought it was funny, right?"

"Just a little." She admitted, smiling slightly.

"Just please stop being immature in front of y/n. She doesn't need you're child minded head screwing her over." North said, glaring at his twin.

"Well she doesn't want you being so sad and aggressive all the time." South retorted.

"Heyyy guyyyyss." Y/n interjected, trying to calm the boys down. "We could talk about something else..."

"You're just upset that I'm more mature than you." North shot back, not heeding y/ns advice.

"Oh yeah? Well Im older! So ha!" South taunted.

"By 3 minutes!" North yelled back.

"Still!"

"That's not even significant!"

"Your face isn't even significant!"

"That was real mature South!"

"You're the one yelling!"

"I don't really see the problem here y/n." Japan frowned as y/n finished explaining the fight. "It just sounds like they're being siblings."

"I mean, kind of..." She trailed off, thinking hard. "But there's more fights."

"Oh?" Japan asked, ears perking up. "Do tell."

"Ill do a water." North Korea nodded to the waiter.

"Boring." South Korea replied. "I'll do a Milkis."

"Same." Y/n nodded.

"Oh can I get two straws please.? Thanks!" South called after the waiter.

"Two?" Y/n and North Korea said simultaneously.

"It's more fun that way."

North sighed and y/n giggled softly at his response.

The waiter came back with their drinks.

"I'll be right back." They said, and left.

"I thought you said two straws... not two drinks...." North frowned.

"Oooooo! Two straws y/n! How scandalous!" Japan said, her tail twitched in excitement.

"Japan!!" Y/n said, red faced. "Do you want me to finish explaining or not?"

"Oh sorry. Continue."

"I thought we did." Y/n replied.

"Oh well." South shrugged. "Wanna share?"

He winked at her playfully.

"Sure." She shrugged.

They both stuck their straws in the soda and drank. They were only an inch apart, y/n tried not to blush at the thought of any guy being this close to her.

Her gaze flitted over to North Korea and she couldn't read the look on his face.

She pulled her mouth away from the straw.

"What is it North?"

"Nothing." He huffed, tearing away from her gaze.

"I need to go to the bathroom." She announced, standing up and exiting the booth. "I'll be right back."

Y/n finished washing up her hands in the bathroom. She opened the door and walked out.

"Hey y/n!" Someone waved.

"Oh hey Ukraine." She smiled. "Hi Canada."

She nodded to the two.

"Just finishing lunch?" Ukraine asked.

"Haven't started."

"Oh fun. Is it just you or...?"

"No. I'm here with North Korea and South Korea."

"Oh your boyfriend's." Canada said.

"What? N-no no it's not like that." She blushed.

Both Canada and Ukraine exchanged glances.

"Okay..." Canada said, a small smirk traced his lips.

"Nada..." Ukraine said.

"What?"

"Nothing. We'll see you around y/n!"

"Bye guys!"

"Have fun on your date!" Canada yelled over his shoulder as they left.

"Nada!"

"See?" Japan laughed. "Even Canada and Ukraine ship it too!"

"What?" She blushed. "I'm not dating either of them!"

"Yet..."

Y/n groaned.

"So what happened when you got back to the table?"

Y/n headed back to the table and her heart sank just a bit.

North and South Korea were arguing with each other. She couldn't quite hear them yet, but she made out her name several times.

The twins finally spotted her and stopped talking almost immediately.

"Hey guys." She said as cooly as she could. "How's it going."

"Fine." North Korea replied.

"Perfect." South Korea said.

Y/n took another sip of their drink, South Korea grabbed the straw with is mouth, she could feel her face growing hot at the gesture.

She watched as North Korea glared at the two of them.

She pulled away, as South Korea gave a look of satisfaction.

"Fine." North Korea said to South, he looked angry. "Next time."

He got up and stormed off.

"I just don't understand what happened." Y/n sighed as Japan passed her a mug of hot tea.

The girls were cuddled up in y/ns bed, drinks in hand as she ranted.

"They're fighting over you!" Japan laughed in response.

"Huh? I don't understand." She said, confused.

"Give me one more example and I'll prove it to you."

"Hmm..." Y/n said, thinking. "Okay got one."

"You sure we should wait for him?" North Korea grumbled.

"North... He's your brother." She said.

"Still...."

"Just be kind to him." She reached over and gave his hand a quick squeeze.

The two sat in the car, North Korea in the driver's seat and y/n in the passengers.

"Hey guys." South Korea said, popping the door open and sliding into the middle of the back seat.

"Hey South." She smiled.

"What took you so long?" North asked as he pulled out and started driving through the neighborhood.

"Just busy." He replied.

"Whatever..." North Korea sighed.

"So where are we headed?"

"Taking y/n home."

"I thought you... had a car...?" South Korea asked, raising an eyebrow.

"In the shop." Y/n replied.

"Oh cool." He smiled at her. "Hey I bumped into Canada the other day and he asked if we were dating."

"Oh... yeah.. he thought we all were, like I was dating both of you." She chuckled. "I told him no. Because we're all friends, right?"

"북한은 당신에게 반하다." South Korea said to y/n, poking his brothers

arm.

(Translation: "North Korea has a crush on you.")

"That's it!" North Korea yelled, whipping around in his seat. "You're going to get it!"

The twins started yelling at each other in Korean.

Y/n didn't know what was going on.

"North... I think you should look at the road..." She said, but her words were drowned out by the shouting match.

"North..." She looked out the window, eyes widening as she shook his arm.

"North!"

But the noise was too much.

"TRUCK!"

The trio screamed in unison.
North Korea managed to swerve out of the way just in time and the car stopped as they spun into the shoulder.

"Thats. It." Y/n growled, unbuckling her seatbelt and opening the door.

"Y/n!" South Korea called after her.

"Oh don't y/n me!!" She yelled back. "I'm so sick and tired of this!! All you two do is fight and fight and fight! You can never seem to get along, you talk about me behind my back, and there's always an argument. I'm done with it. I'm going. Don't even bother coming after me."

She stormed off, leaving the boys in the slightly damaged car.

"Wow..." Japan muttered.

Y/n nodded.

"I just don't like it when they fight..." She sighed.

"Oh wow you really don't get it y/n."

"Huh?"

"They both like you! That's why they fight silly!" She laughed.

"W-what....?" Y/n's face reddened.

"You heard me! Wait. What are you still doing here? Go talk to them!" She playfully started shoving her off the bed.

"What are you going on about?" She said, clinging to the bed frame for dear life.

"You like them! They like you! Which one are you going to choose?"

"I can't choose either!"

"Hm... date both."

"Huh?"

"What? Have you never heard of a open relationship?" She finished shoving y/n off the bed. "Get going! And take my car! Keys on the table!"

———————————————

Y/n raced up the stairs to the apartments North and South Korea were living at.

She pounded on Norths door and then pounded on South's across the hall.

They both opened their doors quickly, North looking annoyed and South looking confused.

"Guys!" She pulled them both into a hug. "I'm sorry I yelled at you the other night. I just.. well... I understand now."

She pulled away and looked at them smiling.

"What do you mean by understand?" North cocked his head slightly.

"You both like me."

The boys faces reddened.

"It's okay I like you guys too. And I'm willing to make this work. If... you're willing too..."

"I'm in!" South said excitedly.

"Of course y/n." North nodded.

She grinned and gave them each a peck on the cheek.

"I love you guys."

"Love you too y/n." They said in unison.

A/n: Holy frick that was longer than I expected.
I'm sorry for not updating this week, it was just really rough for me and I was having major writers block.
Anyways, for my American friends, Thanksgiving is next week! I'm excited to have time off, and who knows? Maybe I'll write a special. ;)

Thanksgiving Special!!

Thanksgiving Special

A/n: Happy Thanksgiving guys!
I know not everyone celebrates it, but I hope you enjoy anyways.

Y/n's POV (1st Person)

"I swear if he honks one more time I'm going to kill him..." I muttered as I ran down the stairs.

I exited my house and locked the door behind her. I quickly slipped into the passenger's seat.

"Ame I swear if you ever honk at me like that again..."

"Oh come on sis." The star spangled country smirked. "That was funny."

He started the engine and began to drive.

"You nervous for dinner?" I asked.

"Me? Nervous? Never." He laughed.

I sighed and rolled my eyes at my big brother.

"I just hope it goes well..." I said softly.

It wasn't that my family hated each other. It's just that not everyone got along with one another all the time.

Mainly Ame and Britain, they hadn't been super close since America had rebelled and become independent, which seemed like forever ago. But everyone knew that bringing up taxes at the dinner table was a huge no-no.

"Me too..." I heard America barely mutter.

_____

We entered our father's mansion and were met with the rest of the family.

America was the oldest, Canada was the second oldest, I was the middle child and only girl, Australia was next, then there was New Zealand. Growing up with all brothers was kind of rough sometimes, but also fun and interesting.

"Hey y/n." Australia said as I walked in the door.

"Hey Aus." I smiled at him. "Where's mom?"

"Kitchen." He replied. "You should probably help her out. She won't let anyone else in there."

"Even Nada?"

He nodded.

"I'll go help out." I assured him and headed down into the hall and into the kitchen. I hummed softly as a walked until something smacked me in the head.

"Ow!" I yelled in surprise, rubbing the side of my face.

"Sorry n/n!" I heard New Zealand say as he hurried down the hall.

"What's going on?" Canada said, coming out of the bathroom.

"I was throwing a ball around and I hit y/n."

"You're just lucky I'm not Dad." I chimed in.

New Zealand's eyes grew wide.

"Yeah you're right he probably wouldn't be too happy with me." He said, picking up his ball.

Canada took it from him.

"I don't think playing rugby in the house is a good idea." He said, walking off to go put the ball away.

"Big brothers, am I right?" He sighed.
"Don't feel bad, Z. I'll play you later." I offered. "I gotta go help mom now, I'll see you in a bit."

"Bye n/n."

I finally made it into the kitchen.

"Hi *maman*." I said to my mom.

She and Ame were working in the kitchen, I figured she'd only let him in because Thanksgiving was one of his holidays.

"*Bonjour chérie*!" France said brightly, walking over and kissing my cheeks.

I smiled at her.

"You two need any help?" I asked.

"You can help Ame with the turkey if you'd like."

I walked over and looked down at the freshly cooked turkey that Ame was slicing.

"That smells amazing." I said, reaching down and quickly snatching a piece.

"Hey!" He protested. "Mom will get mad if you're stealing before dinner starts."

"Good thing no one's going to tell her."

He grinned mischievously.

"Mooooooooom! Y/n's stealing food agiannnnn..." He fake whined.

"Y/n! Stop stealing the food." My mom said, giving me a disapproving look.

"Wha- I..." I glared at Ame, who stuck his tongue out in response.

"Why don't you go find your father
y/n, it's almost dinner time." She said, pulling a dish out of the oven.

"Fine..." I said, sticking my tongue out at Ame, returning his gesture.

I left the kitchen, and figured I'd head to my father's office first. He was often working in there so I figured it'd be a good place to start.

I peeked in the door and frowned.

Empty.

That was fine, I'd check the greenhouse. It was just off the side of the house, my father liked to grow roses in there. They were his national flower after all.

I opened the door and breathed in the sweet smell of roses. We had all kinds and colors, and they were all beautiful.

"Father?" I called into the large room, standing up on my tip-toes to see over some of the plants to see if I could spot him.

No response.

Empty again.

I sighed.

Maybe the bedroom?

I walked into the entrance hall and up the stairs, I knocked on my parents bedroom door.

I heard a muffled, 'Come in!'

I smiled and opened the door, immediately met with a ball of fluff.

"Charles!" I laughed, the little corgi jumped right into my arms as I bent down to meet him.

I grinned as I held him in my arms, his little tongue licking my face in excitement.

"Where's Dad? Huh? Where is he?" I asked in my pet voice.

Charles yipped in response and wagged his tail.

I walked farther into the large suite and spotted him sitting on the balcony outside of the room.

I gently set Charles down and walked out onto the balcony where my father was drinking his afternoon tea.

"Hi Father." I said, bending down and kissing his cheek, wrapping my arms around him.

"Hello darling." He smiled slightly. "Tea?"

He gestured to the slightly steaming pot on the table next to him.

"Ah.. no." I politely declined. "Mom told me to come get you for dinner."

He checked his pocket watch.

"That time already." He sighed. "And your brothers are here?"

"Mhm!" I nodded. "Me and Ame got here last."

"Suppose we should go down before your mother finds us." He said, standing up, and we walked back into the bedroom.

We headed down the hall, Charles close behind.

We entered the dining room where a large, steaming portion of food was laid out for us. It smelled amazing. My mom was probably the best cook I knew, and Ame wasn't too bad himself. He did have 50 kids after all.

My mom once mentioned to my dad that it might be nice to have Ame's kids over and I thought my father was going to have a heart attack. My dad could barely handle the stress of his 5 adult kids,

imagine 50 younger ones running around. Plus, the 13 colonies weren't too big of fans of their dads old man.

"This looks great mom." I smiled at her. "Thanks."

I sat down between Aussie and Z.

Canada and Ame sat across from me, with Britain and France at the heads of the table.

"Alright everyone," My mom said.

"Thanks you all for being here on America's holiday."

"Mom I celebrate Thanksgiving too.." Canada said softly.

"Well I did it first and mines cooler." America interjected.

"How is yours cooler?"

"Because I'm cooler than you."

"Boys." Mom said sternly. "Anyways, you all know the rules, be polite, chew with your mouths closed, and no banned topics."

She gave Ame a look, and me, Australia, Canada, and New Zealand all exchanged glances.

We dug into the food, it tasted amazing, cooked to perfection.

"Mom why are there escargots at the table?" Ame asked, confused, as he piled up his plate. "I don't think that goes on the list of Thanksgiving foods... And I should know."

"What? They're delicious." She said, popping a snail into her mouth.

"That's disgusting.." I heard New Zealand mutter next to me, I tried very hard not to laugh.

"What is it y/n?" My father asked.

"Nothing..." I said, quickly taking a sip of my drink.

"How are things going with you kids?" Britain asked.

There's were "Fine"s and "Good"s uttered around the table.

"Any of you got anyone special?" My mom asked, winking.

I looked at my brothers and saw their faces reddening in response.

My mother laughed.

"Oh... I see..." She giggled. "You just don't want to tell us.

"Actually me and Z are single." Aussie pipes up. "Right?"

"Unfortunately..." My little brother sighed.

"What about you y/n?" My father questioned.

"Uh.. no." I said, trying not to blush.

The truth was there was this country I had been seeing recently. We'd only been dating a few months and I wasn't quite ready to tell the rest of my family, just in case it didn't work out.

"What about you two boys?" My mom asked my older brothers.

I looked over at Australia and New Zealand, trying not to giggle.

"Ame's got a boyfriend." New Zealand giggled.

"You are soooo dead..." I whisper laughed to Z.

"Zealand!" Ame yelled in surprise.

"Oh?" Britain asked. "Who is he?"

"Russia." Canada blurted out.

"Nada!" Ame said, annoyed.

"Soviets son?" Britain asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah..." Ame sighed in defeat. "And Candas dating Ukraine."

"You're gay?" My father questioned.

"Dad you asked me when I told you about the last guy I dated. And yes, I am, I came out to you years ago. Remember?"

"Apparently not."

"And you didn't have to do that Ame." Canada said.

"Well you didn't have to out me like that!" He retorted.

"You should have invited them to dinner!" France said smiling.

"No." Everyone said in unison.

"Well it was just a suggestion."

"Yeah but most of your suggestions don't go that well darling." Britain said.

"*Pardon*?!"

"Wow.. this isn't going well..." I sighed.

"I can try something." Aussie offered, as the arguing around the table continued.

He quickly stood up and slammed his hands down on the wooden table.

"TAXES." He yelled.

The room dead silent.

"Aussie you're so stupid..." I muttered, putting my face in my hands.

The room was pretty quiet after that.
As we finished up our dinner, my mom sat us all back down at the table for dessert.

"I think the tradition is that we're supposed to say things were thankful for right?" France asked, looking over at America.

He nodded.

"I'll go first." She offered. "Im grateful for this house, you all, crepes, and my husband sometimes. You next dear."

"The queen, Charles and my top hat collection."

My mom made a face at being left out of his list.

"How about you go next Ame?" She offered.

"Uh..." He thought. "Baseball, freedom and my kids I guess."

"Canda?"

"Maple syrup." He said firmly.

"Australia?"

"My pets." He grinned, pulling a baby carpet python out of his shirt pocket and giving it a quick kiss.

"Australia!" France said, face paleing. "I thought I said no... pets. At the table."

He slipped the small reptile back into his shirt and gave me a look.

My mother was *not* a snake person, I felt kind of bad for him and the snake.

"New Zealand?"

"Oh! Rugby! And my friends, and you guys I guess, and food, and the outdoors, and..." He made a face. "There's a lot more."

"Y/n?"

I blushed slightly, I'd actually come up with a semi serious list compared to all the others.

"Um..." I blushed slightly. "Well my list seems kind of sappy now but... I'm grateful for you all, really."

I sighed.

"I know we don't all get along very well all of the time. And I know we all fight alot. But you all are my family, and I'm lucky to have you guys."

"Awe we love you too n/n." New Zealand smiled, giving me a quick hug.

The rest of my family smiled at me, and I felt a warm feeling in my chest.
Ame's phone rang at the table, he checked it.

"We gotta go y/n." He sighed, standing up. "The kids are trying to start another Civil War, and I'll drop you off on the way."

I nodded.

"Let's go."

———————————————

"Later mate." Australia said, pulling me out of our hug.

"Bye Aussie, call me sometime! I want to see the animals again!" I said, racing down the steps and popping into Ame's car.

I checked my phone while Ame drove down the street.

"Hey y/n?" He said.

"Mhm?" I said, not looking up.

"Thanks for what you said tonight, It was cheesy and stuff, but I think everyone needed that tonight. And honestly? I'm thankful for you too. I think you're the only reason why this family hasn't even fallen apart so... yeah."

I looked up at him smiled a bit, he wasn't the most vocal about his emotions, so when he did tell me how he was feeling, it meant alot.

"Aw..." I teased slightly.

"Y/n..." He sighed.

"Love you. And thanks." I said, leaning over and giving him a peck on the cheek.

"Love you too, Happy Thanksgiving
y/n."

"Happy Thanksgiving big brother."

A/n: Happy Thanksgiving everyone!!
This year, I am very thankful for all of you, you have all been so amazing and supportive. I seriously can't thank you enough.

Ancient Greece x Immortal! Reader: Faster Then That (Requested!!)

Ancient Greece x Immortal!Reader
Faster Then That

A/n: Request for shadeluna !
I loved this concept so much! Thank you!

Y/n's POV (3rd Person)

"Whoa! Steady!" Y/n said softly, rubbing one of her horses noses.

She smiled to her animals with pride, she had two beautiful horses, a stallion and made. Apollo and Artemis. They were twins themselves, named for the god of the sun and goddess of the moon.

She pulled out an apple for them to share, and stroked their faces lovingly.

"Y/n?"

She turned.

"Yes?"

"You're on next race. Good luck." The stable boy said.

She turned back to her steeds.

"Alright you two, ready two win this race?"

———————————

Y/n took a deep breath as she tried to drown out the roar of the crowds in the stadium, this was the Olympics. Her big day.

She gave a quick wave to the crowd. She'd been in the Olympics for years and she was ready to win some laurels.

"We got this…." She muttered to herself, as she looked up at the stands and then she saw him.

Ancient Greece himself. The almighty. Here at the games. No one bothered the countries, they were mysterious beings and people often thought of them as high and mighty as the Olympians around here.

She chuckled to herself, if they only knew her secret.

The horns blew and they were off.

"Πηγαίνω*!* Πηγαίνω!" She yelled, urging her horses faster and faster.

She could feel the wind in her face, the chariot bouncing to the tune of her horses beating hooves, pounding on the track.

One lap, two lap, she pulled rank quicker and quicker with every lap.

The final lap, she was so close, she pulled into first place, she was going to make it.

CRACK.

Something hit the back of her chariot, she heard her horses winnie and the cart tip and then-

Black.

"Be careful… don't try and sit up…." Said a voice.

Y/ns eyes fluttered open as she was met with a face she'd seen only from a difference.

"Ελλάδα?" She said in surprise.

"So you know me." He smiled slightly at that. "How is your head feeling?"

"My…." She reached up to the side of her head and felt a thick bandages wrapped around her skull.

She said up, here vision going in and out.

"Steady y/n…." He said placing his hands on her shoulders to keep her still.

"Your body's been through alot."

"How'd you know my name?" She asked, curiously.

"It was… announced." He said, not meeting her eyes.

"Oh… right."

One of the servants walked into the room and whispered something in his ear, he nodded and they left.

"I'll be right back." He said, and left quickly.

Y/n traced her fingers over the places where he'd touched her shoulders, blushing. Her head and heart were pounding.

'Stop it y/n.' She thought. *'That's so stupid. You can't do that to yourself.'*

Since the moment she realized she couldn't age anymore, she'd promised herself that she was never allowed to fall for anyone, it was too risky in her condition. She knew that'd it hurt too much if she ever fell too deep and lost them.

She was snapped out of her thoughts as Ancient Greece entered the room again.

He sat down on the bed next to her and just looked at her with his beautiful eyes.

"What is it?" She asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Nothing…" He shook his head. "I just… that fall you took, it was deadly. How are you still alive?"

"Just lucky." She shrugged, swallowing hard.

“You’re wounds were already starting to heal when I found you. It was… incredible.” He mused. “You’re different aren’t you.”

Her chest tightened.

“I…”

“Shh…” He said. “I won’t tell.”

“I don’t age. I can’t die. Nothing works.”

“Nothing? Are you sure.”

“Believe me I’ve tried.”

Silence.

“I… think your head should be healed now…” He said softly, reaching up and starting to untie her bandage from her head.

She felt him pull it off and saw his eyes widen.

“All better.” He smiled, kissing the spot where the mark had been and she could feel his fingers run through her h/c hair.

“Sorry I shouldn’t have done that.” He said, blushing.

She pulled him into a kiss, butterflies roaring through her stomach.

“I’m so so sorry. You’re a- and I’m-“ She stuttered, guilt punching into her.

“I can’t do this. I don’t age, I’m immortal.”

“Good thing we countries don’t die easy. The empire we live in, its strong, it won’t fall. Also, it’s pretty hard to find someone who won’t die in the blink of an eye…”

“Yeah. I think you’re right.” She chuckled softly, taking his hand in her.
This was a new feeling, and she liked it.
“Well I-“

“My horses!” She exclaimed, standing up and almost falling on her face.

“Whoa y/n!” He said, catching
her. “They’re fine, no injuries they’re outside, they’re okay. You’re chariot.. isn’t but that’s alright. I’ll take you to see them if you’d like.”

She nodded, as he lead her out of the room, still holding hands and into the stable where she saw Apollo and Artemis.

"Hey you two!" She grinned as they winnied in excitement.

She hugged them both tightly around their necks, breathing in the fresh scent of hay and horses.

"I replaced your chariot." Ancient Greece brought up.

She looked at him in surprise.

"Oh you really didn't have to." She replied, trying not to blush at his generosity.

"It's alright." He said, stroking Apollo's mane. "You have two great horses, I wouldn't want them to wait."

"Do you want a ride?" She smirked.

———————————

"Too fast y/n! πολύ γρήγορα!" Greece yelled, holding on tightly around her waist with one arm and holding down his laurel wreath with the other.

She let out a whoop of exhilaration as they raced over the hills.

"Y/n please I think I'm going to be sick."

"Oh alright." She sighed, pulling the reins back and coaching her steeds to slow down.

They came to a stop and Ancient Greece laid down in the grass. She laid down next to him.

"Too fast then huh? I'm guessing you don't race much." She noted.

"I don't." He admitted. "But I'm glad you had fun."

He kissed her on the lips and they held it for a moment.

"Sorry, was that too fast?"

"I race, Ελλά*δα*. You can definitely go faster than that."

A/n: Ahhhh okay I know that pacing for that one was kind of weird and I'm sorry. Also, sorry I've been so inactive lately, I promise I will explain everything.

Translations:
Πηγ**α**ίν**ω! Πηγα**ίν**ω!- Go! Go! (Greek)**
Ε**λλά**δ**α- Greece (Greek)**
πο**λ**ύ γρήγορ**α!- Too fast! (Greek)**

A/n: There's going to be some changes....

Hello everyone!! I hope y'all are having an amazing day/night.

There's something I need to get off my chest, I hope you understand....

Anyways, recently, as you may have noticed, I haven't been updating a whole lot. There is a reason for that.

The reason is, I feel like this book has become more of a chore for me, I feel slow, uninspired and unmotivated.

I talked this over with one of my friends and realized the problem was *me* .

I started this book as a creative outlet so I could just write what ever I felt motivated to write and I loved it. I had such control and freedom with my content.

And then the requests started piling up. At first I was excited by all the attention, but soon found myself drowning under the weight.

I quickly closed my requests and got to work.

As I'm coming down to the last few, I realized I wasn't happy with what I was doing, and I didnt want to give up on this book.

So yes, for those of you that requested, they will get done. Don't worry. But requests will remain closed for a little while longer.

And for those of you that have requested, thank you again. I've

made some really amazing stories out of them.

But from now on, I will be posting more stories that I feel personally inspired to write. I think it will do us all alot of good.

I am aware that I will get some hate for this and I'm okay with that.

I am the author.

I have the creative power to make content that people enjoy reading, and I enjoy writing. And that's what's important to me.

Thanks all for understanding,

-Nebula

Greenland x Reader Pt. 1: Angel on the Battle Field

[image]

Fem!Greenland x Reader Pt. 1
An Angel on the Battle Field

A/n: Hello everyone!!

So anyways, I was practicing facial expressions with Greenland (above), and then I was like, how about a female Greenland?

And then I was like, well that's hot I'll make a fic out of that.

Please enjoy this very gay oneshot I've been putting off for a month.

Y/ns POV (3rd Person)

Y/n sat there in the mud.

Alone.

Her hands covered her head as she felt the power of war shaking the trenches.
She heard the crashing of bombs.

The screaming of dying men.

She had to make it.

She just had to.

She lifted her head and could just barely make out the entrance to the bunker. She could make it. She'd have to run for it.

She took a shaky breath and slung her gun on her back.

3....

The bombs were raining faster.

2....

Gunshots pierced the air.

1....

Y/n kept over the trench wall and ran for her life across the terrain. She was so close. She was going to make it.

Pain.

Sharp, horrible pain went into her leg.

She cried out and fell to the ground.

A large explosion hit near her.

The ringing in her ears was so loud that sound itself was numb to her.

She lay there.

This was the end.

She was going to die.

Someone grabbed her shoulders, shaking her, her mouth moving.

She stared at the beautiful woman in front of her. Was she dead? Was this an angel?

She tried to say something but she could feel her mind slipping farther... and farther... and farth....

"Ah!" Y/n cried out, sitting up and slamming her head against something hard.

"Ow...." She muttered, rubbing her head and looking around.

She was on the lower bunk of a bunk bed, in a small room. There was barely any furniture, and the walls were bare, it appeared to be some sort of base.

She pulled back the covers and looked down at the thick layers of bandages that covered her leg, she sighed with relief. She was lucky to still have it.

"Oh good. You're up."

Y/n looked up and saw *her*.

She had a white and red face with a white and red eye patch, the colors flipped from that of her face. She wore a long brown coat and her thick brown hair swept around her.

"Y-yeah... im... awake.." She replied, trying not to blush, at the sight of her.

"Here." The woman said, walking over to her side and handing her a bowl of soup.

She gratefully accepted it and took a sip as the woman began to check her bandaging.

"Im Y/n by the way." She offered. "Lieutenant Y/n, L/n."

"Greenland." She replied, finishing unwrapping her leg. "You were hit. It looks bad right now, but it should heal up alright. I've got a medical team coming into get you and take you back to America."

She nodded in response.

"This might sting..." Greenland said, gently pouring some alcohol to the wound.

Y/n tried to hold back the groan of pain welling up inside of her, but a little noise escaped.

"I warned you." She said, glancing up.

"I know its just..." She winced. "Sorry."

She watched silently as Greenland rebandaged her leg, trying not to think about how soft and gentle her hands were, or how cute her face looked while she concentrated, or how nice her coat looked on her, or-

"Are you just going to stare the whole time?" Greenland said, interrupting her thoughts. "At least eat something."

"I- uh..." She said, turning her head so she couldn't see her blush in the dim lights of the bunker.

Greenland finished up with her leg and took the empty bowl from her.

"I'm going to be out for a bit." Greenland said, grabbing her hat hanging from the bedpost. "Don't move."

"Wasn't planning on it..." Y/n muttered in response.

_____

Y/n looked up at the bed in front of her as she lay on her back, a thousand and one thoughts racing through her mind. Most of them were of Greenland.

She couldn't get the country out of her head.

'Y/n stop it.' She thought to herself. *'She isn't into you. She probably doesn't even like girls.'*

"I'm back Lieutenant." Greenland said, entering the room.

Lieutenant.

Ouch.

"Just y/n please." She offered, sitting up.

"Alright. Y/n..."

There was a pause.

"So... how's our side doing?" Y/n asked, genuinely curious.

"Still fighting. Still dying." The woman sighed in response, pulling off her hat and letting her dark brown hair tumble around her shoulders.

"So the usual then..." Y/n sighed, looking down at her lap.

"I got the team to come in early for you. They'll be here in the morning. You should rest."

Y/n nodded and rolled over on her side, letting sleep envelope her.

———————————————

"Y/n.... Y/n wake up."

She groaned as someone shook her awake.

"Is it morning already?" She asked, barely opening her eyes, and sitting up slightly.

"No. You're just shaking so badly you're making the whole bunk bed have an earthquake. " Greenland said pointedly.

Y/n blushed with embarrassment.

"Sorry. I'll try not to-"

"Scoot."

"Excuse me?"

"You're not used to the cold, I am. So move over." She replied, reaching up and grabbing her blanket.

Y/n curiously obliged, trying not to think of the implications of Greenland sleeping with her.

Greeland climbed over her and lay on the side with her back against the wall.
Y/n laid her head back down on the pillow and she felt Greenland wrap her arm around her waist, drawing her in close.

Y/n held her breath, her heart pounded in anticipation.

"Your heart's beating really fast." Greenland muttered sleepily.

"Yeah... it is..." She murmured in response, not trusting her self to say anymore.

———————————————

Y/n awoke the next morning.
Her eyes flitted open lazily, and she found herself face to face with her angel.

They were so close, only a few inches apart.

She moved her hand up under the covers, reaching up, so close...

Bang.

Bang.

Bang.

Y/n's hand flinched back down as the loud knocking came from the door.
Greenland woke up quickly, moving her face forward in surprise.

Their lips met.

But only for a moment.

Greenland quickly pulled away, and quickly climbed over her, heading for the door.

Y/n lay there in shock, feeling excited, happy, sad, and guilty. She didn't know why.

"They're here." Greenland said, popping her head in. "You should go."

Y/n stood up and shuffled to the door, trying to keep the weight off her bad leg.

One of the medics took her arm to steady her.

"Greenland... listen.. about.. um.. that kiss..." She stuttered out.

"Just go y/n." Greenland replied, not meeting her eyes.

"I'm sorry-"

"Go."

The medic led her away, y/n looked over her shoulder as they loaded her on the plane. She looked out the window as they took off, the bunker grew smaller and smaller as they rose higher and higher.

For a split second, their eyes met.

And then she was gone.

A/n: Ahahahahaha cliffhangers am I right??

Greenland x Reader Pt. 2: Into the Unknown

[image]

Fem!Greenland x Reader Pt. 2
Into the Unknown

A/n: Alright here's part two. Yes it's a song fic. Yes I know it's from Frozen 2 (don't get me started on that movie or we'll be here for an hour). I just felt it fit the tone of this chapter that I wanted to go for.

Also, I'm using the Panic!At the Disco version of this because it's a banger.

Y/n's POV (3rd Person)

I can hear you but I won't

Y/n sat in the window cell, looking down at the streets of the city from her apartment. It was all the same. Every day. So boring.

She sighed and leaned her head against the frame. It'd been a month since she'd seen Greenland and she couldn't stop the memories from replaying over and over in her head.

Some look for trouble while others don't

A knock rang through the door.

"Come in!" She called. "It's unlocked."

"Are you sure you should be leaving your doors unlocked?" A very familiar voice said.

She turned and quickly stood up pulling him into a hug.

"Ame!" She sighed with relief. "You're okay!"

"Yeah… I am…" He replied.

She looked him over and frowned.

"You look awful."

"Well yeah… war does that to you…." He sighed, sitting on her bed and she joined him.

"Shouldn't you be fighting?" She asked, curiously.

"I'm just in town for a few days for some meetings. I figured I should check up on you, I've been getting your letters."

There's a thousand reasons I should go about my day

Y/n nodded and sighed.

"So… who is she??" He smirked, elbowing her in the side gently.

"I.. don't know if you know her. Her name's Greeland."

"Hm…" Ame said, thinking. "I've met her one or twice, she seems alright. Did you really sleep with her?"

"Ame!" She groaned. "Yeah… alright… I did sleep with her."

"Wow y/n, didn't know you had the guts."

"Well she was the one that got into my bed."

"Have you sent her a letter? Or tried to give her a call?"

And ignore your whispers which I wish would go away, oh

"No…" She huffed. "She… didn't want me around after I kissed her…"

"You what?!"

You're not a voice, you're just a ringing in my ear

"Greenland... listen.. about.. um.. that kiss..." She stuttered out.

"Just go y/n." Greenland replied, not meeting her eyes.

"I'm sorry-"

"Go."

And if I heard you, which I don't, I'm spoken for I fear

"Ouch…" Ame muttered.

"Yup…" Y/n said, laying back on her covers.

"Well are you going to get her back?"

Everyone I've ever loved is here within these walls

"What? No."

"Why not?"

"I mean, I have family and friends here, and there are soldiers coming in every day that need help."

I'm sorry, secret siren, but I'm blocking out your calls

"Y/n you're clearly very much into this girl. I think you should go get her."

"What? Because we had one night together? Because I accidentally kissed her? Because I couldn't stop staring at her like a creep because she's the most beautiful woman I've ever seen?"

I've had my adventure, I don't need something new

"Y/n…" He said softly, putting his hand on her shoulder. "This war… it's long… it's hard… people die and get hurt. And if anything happens to her, or if she dies, you'll spend the rest of your life regretting never going back for her. Trust me, I know."

Y/n didn't say anything in response.

I'm afraid of what I'm risking if I follow you

"I'll go now, I'll check on you in the morning." He said, giving her forehead a quick peck before leaving.

Into the unknown
Into the unknown
Into the unknown

Y/n couldn't stop thinking about what America had said the whole day and it was tearing her up inside.

Should she go and find her?

Was it really worth it?

Could she handle the rejection?

What do you want? 'Cause you've been keeping me awake

Y/n tossed and turned all night.

She couldn't stop thinking about her.

Are you here to distract me so I make a big mistake?

She should move on.

She really should.

But deep down inside she didn't want to.

Or are you someone out there who's a little bit like me?

What if Greenland did want her?

She had been the one to hold her that night.

Maybe… she was a little scared too.

Who knows deep down I'm not where I'm meant to be?

Y/n couldn't take it anymore.

She went over to her closet and dug through it, pulling out her

suitcase and starting to pack. Ame was right. She couldn't live without telling her how she felt.

Every day's a little harder as I feel your power grow

She finished packing by morning and quickly left, making sure to lock the door.

As she headed out into the busy city streets, she felt a sense of exhilaration.

Don't you know there's part of me that longs to go

"Y/n?" She heard Ame call out to her in confusion. "I was just going to ask if you wanted to get some coffee- hey! Where are you going?"

"I'm going to go find her! I'm going to get her Ame!" She called back, grinning as she hurried to catch her flight.

"Good luck y/n!!" She heard him barely yell over the noise of the city.

Into the unknown?
Into the unknown
Into the unknown

Y/n stepped off the plane and quickly ran off. She'd managed to pull some favors from her time in service and that meant that she could go wherever she pleased to find her.

She banged on the bunker door, praying for her to be there.

It opened.

"Green-" She stopped.

"Oh are you looking for Greenland?" The soldier asked.

She nodded.

"She went back to her country last I heard, said she had business

to take care of there."

There was still hope. She could still find her.

"Thank you so much." She said, giving him a quick salute.

Are you out there?

The plane ride to Greenland was awful.

Her leg bounced with anxiety the entire time, she was starting to wonder if this had actually been a good idea.

Do you know me?

She stood on the doorstep. She reached for the doorbell.

"Are you looking for someone?"

She froze.

"Y/n?"

She took a deep breath and turned to face her.

Greenland.

"Uh hi." She said.

'I sound like an idiot.' She thought, mentally slapping herself.

Can you feel me?

"Listen…" Y/n said slowly. "I know, what I'm about to say sound stupid and crazy but please hear me out… "

"Okay?" Greenland said, raising an eyebrow.

"Ever since that night, the one where we kissed, I can't stop thinking about you. I know it was an accident, and I know you pushed me away after, but I'm still… I still like you."

She felt tears pricking her face.

"When I was shot, I thought I was going to die, and then I saw you. I thought I was dead. I thought you were an angel. And then you held me that night. I've been spending so long thinking about it, it's tearing up inside. And I know to you I was no one, just another wounded soldier."

Can you show me?

Tears were now screaming down her s/c face. She felt so weak in front of her.

Where are you going? Don't leave me alone

"And I know you don't feel the same but-"

Greenland put a finger over her lips.

"Yes. The kiss was an accident."

Y/n felt her heart be crushed by her words.

"But I feel the same way."

How do I follow you

"Y-you do?"

Greenland nodded, y/n swore she was blushing.

"I… didn't realize you felt the same…"
"I definitely do…" She smiled, wiping a few stray tears from her eyes.

"Why didn't you come sooner?"

"I was scared…"

She nodded.

"Me too."

There was a slight pause.

"So… that kiss *was* an accident…" Greenland said slowly. "But I'll make that up to you."

"How?" Y/n asked, curiously.

"Like this."

Greenland pulled her in close and pressed her lips against hers.

A soft moan of relief escaped y/n's lips as Greenland pressed into her harder, one arm around her waist the other tangled through her h/c hair.

It was a beautiful, passionate moment.

They both pulled away for air.

"You… really… are an angel.." Y/n gasped, her body quivering.

"Am I *your* angel?"

"Always."

Into the unknown

A/n: No cliffhanger this round guys. :)
I've been putting this off for ever and I don't feel like there are a lot of fem x fem oneshots out there, just in general.
So I'm hoping to change that a little, I hope y'all don't mind.
Anyways, have a great day/night!!

Finland x Shy!Reader: I Do Adore

[image]

Finland x Shy! Reader
I Do Adore

A/n: Request for BurntCocoPuffs ! Sorry it took so long!!

The song I Do Adore by Mindy Gledhill, I thought it fit perfectly with the request, hope you don't mind.

***Italics* - Past**
Normal- Present

Y/n's POV

Everything you do it sends me

"Why can't you just say it back y/n?"

"I-i..."

"I know you're shy, I know you're nervous, but you'd think after all this time you'd be able to say three simple words."

Y/n felt an unwelcome tear fall down her cheek.

"Fine." Finland said, grabbing his hat. "I'm going to get a drink."

Higher than the moon with every

Y/n giggled as he kissed her.

"F-fin stop... I'm going to blush so hard I'll pop." She said, pulling away.

"Sorry y/n, you're just... " He smiled, and kissed her again.

"Fin!"

Twinkle in your eye

"Hey! Wait up!" Y/n said, hurrying after her boyfriend.

"Y/n I'm tall, I can't help it." He teased, kissing her cheek.

"I know..." She smiled. "A-and I like that about you."

You strike a match that lights my heart on fire

"Your heart's beating really fast y/n." Finland commented as he held her in his lap.

"It's because you're the one holding me..." She muttered, blushing slightly.

"What was that?"

"N-nothing!"

"I heard you." He chuckled. "I just wanted to hear you say it again."

"Oh jeeze..." She sighed, burying her face in her hands.

"I love you." He laughed.

When you're near, I hide my blushing face

Y/n hummed softly to herself as she cooked, swaying slightly to the beat of the music that played from her phone.

"Hey."

Y/n let out a squeak as she felt the arms of her lover pull he into him.

"Finland!! You scared me!!"

"Sorry. He said, planting gentle kisses along her neck.

Y/n buried her face in her shirt and blushed at his sudden sign of affection.

And trip on my shoelaces

"Mhm! And then I-" Y/n caught him looking at her lovingly and promptly tripped over her her feet.

Grace just isn't my forté

"Whoa! Y/n!" Finland said, quickly helping her up. "Are you alright?"

"Y-y-yeah sorry I just looked at you and I-" She stopped herself.

He just chuckled.

"I love you."

But it brings me to my knees when you say

Y/n walked into her and Finland's shared apartment, exhausted from work. She'd been on a business trip all week and she'd barely been able to talk to him because she'd been so busy.

She turned the corner into the kitchen where she smelled Finland making his famous korvapuusti.

"Morning Fin." She said, smiling.

Hello, how are you, my darling today?

"Morning y/n." He said, stepping away from the baked goods and pulling her into his chest, kissing her passionately.

"F-fin..." She whispered, trying not to melt into a puddle.

"I love you."

I fall into a pile on the floor

"I-i..."

He frowned.

"What?" She asked.

"Nothing..." He sighed, pulling away. "It's fine."

Puppy love is hard to ignore

"He just left Est, i-im so stupid." Y/n sobbed into the phone.

"Slow down y/n." Estonia said over the phone. "He didn't break up with you right?"

"N-no... but I'm afraid he will..." She said quietly.

"You guys have been dating for about three- four months now? Right?"

"Six and a half."

"Oh...."

"Yeah." She let out a shaky breath. "I just... I should be able to say it. It's just three simple words. And he deserves to hear them. He's been so good about it and i-i.... I just owe it to him."

"Mhm! You've got this y/n." He said comfortingly. "You can tell him how much you love him and then he'll realize just now much that took for you to say. We Nordica may often seem cold hearted, especially Finland, but I think you've warmed your way into his heart."

"You're probably right. I'll tell him. Shoot!" Y/n raced to the door and out, grabbing her coat on the way.

"What? What's going on?"

"I have to tell him while he's still sober!"

"Good luck!"

"Thanks Est! You're the best!"

She hung up and ran across the sidewalk, her feet pounding as she ran as fast as could.

When every little thing you do, I do adore

She spotted him. Hand on the door. This was her last chance.

"Finland!" She yelled tackling him to the ground.

Finding words, I mutter

"Y/n?" He said, still frowning but now looking surprised. "What are you doing here?"

Tongue-tied, twisted

"Fin... I...."

Foot in mouth, I start to stutter

"Y/n I get it. You just can't say it."

Ha, ha, Heaven help me

'If there is anyone in the universe...' She thought. 'Please give me strength.'

Hello, how are you, m y darling today?

"Finland I love you."

I fall into a pile on the floor

"What." He said, looking shocked.

Puppy love is hard to ignore

"Finland I love you."

He smiled.

"I love you too."

When every little thing you do, I do adore

A/n: Hi yes I rewrote this like, four times.
I've been up for hours.
It's very late here.

I need to sleep.
Anyways, I love you all, have a great sleep.

Sealand x Reader (GN): Notice Me?

Sealand x Reader (GN)
Notice Me?

A/n: Okay, I have never, ever, seen fanfiction for Sealand in this fandom. And I've tried to find some.
So if I'm the first, yay me!!
This fic is a little different...
Yes it's still a character x reader but it's platonic. If that makes sense?

P.S. This one's gender neutral so everyone enjoy!

Y/n's POV (1st Person)

'*I am soooo late...*' I mentally groaned, racing down the hall for the meeting.

I'd forgotten to set my alarm this morning and had woken up in a panic when I realized I was an hour late.

I quickly halted at the door and took a few deep breaths to steady myself before quickly slipping in.

My usual seat was taken, which, I wasn't that surprised about considering how late I was.

I scanned the room, no one had noticed me yet because everyone was arguing.

Typical.

I found an empty seat towards the back and sat down, grabbing my stuff out of my bag.

I turned to the country next to me and found myself surprised

because I had absolutely no idea who the country was, and because I was on the end, I couldn't ask anyone else.

He was very short and had red, white and black striped across vertically across his face and he wore a simple sailors outfit and was watching the meeting attentively.

I gently tapped his shoulder.

"Hey what are we arguing about?" I asked quietly.

He looked surprised for a moment that I was talking to him and then his face lit up.

"They're arguing about who releases the most pollution. So all the bigger countries are fighting." He pointed to the fighting up front.

Ame had China in a choke hold while Russia threatened India in the corner and Egypt looked like he was going to murder Bangladesh.

"Oh so the usual." I sighed.

"I'm Sealand by the way." He piped up, holding out his hand.

"Y/n." I returned, shaking it. "Are… you a new country?"

He shook his head.

"Nope! I've been since the sixties." He smiled. "It's okay if you didn't notice me, most people don't, I'm only a micronation after all."

"Oh." I said softly, feeling slightly embarrassed. "Are you… anyone's kid? Or are you by yourself?"

"I'm Britians." He replied. "Although I don't know if my brothers even know I exist…"

"So if everyone ignores you, or doesn't know you exist, why do you still come to meetings anyways?"

“It's still my duty to represent as a country and be here to make the big decisions when they happen.”

“Wow… that's... really cool.” I replied, slightly impressed with his answer.

“Mhm!” He beamed. “One day, I'm going to be the greatest micronation to ever exist, and then the others will listen to me and then I can help more.”

“Well don't you have other countries that you talk to?” I asked curiously.

“You mean like friends?” He asked.

I nodded.

"Oh um…" I watched as his face reddened at my words. “I don't really have any friends, you're the first person to talk to me since Mexico accidentally dropped a taco on my head.”

He managed a giggle.

“And how long ago was that.”

“A while ago.” I heard him say softly, looking down at his lap.

“But that's alright! I don't really mind.” He looked back up at me grinning.

“Hey I’ll be your friend.” I blurted out.

“Really?”

I watched as his whole face lit up with excitement.

“Of course.” I smiled. “You're pretty cool for a micronation.”

“Aw thank you I-”

“ALRIGHT MEETING OVER!!” North Korea yelled and stomped off.

I blinked in surprise, I hadn't realized how much time had passed since I'd started talking to Sealand.

I stood up and grabbed my stuff while Sealand grabbed his.

"Hey since we're friends now, are you doing anything after this? I thought maybe we could go do something. Do you like the ocean? Sailings my favorite."

"Hm…" I thought for a moment. "I'm free, we can hang out."

“Hey y/n!” Italy said, waving to me.

"Hey Italy." I replied, walking over to him.

"Me and some of the other countries from the EU are going to meet up in a few hours, so come on! Also, who's your friend?"

"My-" I turned and realized that Sealand had followed me over to talk to Italy.

"Oh this is Sealand." I replied.

"Hi!" He waved.

"Nice to meet you little guy! Anyways, you coming?"

I paused for a moment, and looked over at Sealand.

He managed a small smile and gave me a thumbs up, telling me that it was okay to go.

"Actually I had plans with Sealand for the afternoon. I'll catch up with you later."

"Okay see ya!" He said, walking away and waving good-bye to us.

"You… actually want to hang out with me?" He said, looking up at me with his big adorable eyes.

"Well yeah." I smiled, as we left the building and headed out into the world.

"We're friends aren't we?"

A/n: I have been putting this fic off for over four months now and it feels sooo good to get it out.
So thanks for reading!

USSR x Reader Patch You Up (Requested!)

USSR x Reader
Patch You Up

A/n: Requested by Friendo_The_Fallen !!

Italics- Flashback
Normal- Present

Trigger warnings: WW2, Third Reich, blood, wounds.

USSR's POV (3rd Person)

The exhausted country stumbled around in the snow, blinded by the pain seeping out of his abdomen.

His knees gave out as he fell into the tree clutching the wound tighter as he fell.

He lay almost motionless in the snow, his chest heaving shakily as he stared into the white forested abyss.

'How could I have been so foolish?' He thought as he shut his eyes tight, trying to steady his breathing.

"I'm not worried about the Germans." The Union said to one of his officers. "I know they are gathering at our border, but they would not be stupid enough to attack us."

"But sir." One of the men said.

The large country looked down at him menacingly.

"Are you questioning me?"

"N-no sir."

"Good."

The Soviet Union walked through the woods only a few miles from the border of his country, thinking about the war and the news of the Germans.

"Hello Soviet." A slick voice said from the trees.

USSR stopped.

"Third Reich." He growled, turning to face him. "What do you think you're doing here?"

"I just thought I'd say hello." He shrugged, walking around the large country.

"You better get away from me and my borders, you honestly can't be foolish enough to think you'd win."

The red, white, and black faced country laughed menacingly.

"My dearest… ally…" He hesitated before the last word. "Why so harsh? I've even brought you a little present."

"I don't want your little-"

The Soviet Union cried out roughly as he felt a sharp pain in stomach.

He stumbled backwards and winced as the other country grabbed him.

"Enjoy the rest of you pathetic, meaningless life." The Reich spat, punching the Soviet Unions gut.

He pulled out his communications device and spoke into it.

"Destroy everything." He said into it, smirking down at the pained country and began to walk away.

Y/n's POV (3rd Person)

Y/n walked silently but swiftly through the woods, gun out and ready. She'd heard gunshots a few miles away from her house and had left her house to go check it out.

She hummed softly as she made her way over the thick snow, little flurries whispering around her.

She had been walking for only an hour or two and had found no trace of anyone.

(A/n: yes you can actually live for a few hours or even days after being shot so long as you don't hit anything major and the conditions are right)

She turned around the corner of some brush and she ran forward to the side of the man, tossing her gun aside.

"Oh my gosh…" She muttered, her eyes tracing over the wound.

The man was out cold, there was red all around the snow, luckily, the freezing temperatures had managed to slow his blood flow.

She checked his breathing and heart rate, both making her nervous.

She pulled some bandages out of her small pack she had with her and quickly went to work, covering the wound the best she could.

She sat there for a few moments, contemplating what to do.

The sun was setting, so it would get even colder and she really didn't want to freeze to death out here. Her village was too far away to carry him and he looked way too heavy for her. She could make it back on her own but she couldn't just leave him here to die.

So she got to work.

She sat him up against a tree and began to make a small shelter for the two of them as well as building a fire to keep them out of the cold.

She noticed the large rifle he had with him, as well as the yellow

hammer and sickle above his eye and she knew who he was.

The Soviet Union himself.

“You are very heavy sir…” She said matter of factly to the unconscious body before her. “And moving you is going to be a pain in the butt.”

She grunted as she did her best to carefully drag him carefully into the small shelter she’d constructed.

She lay him down on the soft bed of evergreen branches she’d managed to pull down from the trees.

She took off her extra coat she was wearing and wrapped it around him. She pulled her small handgun closer to her and tried to ignore the howling of wolves as she drifted off.

———————————

Y/n gasped softly as she sat up, tears starting to form into small frozen rivers on her face from the cold.

The fire outside had long since died and the stars still glittered above them, morning still had not come.

Y/n looked at the sleeping figure a few feet away from her still sleeping peacefully.

It was so cold… should she… no.

That was completely inappropriate.

Unless…?

She quickly moved under the makeshift covers and cuddled up to him, careful of his wound. His body was surprisingly warm for such a cold country, she tried not to blush at the many thoughts racing through her head.

She giggled mentally to herself as she slipped back into sleeps embrace, hoping she woke up first in the morning.

———————————

USSR's POV (3rd Person)

The countries eyes fluttered open as he woke to small patches of sunlight streaming through the makeshift ... shelter?

He carefully propped himself up, wincing as he did and noticed the bandages wrapped around him, and that when he noticed *her*.

She was curled up, fitting perfectly in his body, her h/c hair framed her s/c face beautifully. She looked so angelic and peaceful just laying there.

He couldn't believe she'd just slept with him, his heartbeat in an unusual way as he looked her over. It made him feel almost… happy.

She made a soft noise as she woke up and looked up at him.

"доброе утро." She smiled sleepily then, her eyes growing wide, she scrambled back from him.

"I-i'm so sorry about that." She said quickly, her face almost as red as his. "I didn't mean to sleep with you like that, I was cold. Im sorry. Forgive me?"

Under normal circumstances, the Union most likely would have reacted differently to the situation.

But the way her e/c eyes looked up at him, tense, waiting for a response.

He didn't want her to be afraid of him.

"I'm not upset." He said, calmly. "You were cold, you wanted to be warm. I hope I was warm enough for you."

"You were." She said, visibly relaxing, even offering a small smile and scooting back to her spot near him.

"I'm glad." He replied, a trace of a smile returning hers. "What… happened to me?"

“I heard gunshots from my village and went to check it out. I found you in the snow, there was a lot of blood, are you feeling better? And I fixed you up the best I could, made fire and shelter and hoped you made it through the night.”

“Well I'm relieved to be alive.”

“Can I ask you something?” She asked shyly.

“Of course.”

“I heard that the Germans attacked us. On the border, just before I found you… is that why you're wounded? Because the Germans got you?"

He paused before slowly nodding.

"Are we going to be okay?" She asked, her gaze holding tight to his, seeking his reassurance.

"I won't let anything happen to you." He replied, taking her hand. "I owe you that much."

He watched in amazement as she blushed.

"I never got your name." He said in realization.

"Its Y/n L/n."

"That's a beautiful name." He said. "I'm the Soviet Union, as you may have guessed."

She nodded.

"We should get going now, you need real medical attention." She said, standing up. "I want you be okay."

He managed to pull himself up into standing position.

"As long as I have some to rely on." He said, finding himself leaning in slightly.

"Well then I'll always be here to patch you up." She smiled, and

kissed his cheek.

A/n: Sorry for the lack of updates, it's concert season for band so my days and nights have been crazy busy.
Anyways, hope to update more next week, thanks for being so supportive especially since WE HIT 20K READS WHAT???

Translations:
доброе утро- Good morning (Russian)

Czech Republic x Reader: Fly Together (Requested!!)

Czech Republic x Reader
Fly Together

A/n: Requested by the amazing MissVeronica13 !! Thank you for being so nice and helpful, and thanks for letting me write this for you!!

Italics- Flashback
Normel- Present

Y/n's POV (3rd Person)

"She's all good to fly y/n."

Y/n smiled and gently stroked the wheel of her plane, a Boeing 777.

"Thanks b/f/n." She said with a smile. "I definitely owe you one."

"No problem." B/f/n shrugged. "Your flight leaves in two hours, so I'd rest until then."

"I'm headed in for a bite to eat. Do you want to come?" She offered.

"Sorry, I can't. Still have more work to do."

Y/n nodded.

"I'll see you later then." She said, waving and heading in through the doors and into the food court area.

Her stomach rumbled in response to the smells wafting through the airport.
She felt someone tap her shoulder.

"Excuse me?"

"Don't go too far y/n!" Her mother called to her as she raced off into the trees.

She and her parents had come to the Czech Republic for a business trip for her parents work. It was boring and she was glad to be outside.

She quickly and carefully made her way across some rocks over a small creek.
She headed into the woods of the national park and sighed.

The woods teamed with life, birds chirping, wind bristling the tops of oaks and firs, and the faint bubbling of the creek behind her.

NShe wandered in deeper, but made sure she left little marks on the path so she'd know how to get back when the time came for her to go.

She heard the sound of footsteps and thought nothing of it, it was probably just another tourist or a local anyways.

She turned to the sound and saw who the footsteps belonged to.

He had a red and white face with a blue eye patch and wore a simple blue hoodie. He looked exactly like the Czech flag, she noticed, from seeing it quite often around the country. Maybe he was the country.

He smiled and waved to her, heading over to where she stood.

"Ahoj! Ty jsi se ztratila?" He asked, as he finished approaching her.

Her brow furrowed confusion as he spoke.

"Um…" She said awkwardly. “I...I don't speak um.. whatever language your speaking. Sorry."

He gave her a confused look, clearly not understanding her either.

He offered her his hand and she took it, wondering what on earth he wanted with her.

Their small hands remained intertwined until he'd made it to.. well.. wherever they were going.

He crouched down slightly, tapping her shoulder, pointing to the small herd of red deer slowly leaving the tiny clearing, they both watched quietly until they left.

Then he smiled and took her hand again until they found a pond. It was peaceful and tranquil and one could see tiny fish in the water.

He sat down and kicked the water slightly, she joined him and did the same. Some of the water he was kicking splashed her, and she got an idea.

She pushed the water hard with her hands and a large splash of water went on his face.

She giggled at his surprised expression.

"Hey, no!" She yelped, trying to move her face away in time from the small wave that flew up her from his hands.

"No please!"

They both laughed and giggled loudly as they splashed each other.

Y/n heard her name faintly being called from far off.

The older boy noticed her change of expression and gave her a questioning look.

She pointed back into the woods and stood up.

"I have to go." She said, even though she knew he couldn't understand her.

He stood up and seemed to understand.

They walked back into the woods in silence as y/ns mothers calls grew louder and louder as they headed back to the creek.

"I have to go." The girl repeated sadly, pointing over the creek, wishing

she could play more with her new friend.

"Czechia." He said pointing to himself.

"Y/n." She returned, pointing to herself as well.

The two smiled at each other for a moment, before her mother broke the silence.

"Y/n, m/n, l/n!"

He quickly pulled her into a small hug and she blushed slightly, before running off across the creek.

She glanced behind her for a moment, watching him wave goodbye.

———————————

"Czechia?" She said, slightly in shock.

"Wait- y/n?" He replied, looking just as surprised.

"Whoa you remember me? And speak English?" She half laughed.

"Yeah I speak English now, and of course I remember you. We had a fun afternoon together, remember?" He said, grinning.

"Of course I do." She smiled. "Hey what are you doing around here anyways?"

"Oh I'm meeting my twin brother here. We're flying out to an EU meeting."

"Who's your brother?" She asked.

"Slovakia."

"Oh nice."

He nodded.

"So uh… what were you going to ask me?"

"Oh, I was wondering if you could direct me to the food court, I'm

supposed to meet him there."

"Sure thing. I was just headed there myself."

"Perfect." He smiled.

As they walked, she noticed him keep glancing at her and looking away every time their eyes met.

"What is it?" She asked.

"Sorry. You've just grown up a lot since we met the first time. You look good." He said, looking away, she could have sworn he blushed a bit.

"Thank you. You look great too." She said, not sure why her cheeks were heating up. "We're here."

"Do you want to eat together?" He asked. "Only if you want to of course."

She smiled and nodded.

"Get your food, we'll meet back here."

"Sounds good to me."

Y/n wandered over and looked at her options, before deciding on (your favorite food).

She looked over at the tables and saw him waving to her and pointing to a nearby table.

She walked over and sat across from him.

"So your a pilot now?" He asked, taking a bite from his food and nodding to her uniform.

"Yup." She grinned. "It was always my passion."

"That's awesome. I fly myself."

"Really? Wow. I bet you're pretty good."

"I bet you're better."

She chuckled slightly at his comment.

'Wait, am I flirting with him?' She thought.

His phone rang from his pocket.

"Oh sorry I'll get that." He pulled it from his pocket. "One second."

"Take your time."

"Thanks."

He hit the "accept" button and began talking a language she still didn't understand.

She watched as he frowned and hung up.

"Kia got stuck in traffic and he's running late, so I guess it's just you and me."

She nodded understandingly.

"What flight are you going on?" She asked, changing the subject.

He passed her his ticket.

"Looks like you're riding with me." She replied, passing back his ticket.

"What a cliché." He laughed, pocketing his ticket. "At least I know I'm in good hands."

"Well me crashing and burning the plane would look pretty bad." She joked.

The two finished their meal and she led him up to the gate.

"I'll see you on the plane." She said. "Hope you have a good flight."

"Thanks and good luck, pilot." He winked and gave her a salute.

"Pilot." She smirked playfully, saluting him back.

———————————————

Y/n flipped on another switch on the dashboard as she heard the passengers arrive on the plane.

"Ms. Y/n?" A voice over her headset said. "We have a problem."

"Talk to me." She replied, furrowing her brow.

"You're down a pilot and we can't find anyone else to cover. Does anyone else on that plane fly?"

"Yes. One moment." She said, taking off her set and climbing over the seat.

She scanned the cabin until she spotted the familiar red and white face with the blue eye patch sitting next to a man with a red, blue, and white face with the Slovakian arms on his eyepatch.

'Czechs brother.' She thought, approaching the two of them.

"Czechia?" She said as she made it to their seats.

"Oh hi y/n. This is my brother, Slovakia." He said, while his brother gave her smile and a small wave.

"Pleasure to meet you." She said with a curt nod, turning her attention back to Czechia. "You said you fly correct?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever flown one of these before?"
"Only a few times, they're not too hard to fly. Why do you ask?"

"I'm down a co-pilot. I need someone to fly with me or we can't take off. Its protocol."

"Looks like you've got yourself a co-pilot then." He said standing up, and glancing down at his twin. "Are you okay with this…?"

Slovakia gave him a thumbs up and nodded.

"Good luck."

"Thanks Kia." Czechia replied, following y/n back up to the cockpit.

Y/n slipped on her headset as he settled himself in.

"We're all good to go." She said into the com.

"Cleared for take off." The person replied. "Have a safe flight."

Y/n reached for the controls at the same time as Czechia.

Their hands met, his over hers.

"Uhh…" He said, his whole face redder than his skin. "You do it."

He quickly removed his hand, and looked away awkwardly, his whole face a deeper red then his skin.

Y/n, very much red herself, looked him over.

'Oh no…' She thought. 'I'm falling for him.'

She mentally paused, thinking about all the times he'd blushed around her, and the way he'd seemed happy to see her, and the little hug they'd shared when they were kids. Maybe, he might just possibly have feelings for her?

'Nothing to lose y/n.' She said to herself.

She reached over and took his hand and placed it back on the control.

"Fly… together?" He asked curiously, looking happy and pleasantly surprised by her action.

"Together." She replied, kissing his cheek as the engine of the plane roared in perfect sync with her heart.

A/n: Thank you again MissVeronica13 for requesting this! I

had a lot of fun learning about your country and getting to meet you, seriously, your awesome.

ALSO I SINCERELY APOLOGIZE FOR ACTUALLY BEING THE WORST AUTHOR EVER AND NOT UPDATING FOR LIKE A WEEK I FEEL ACTUALLY TERRIBLE ABOUT IT AND I'M SO SO SORRY.

Ukraine x Reader (GN): Poppies and Sunflowers

Ukraine x Reader (GN)
Poppies and Sunflowers

A/n: I love the idea of Hanahaki disease and I've been wanting to do this fic for a while.
Also, how have I written over 50 chapters (which is crazy by the way) and not written one about Ukraine??

Italics- Thoughts

Normal- Normal Speech

P.S. Gender neutral

Y/n's POV (1st Person)

"I'll see you tomorrow Uke." I said, pulling out of our small hug. "Don't be late."

"Bye y/n." He said, smiling and waving as he began to exit.

My heart thudded in my chest as I watched him leave.

'He'll never feel the same…'

Ukraine was my best friend of many *many* years. We did everything together and hung out all the time, but recently I'd started developing feelings for him.

Deep, deep feelings.

I sighed and pressed my head against the door, feeling a full throb in my lungs.

I let out a small cough and felt a slightly sharper pain as I did so.

"Must have caught a cold…." I muttered to myself, rubbing my chest, as I walked into my apartment.

———————————

"Morning y/n." Ukraine said, walking up by my side as we sat down at the meeting.

"Morning Uke!" I said, trying to act natural, ignoring the throbbing in my chest that hadn't gone away.

In fact, the longer I looked at him, the worse it seemed to get.

He seemed to notice that I looked uncomfortable and frowned.

"You okay y/n?" He asked.

I nodded.

"Of course i-"

I coughed.

'Stupid cold'

"Sorry I just have a cold." I said, offering him a small smile of reassurance.

"I'm sorry y/n, do you want to hang out and we can make soup? Or just go home and rest after this?"

"Soup sounds great." I replied.

Canada walked in the room and my heart sank a little. I knew that Ukraine had had a thing for the syrup-loving country for awhile now and was pining after him.

"Hey Nada over here!" He said, shyly waving to Canada.

Canada walked over and sat down next to him and the two of them began chatting away.

I tried to ignore them as the meeting started. They talked the whole time, their tones soon becoming hushed whispers that I really

didn't want to listen to. It was clear that I was not invited to the conversation.

I tried not to cough through the meeting, not wanting to draw attention to myself.

Finally it was over.

“Yeah you should come over!” I heard Canada say excitedly.

“Yeah! Id-” Ukraine started, suddenly realizing and looking over to me. “I told y/n I’d try and make them feel better, sorry.”

“Just go.” I said, trying to feel supportive. “It’ll be best if I just go sleep it off anyways.”

“You sure?” He asked questioningly.

“Positive.” I said, giving him two thumbs up. “You two get going.”

I gave Uke a quick hug and watched him an Nada go, my falsely positive demeanor draining out of me.

The throbbing pain suddenly sharpened.

I coughed harder.

It sharpened worse.

I raced into the restroom and covered my mouth as I sat, leaning over the toilet bowl.

‘Oh my gosh I'm going to puke.’

But it felt worse then puking.

I let out a large cough and stared at my hands in shock.

There, in my hand, lay a single yellow petal.

I quickly shut and locked the door behind me, breathing fast, tears forming in the corners of my eyes.

I coughed a few more petals into the toilet and cried a bit harder, what was happening to me?

I pulled my phone out and with shaking hands, typed in my symptoms.

{Hanahaki- a disease in which the victim coughs up flower petals when they suffer from one-sided love. It ends when the beloved returns their feelings (romantic love only; strong friendship is not enough), or when the victim dies. It can be cured through surgical removal, but when the infection is removed, the victim's romantic feelings for their love also disappear.}

'No no no no no.'

I shut off my phone, my hand tightening around it. I wanted to scream, yell, be upset. But I just couldn't.

I turned on the screen and stared at the words with bitterness.

My only option was to die. I didn't want the surgery, I didn't want to lose these feelings for him, I… loved him.

I stared at the petals covering the bathroom floor and slowly picked a few of them up.

Red poppies and yellow sunflowers.

I tried to think back to when Ukraine had gone over the flower meanings with me.

I slowly turned a few soft petals through my hands as I remembered the meanings.

"Sunflowers for happiness and loyalty… and poppies often mean death." I said, my breath shaking on the last half of the sentence. "I really am going to die."

I didn't leave my home for days after that.

It wasn't like I could anyways, I was coughing all the time now,

my bathroom was a mess of flower petals and tears.

I lay curled up on my couch, watching a movie, a bowl in front of me to catch the petals that fell from my mouth.

My phone buzzed in my pocket.

Ukraine.

I answered it nervously.

"Ukraine?"

"Y/n? You haven't called or texted me in days, are you okay? Is something wrong."

I wanted to break down and tell him everything right there and then but I just couldn't.

“No. Im fine Uke, just a little under the weather.”

“If you say so…” He said, I could hear the uncertainty in his voice.

“I do say so.” I teased a little.

“Here I’ll come over for a bit.”

“What? No!” I said in a slight panic, turning my head so he wouldn't hear me cough up more petals.

“Be over in ten.” He replied. “See ya n/n.”

I groaned and quickly got to work, cleaning up the petals as fast as I could but it wasn't fast enough according to the knock at my door.

I swore under my breath and shoved the trash bag full of petals into the bathtub and hurried quickly to the door, opening it.

“Hey Ukraine.” I said, trying not to sound as horrible as I felt.

“Wow…” He said with a frown, gently running his fingers through my disheveled hair.

I could feel the uninviting choke of flower petals as he did so.

I pushed his hand away, even though my heart begged for him to do it again.

“I know I don't look great but I’m fine.” I lied, offering him a small smile of reassurance.

He frowned, his brows furrowed, and sighed.

“Why don't we go inside and you get some rest.” He said. “I even brought (your favorite snack).”

He smiled-

‘Hes so cute when he does that’

And offered me the package that I hadn’t even noticed he’d been holding.

“You're officially the best.”

“You say that everytime.” He said with a light laugh.

‘No no no no please stop I'm going to choke.’

I began to cough, quickly turning away covering my mouth to catch the petals that I could feel moving up my throat.

“Y/n? Are you okay? Y/n?” I felt his hand on my shoulder as I tensed under his soft touch.

“F-fine…” I managed, quickly shoving the petals into my hoodie pocket.

“Okay let's go in-”

“Why don't we go out instead? It's been a while since we went out together.” I said, quickly ushering him out, not wanting him to accidentally see the floral mess that was my apartment.

“Okay then…” He said as we walked down the stairs.

“So what kind of food should we get.” I asked, actually feeling kind of hungry. “American, Thai, Italian, Mexican..?”

“How about you pick.”

“Hmm… (your favorite restaurant) sounds good.”

We headed out onto the street and he took my hand, that wasn't new, we usually held hands when it was just the two of us. But the way I felt about it now was different.

I suppressed a large cough and tried not to think about the flowers filling my lungs.

I glanced at his face and my eyes drifted to his flower crown.

Red poppies and yellow sunflowers.

“Do I have something on my face?” He asked, rubbing the side of it.

“Ah no.” I replied, looking away. “Your flower crown looks really nice today, did you make a new one?”

“Yeah! I did! I…”

My vision suddenly went blurry and I began to cough harder than usual, my knees started to give out as I covered my mouth with my hand.

I felt his arms support me.

“Bathroom.” I managed, between coughs.

I stumbled into what ever establishment Ukraine shoved me into and locked myself in the single person bathroom.

I choked and sputtered, my mind was panicked, I couldn't see straight.

The flowers started falling.

Whole, full, flowers.

My throat burned with the taste of blood and blossoms.

I couldn't breath.

“Ukraine..” I cried out, strangled by my own emotions.

“U-ukraine…”

My world went black.

_____

I woke to the sound of beeping machines and the scent of the doctors office.

My e/c eyes opened and I let out a soft groan as I tried to sit up.

"Y/n be careful."

I looked down at the hand that held my chest down and then up to his face, he looked terrified and like he'd been crying.

"Uke…" I said, my voice hoarse and raw from the constant coughing.

"Y/n why didn't you tell me?" His voice sounded so hurt my heart broke a little inside. "Why didn't you tell me you had Hanahaki?"

"I didn't know what to say…" I said honestly. "I didn't know what you'd think.."

"I think I'm really really worried about you and I care about you. I think your crazy to try and keep it to yourself and…" He looked away, I could have sworn he was blinking back tears.

"You're dying."

"Uke I'm fine-"

"You will be, your surgery is in an hour."

"What?!" I exclaimed, looking at him panicked. "No! I wont go through with it!"

"Y/n!"

"Don't you know what will happen to me once I have the surgery? I'll loose the feelings I had for him!"

"And you'd rather what? Just die?"

I didn't respond.

"Who?"

"What?"

"Who is it… who caused you to get Hanahaki?"

I didn't respond.

"Y/n I'll talk to them, they'll love you, you're amazing n/n. Please just tell me who it is." He said, his eyes filled with worry and determination.

I felt hot tears rolling down my face.

"Oh…" He said quietly, his eyes wide. "Y/n-"

"Don't."

The tears came faster and faster as I began to cough harder than I ever had. Huge blooms of sunflowers and poppies began to spill everywhere. All over the bed. All over me. All over Ukraine who was now holding me steady.

I finally finished my fit and looked away from him, I was scared to see his face.

"My national and state flower…?" He said softly.

I nodded.

"Y/n look at me, please?"

I looked up and suddenly I found my lips pressed to his.

He held my face close, our lips moving in perfect sync. I felt him start to pull away for air but I grabbed the collar of his shirt and let out a soft moan as I kissed him deeper, my eyes fluttered open for a sec to see his surprised eyes and beer red blushing face.

Finally, I let him take a breath and my breath was suddenly full as I coughed and threw up at least a hundred flower petals.

"Y-you love me…" I said, breathing normally for the first time since my diagnosis.

He nodded.

"But... Canada...?"

He shook his head.

"I love you so much y/n, it's always been you. And next time? Tell me before you start coughing flower girl/boy." He said, kissing me over my bed of flowers.

A/n: Hey I'm not dead this weeeeekkkk yayyy!!
Anyways the holidays are coming up soon so I'll be writing specials next week, and after that, I have some very special plans. ;)

Christmas Special: Coming Home to You

[image]

Christmas Special
Coming Home to You

A/n: Merry Christmas everyone!!
If you don't celebrate Christmas, no worries, you don't have to read this, or just enjoy anyways.

The song is Coming Home to You by The Little Estate and this fic features everyone's favorite iceberg, Antarctica. It only felt appropriate to chose him since it's cold here and he started this whole book.

Y/n's POV (3rd Person)

Counting down the days

"Meetings over! Happy Holidays!" America said as everyone started getting up and beginning to socialize and leave.

Y/n leaded back in her chair and sighed in relief, rubbing her eyes and smiling to herself.

The holidays were officially here and she could finally go see her boyfriend.

She sat back up and grabbed her stuff, humming merrily to herself as she left the room.

Until I can see my favorite place

"Hi y/n!" She heard an excitable voice say.

"Heyya Sealand." She replied as he ran up next to her. "What's up?"

"Oh not much." He shrugged. "Got any plans for the holidays?"

"Going to visit my boyfriend, Antarctica." She replied. "I haven't seen him in months."

"That sounds like fun. I'm going to see if I can go to my dad's, if he remembers me…."

The two exited the building and y/n waved to Poland and Israel who were standing outside the building.

"Merry Christmas guys!" She said, smiling at the pair.

"Y/n I'm Jewish." Israel said bluntly, pointing to the start on his face.

"Oh yeah." She said, feeling slightly stupid. "Happy Hanukkah then."

Sealand giggled at her.

"Oh hush you." She teased as they walked down the stairs.

"I'll see you when you get back!" He said, giving her a quick hug. "See ya
y/n!"

He quickly hurried off into the cold and y/n smiled as she watched him go.

I wish I could come around more often

"Hello y/n." She heard a cool voice say beside her.

"Hi Arctic." She replied, not looking at her.

"So I've heard you're going to my brothers? It's about time." She said.

Y/n turned to the woman looking her up and down.

"What do you want? It's not like *you* were going to go and see him."

She shrugged.

"He likes you better anyways. You're leaving tonight I presume?"

Y/n nodded.

"Well have fun." She said, starting to leave.

"I need your help."

She stopped.

"Arctic I know we don't always get on, but I need your help with something."

More often then I do

"Oh?" The cold country said, turning around. "You better not be proposing."

"W-what n-no!!" She said, shaking her head vigorously and blushing deep.

Arctic chuckled at her response.

"So what is it?" She asked, raising a brow.

"I have no idea what to get Tica for Christmas." She sighed. "And I'm leaving in less than two hours and I don't want to show up with nothing."

"I thought surprising him was your present."

"He deserves more. I mean, it's Christmas."

But this holiday, this holiday

"Fine. You have one hour with me."

Y/n nodded in understanding.

"Lets get started then."

I'm coming home to you

Y/n and Arctic searched for hours around all the shops but couldn't seem to find the perfect gift.

“Ten minutes left…” Arctic said in a sing-song voice.

“I know, I know.” She sighed sharply. “Are you at least going to try and be helpful?”

She shrugged.

Y/n groaned inwardly.

She didn't understand how these two were siblings sometimes. Arctic was cold, reserved, only cared about herself (in y/ns opinion) and was known to push people away.

Antarctica was often shy but open hearted, kind, playful and although cold to the touch had one of the warmest personalities shed ever met.

They really were polar opposites.

I'm coming home to you

She saw it in the window.

A pair of bright orange fingerless gloves, with the mitten covers that could go over top the fingers.

She knew it sometimes took him an extra moment to ‘talk’ to her because he had to take the mittens off to sign and he had to wear the mittens to keep her hands from freezing when she held them.

I'm coming home to you

“Thats it! Come on!” She grabbed Arctics hand and dragged her into the store, quickly snatching them. “Yes!”

“Don't grab me like that!” Arctic huffed, pulling her hand away. “Honestly.”

Y/n was too excited to care, she quickly bought them and the pair headed back out onto the street.

“Im going now. Bye.” Arctic said cooly, leaving y/n alone.

Y/n didn't really care, she dug her phone out of her pocket, and quickly made a call.

“Hey Fin, I need a ride.”

I'm coming home to you

“Oh great.” Y/n groaned as Finland honked the horn at the rows of cars in front of them.

“Well its not like I can make it go any faster!” He replied, very much annoyed.

“Fin its okay…” Estonia said from the passengers side, gently patting Finland's hand. “Well make it.”

Y/n quickly pulled up the maps on her phone. Still a twenty minute walk.
Her leg bounced with anxiety as she tried to decide, run for it or stay.

“You two are the best and I’m very very sorry for making you drive me to the airport.” She said, quickly unbuckling her seatbelt and giving the couple each a friendly peck on the cheek. “I owe you both one.”

I'm coming home

She got out of the car and grabbed her suitcase, weaving through cars and running as fast as she could. There was only one flight to the South Pole and she was determined not to miss it.

There wouldn't be another flight to him for another month and there was no way she could wait that long to see him.

She pushed past people and headed into the airport, her heart sank as she looked at the long security line, she’d never make it

through in half an hour.

‘Please no… I need to see him…’

I'm coming home

She gulped and headed for the line, she looked around painfully aware of how many people there were in the airport, a certain red, blue, and white country in a pilots uniform caught her eye.

“Czechia! Czechia!” She cried out, waving to him.

He noticed and swiftly rushed over.

“Y/n, what's wrong?” He asked, looking concerned.

“I-i couldn't find a present, we got stuck in traffic, and now the security line is so long I’ll never make it, I-i just… really wanted to see him.” She said, a few tears slipping down her face in frustration.

“Lets see what we can do.” He said, wiping a stray tear off her face and taking her hand. “Alright everyone please move! Thank you so much for your cooperation! Thank you!”

He quickly moved them up through the security line and to the front.

“Go see your boyfriend y/n, Happy Holidays.” He smiled.

“Thank you so so much.” She said, pulling him into a tight hug, relief flooding into her.

I'm coming home to you

Y/n barely made her gate, and managed to slip into the seat just in time for the safety announcements.

She let out a long sigh of relief.

Dreaming mile by mile

She was finally going to see him.

She pulled out her phone and scrolled through some pictures of the two of them.

Down that old road

The first time they'd met.

Their first date.

Their kisses.

Their cuddle sessions.

The endless cups of cocoa.

The time Tica had brought her to see the penguins.

Just ones of him.

It's been a while

She looked out the window with a smile on her face, just a few more hours and then she'd finally see him.

Can't wait to sit around the fire

She sat on her laptop, watching some TV on the plane wifi to pass the time.

Eventually, the soft gliding of the plane gently lulled her to sleep.

We'll be laughing all night long

The beeps and seat belt alarms of the plane woke her up.

She blinked and rubbed her eyes, glancing out the window greeted by the endless sheets of white.

She could already feel the below freezing temperatures and she'd never been so happy to be somewhere so cold and isolated in her life.

She grabbed her massive parka and suitcase from the overhead and got off the plane. She rented a snow mobile and began to drive it as fast as she could.

Tica always left his house at exactly 5:30 am everyday to go feed the penguins, she had to make it before he left.

Cause this holiday, this holiday

She saw his small home getting closer and closer.

She was almost there.

So close.

So close.

She revved the mobile harder as she pulled up to the side.

She raced to the door and pounded on it as hard as she could.

It opened.

I'm coming home to you

“Merry Christmas Tica.”

A/n: Happy Holidays!

Christmas Special Pt. 2: Keep Me Warm

[image]

Christmas Special Pt. 2
Keep Me Warm

A/n: O-oh? What's this? A part two? Huh well... I guess I better post it then...

Kidding, I had this planned for y'all the whole time! Consider it my Christmas present to you.

Y/n's POV (3rd Person)

Feels like it must be fifteen degrees

"Merry Christmas Tica."

She watched all the emotions flash across his face. Confusion, shock, realization, joy, and finally, excitement.

I got my boots with socks up to my knees

He let out a loud squeal of excitement, dropped the bucket of penguin food, and engulfed her in the biggest hug she'd ever received.

"Tica!" She laughed, holding him tightly to her, locked in his embrace. "Can't breath!"

He finally pulled away, looking slightly sheepish but still very excited.

"I can't believe you're here! I- wow! I just!" He signed, running his hand along his jaw in shock.

"Well uh surprise!" She replied, making little jazz hands. "I'm here!

Merry Christmas!"

"I missed you so so so much." He smiled, she watched as a few happy tears slipped down his cheeks.

"Hey… I'm here… I missed you too…" She replied, pulling him into another hug.

They pulled away again, still holding each other's arms, y/n noticed some spilled food on the ground.

"Uhhh you should probably just feed the penguins now. I know they like it when you come." She said. "And don't worry about me, I'll come with you, you're very cute when you talk to them."

He gave her a nod, blushing slightly, picking up the bucket of food.

She took his hand as they headed out to the colony.

A fireplace would be nice

She watched him from a small hill of snow as he gently fed the birds.

He finally finished and sat down next to her, leaning his head on hers.

"I love you." She said, tilting her head to peck his cheek.

He gave her a hand two squeezes, their code for 'I love you'.

A small penguin waddled up to Tica and began to chirp, squack, and whistle.

Tica moved off of her and picked up the bird.

He began to chirp and whistle in response.

The penguin replied.

He chirped back.

Y/n watched in amusement at the intense conversation the two were having.

He noticed her giggling and blushing, set down the penguin and said, what she assumed, was goodbye.

"Sorry." He signed.

"No no." She laughed. "You're adorable, can we go home now?"

A blanket might help thaw the ice

He nodded and the two of them headed back into the icy desert, headed back for home.

But if I got you that's all I'll ever need

"I'll make cocoa you go get cleaned up, I'm guessing you haven't showered since yesterday." He signed as they entered his house.

"Sounds perfect." She replied, kissing him gently, grabbing her suitcase and heading for the bathroom.

She got all warm and clean in the shower, and threw on her PJs. She headed to the kitchen and wrapped her arms around him as he finished up making the cocoa.

He turned around and held her tight, she breathed in his soft, frosty scent and sighed.

Will you keep me warm this winter?

A kitchen timer went off and he kissed her head pouring two large cups of cocoa for them.

She took hers and sat down on the couch, leaning her head on his chest, taking a sip of cocoa and feeling the happiest she'd ever felt in her life.

"Oh my gosh your present!!" She exclaimed, setting down her mug and racing to their room, she dug through her suitcase until she found it.

Will you keep my heart out of the cold ?

She flopped back down on the couch and kept it behind her back.

"Um.. I didn't have time to wrap it, I was kind of in a rush." She said, feeling slightly embarrassed about it. "But here."

She handed the gloves to him.

His eyes widened and his face lit up as he took them. He smiled and slipped them on, flexing his fingers.

They were perfect.

"I have something for you too." He signed, holding up a finger to tell her, 'just a moment'.

He came back with a box wrapped in pretty white and blue paper.

"Here." He signed, handing it to her.
She opened it and saw a soft winter hat, she grinned and put it on.

"How do I look?"

"Adorable."

He blushed and kissed her, deeply and passionately. His cold lips moving gently along her warm, soft ones.

Wrap me in your arms when I shiver

"There's something else in there for you too."

She pulled out a large, fluffy throw out of the box, it had the flag of Antarctica on it.

"So I can keep you warm when we're apart."

Y/n felt tears welling up in her eyes.

She loved him so much.

She shoved off the box and flung herself into his arms, crying into

his shoulder as she squeezed him tightly, not caring how cold he was.

"I love you… Antarctica I love you…" She sobbed.

Will you keep me warm this winter?

There was no where else she'd rather be.

A/n: Ahhh I hope y'all cried a bit, I almost did writing this. Happy Holidays!

New Years Special!!

New Years Special

A/n: Happy New Years everyone!!
Special thanks to everyone who participated and voted for this chapter, I didn't expect to receive such surge in the community and I kindly thank you all for that.
The winner was option 5, submitted by MissVeronica13 !!
The country list was… well.. It made this fic very challenging to write but I hope I pulled it off alright.

Y/n's POV (1st person)

"I really don't think you should go…" Antarctica signed, frowning down at you. *"I really don't want you getting hurt again."*

"Tica I'm fine." I offered the frozen country a reassuring smile. "I feel a lot better and… Ame needs me to help…. He's really in over his head right now."

I tried to ignore all the looks the other countries were giving each other. Id been injured in one of the bombings and some of my friends had come to check on me.

The telephone rang and Tica picked it up, looking embarrassed, he handed the phone Britain, who began conversing with who ever was on the other side.

"Y/n… I know you and my brother are close.. But none of us want you to die…" Canada said slowly, sitting down beside me on the couch.

"Nada… I'll be fine… plus someone needs to help him get his big head on straight." I gave him a knowing look.

He sighed.

"Czechos here to get you." Britain said, passing Tica back the

phone as he slipped the phone back into the rotary.

“Right on time.” I smiled, grabbing my large bag and slinging it over my shoulder.

“Take care y/n.” Britain said politely, putting a gentle hand on my shoulder. “I’ll help in any way I can.”

“Thank you sir.” I said with a nod.

“My dads right. Take care of yourself and Ame for me okay?” He gave me a quick hug and I reached up and ruffled his fur cap with a teasing giggle.

“Of course I will. Don't worry so much.” I replied, giving him a sisterly peck on the cheek.

I walked to the door and opened it, smirking as I saw Czechoslovakia waving from the cockpit as her plane sat on Britain's lawn.

“Come on y/n!” I heard her call.

I adjusted the pack on my shoulder and prepared to take a step but I felt a cold hand slip into mine.

“Tica…” I whispered, turning to him.
He gave me a sad smile and squeezed my hand, pulling me into a tight hug.

I felt him nestle his head into the crook of my shoulder and I buried mine in his fluffy coat.

We stayed like that for a few moments, holding on tight to the moment.
He reluctantly pulled back, and I realized why.

A few, unwelcome tears slid down his cheeks as he gave me that sad smile once more, his eyes begging me not to go.

“Tica…” I said softly, putting my hands to his cheeks and wiping away the tears. “We said no crying when I went back… you're

gonna make me cry."

'Sorry.' He mouthed, looking down.

I lifted my hand under his chin so he could look at me.

"Y/n!! Come on!!" I heard Czecho call again.

"Gotta go." I said, pulling away from Tica and running down the stairs and out to the plane.

"You sure about this y/n?" She asked as I got into the cockpit. "It's the holidays after all, and you got hurt.. No one would blame you for waiting a bit longer."

I shook my head.

"I need to do this. And thank you."

I watched my friends grow smaller and smaller as the plane took off.

(A/n: Okay writing almost made me cry for some reason I hope you're happy.)

"You really think you're suited for war?" North Korea laughed. "I will win. South Korea will fall, America will be humiliated for being on the wrong side. Now I'll let you live if you get out of my way."

"Never." I said, gripping my gun tighter to my chest.

"Give me the rocket codes."

"I don't have them."

"America trusts you. Give me them."

"North I don't have them! Please! Just stop! We were friends remember, don't you trust me ?"

"Not when you sided with my pathetic excuse for a brother."

“You attacked him!”

“So? I have my reasons now give me those codes or….” He looked behind me at the radio bunker full of mostly unarmed men behind me and pulled out his radio from his pocket. “Or the bunker gets it.”

“You wouldn't.”

“Oh? Then tell me y/n, if were such good friends.”

“I said never.”

“Drop them.”

“No!” I cried, tearing away and racing towards the bunker. “Hey get out! They're dropping! Get-”

A powerful force wracked my body and something sharp dug into my shoulder and my world went bla-

I woke up in a cold sweat, my body shaking, my chest heaving.

“Y/n? Y/n!”

I felt the large country grip my arms to steady me.

“I-Im o-o-okay…” I said shakily.

“The North Korea PTSD dream?”

I nodded.

“If it makes you feel any better tonights New Years Eve.”

I rolled my eyes.

“Is that your hint that you wanna make out or something tonight?”

“Well I wouldn't be opposed to it.” He smirked, leaning in and making kissy faces at me.

“In your dreams Ame!” I laughed, playfully pushing his face away.

“Come on, we have a war to fight. Wheres South?”

“Medics have him quarrintined for a bit, he took some really nasty hits from the bombings yesterday.”

I sighed.

“I’m going to go check on him.”

“Let him rest y/n. He needs it. Fighting a war is hard on a country, you humans bounce back pretty fast.”

“I guess you're right. I just don't want him too feel like his alone in this.”

“He’s got you. You’re all anyone needs.”

“America! Sir!” A soldier burst into our tent, looking wide eyed and out of breath.

We got to our feet.

“What's going on?” I asked.

“Spit it out. Now.”

“Ame calm down.”

“There's… been a.. development sir.”

“What kind of development?” He asked.

“They've arranged peace.”

Ame and I exchanged confused looks.

“Just for the New Years. They're not surrendering. They've signed a peace treaty for the next twenty four hours. We’re safe for now.”

“I see..” Ame said. “Did South approve this?”

The soldier nodded.

“Guess we’re free for the night?”

“Guess so.” I smiled.

———————————————

“Think fast!"

“South!” I yelled as a snowball hit my face. “Your injured! Stop abusing me!”

He laughed and stuck his tongue out at me.

Somehow he managed to keep up his cheerful, childish self around me, even though I knew he was hurting.

“When you heal back up I’m going to get the biggest snowball ever and smack you in the face so hard you’ll be seeing stars for the next two years.” I tease-threatened.

“Stop fighting you two.” Ame said, rolling his eyes.

“Oh shut up Ame, you're not much better.” I said, chucking a snowball down his shirt.

“Y/n! Thats cold!”

I giggled and South high fived me.

“And another thing-! Who’s that?” Ame said, his head cocked to the side as he looked past us.

We turned and saw him. And the men behind him.

“USSR….” South whispered to no one in particular.

“You sure…?” I whispered back to him.
“I'm going in.” He announced, quickly leaving.

The large Russain man approached me.

I was intimidated and surprised by the blush I felt in my heart as he stood less then a foot away from me.

I felt Ames hand on my shoulder, giving it a protective squeeze.

“Can I help you?” Ame said, I could hear the guarded tone in his voice.

“It is a time of peace, Да?” USSR said. “We brought drinks.”

He gestured to the men who were holding not guns, but bottles of alcohol.

“Do you mind if we join you?” He asked.

I slowly nodded.

“Y/n are you crazy?” Ame hissed.

“Its just for one night.” I replied. “And we’re under treaty anyways. Might as well make the best of it.”

The men came into our camp and soon there was drinking and singing and merriment in the air.

I looked around in amazement, if one hadn’t been here to see the horrors of war that had come the day before, they would have thought that they were all friends.

I sat down on a log away from the group, staring at a picture me, Tica, Nada, and Brit had taken the day before I’d left and came back.

“Friends of yours?” A thick Russian accent said from behind me.

I flinched in surprise, pulling the photo close to my chest and looked behind me.

"Y-yeah sorry. You startled me." I moved over so he could sit next to me.

He sat down, his coat brushing against my arm.

"These are my friends from home, Antarctica, Canada, and Britain." I pointed to them as I listed them. "Do you carry any

photos with you?"

"These are my children." He said, passing me a photograph of him and three little boys and a little girl. "Russia, Ukraine, Belarus, and Kazakhstan."

"They're adorable." I smiled. "I'm sorry you have to be away from them. I bet they really miss you."

"I'm sure your friends miss you too." He reached into his large pockets and pulled out two bottles. "Drink?"

"Sure." I smiled with a shrug, allowing him to open the bottle and taking a sip.

We sat there in silence, snow began to fall slowly and I could hear laughing from other parts of the camp. It was beautiful and peaceful.

I felt my cheeks grow warm as I felt him drape his coat around me.

"It's cold." Was his only reply.

"11:59." I said, checking my watch.

"Do you have any special traditions that you do when it hits midnight?"

"Usually share a kiss and make out or something." I shrugged. "It's just for fun though."

"Do you do it?"

"Kiss on New Years? Yeah, I mean, sometimes if someone wants to I mean."

"It's 12:00."

"Yeah. Happy New Year- mmmph!!"

His lips were suddenly on mine, and his hands gently drifted

through my
h/c hair.

My eyes went wide as I stared at him in shock. I could feel my cheeks warm up. I kissed him back.

We finally pulled away.

"I-im y/n."

"USSR."

"It's still 12:00."

He smiled and kissed me again.

I let out a soft moan of relief.

"Happy New Years y/n."

A/n: Hey y'all!!
HAPPY NEW YEARS!!!
Sorry if I posted this past your new year, stuff happened and I wasn't able to write for personal reasons.
Forgive me.
Anyways, have a great year!!

Australia x Reader: My World on Fire

Australia x Reader
My World on Fire

A/n: *shyly peeks behind door*
Hi guys... yeah I'm... still on mental break.
I'm only posting this chapter because it's truly worth posting.
The fires in Australia are destroying
everything, including lives.
Worst of all? No one is talking about it.
Im_Star_Boy this is for you.
Love you.

Y/n's POV (1st Person)

"Thanks for picking me up Ame..." I said softly as I slipped into the passenger's seat.

"No problem." He replied, starting the engine and beginning the drive.

"How's he doing? I mean, not good
obviously.... But...you know..." I said, my voice fading out.

"He's been better, still being Aussie though. Still his obnoxious cheerful self..."

"I hope he's happy with me surprising him..."

"He loves you almost as much as his snake, he'll be overjoyed. Oh also, you'll be a good excuse to get him in ah... a better mood. You'll see
what I mean."

"I'm sure I will..." I sighed, playing with the box in my lap.

"Here we are… my house…. Oh, and don't worry about the kids. Only a few of them are here this week."

I nodded.

"I'm sure it will be fine."

We drove in silence for the rest of the ride until we finally pulled up to Ame's house.

"He's up on the fourth floor, next to my room." America said as we got out of the car and walked up the stairs to the front door.

It opened for us.

"Hi Maryland." America greeted. "Where you off to buddy?"

The the state shrugged.

"Just getting out of the house."

I watched as Ame raised an eyebrow at the young adult.

"Mhm… you be back before dark." He said, crossing his arms. "And don't do anything illegal."

"Relax dad… I'm fine…" He said, dodging Ames hair ruffle. "And I'm not a kid dad! You don't have to do that, you'll mess up my hair, and you'll accidentally touch the flag!"

He quickly headed down the stairs and out of sight.

"Kid thinks he's all that." He chuckled, showing me inside.

We headed up the stairs to where my boyfriend was.

My heart pounded in my chest as we got closer.

I hoped he was okay.

He had to be okay.

"Were here…" He said as we came to the door. "You… alright?"

I nodded slowly.

Ame opened the door.

My heart sank.

The love of my life lay there, half asleep on the bed.

His body was covered in ointments and bandages, you could see the burns and marks in his arms.

He wore only a plain white t-shirt and some shorts. It was eerie to see him without his jacket and gear and hat.

He let out a small cough and he winced as smoke danced from his mouth.

“Y/n?” He said, noticing me, his usual grin flashing across his face.

“Hiya Aussie…” I smiled.

“I'll leave you to it.” I heard Ame say behind me, shutting the door.”

“I look horrible I know…” He managed a shaky laugh which turned into a sickening cough. “Come here..”

I walked over to him and sat on a chair next to him as he managed to sit up in the bed, much to my protesting.

“Aussie what am I going to do with you.”

“No idea. Just love me I guess.” He chuckled. “What's in the box?”

“Oh…” I glanced down in the gift box in my hands.

“Here, I’ll open it for you.” I said quickly, looking over the bandages that covered his blue, now scarred skin.

I opened the package and pulled out the items.

“Tims Tams!” He exclaimed. “Open it for me?”

I opened them and gently popped one into his mouth.

“Mmmmmm..” He sighed. “You're amazing y/n.”

“I know.” I giggled, pulling out the other item. “I bought a new plant for Canberra’s tank. I hope she’ll like it.”

“Nothing makes that python happier then fake plants. She’ll love it.” He gave me a smile.

“And… how are you holding up.” I asked gently, questioningly.

“Just great.” He said, giving me an attempted thumbs up but wincing and putting his hands back down.

“Aus… don't do that again.. Don't hurt yourself..” I said, giving his head a light peck.”

“I'll try not to.” He reassured me teasingly.

The door opened and our heads turned.

“Sorry. Just bringing some water.” Said a female state as she entered the room.

Her face was white with a grizzly bear and had a red star in the corner and a red stripe along the bottom. The words ‘California Republic’ were written across her face, saving me from the embarrassment of me not being able to recognize her immediately.

“Hello California.” I said as she entered.

“Cali is fine.” She said with a shrug. “Here you go Uncle Aus.”

She gently set down a pitcher of water and a glass on the bedside table next to me.

“Thanks Cali.” Aus said with his signature smile. “You’re definitely the best niece ever right now.”

“What are you talking about? I've always been the best niece.” She said with a wink, tossing her hair.

“Just if you need more water just text.” The teen offered. “Burning isn't really fun. I’ve…. been through it myself ...yeah… See you later!”

She left the room, shutting the door behind her.

“Water?” Aussie asked, I watched his expression grew hungry at the sight of the water.

“Of course.” I said, filling up the glass with crisp, cool water and handing it to him.

He took it from me quickly, drinking it almost desperately.

“More.”

I gave him a glass after glass until he’d finished the pitcher.

“Aus, you shoulnt drink so fast… I don't want you to-”

He fell into a fit of coughing, smoke poured from his mouth as he coughed.

“Hey, whoa, Aus… shhh…. Its okay…” I said gently, wiping his mouth with my sleeve.

We stayed there for a moment, his eyes looking deeply into mine.

“You know how I said I was fine?” He said softly.

“You're not fine..” I replied.

He nodded.

“Im burning up… its so so hot.. And people are getting hurt y/n. People are dying and I… I can't make it stop.”

He looked so sad and hurt my heart broke for him.

This wasn't my Aus.

“Hey… Aus… you're gonna get through this okay? You're so so

strong. And I love you."

"Love you too y/n. Even if my worlds on fire."

A/n: I hope all my Aussies out there reading this are doing okay. Im really worried about you guys.
Also, to my American and Middle Eastern friends, I know it's been scary with all the threats and airstrikes that are going on. I don't want to get political here, so ill leave it at that. If anyone wants to talk about their worries or concerns, im here for you.
Lots of love,
-Nebula

A/n: Fics!!/Thank You for Over 30k!!

[image] [image] [image] [image] [image] [image] [image] [image] [image]

A/n: Thank you all so much for over 30k reads!!
I am so so honored and grateful for y'all.
I could honestly go on for hours just gushing about how amazing you guys are but I wont because that would be kinda boring.
So I thought I'd support the community and hit y'all with some amazing fanfiction by some amazing authors.
Also, because I'm still gonna be dead for a little while longer and I wanted y'all to have some quality fanfiction to read in my absence.

Countryhumans One-shots
By: Im_Star_Boy

A newer fic but one of the best I've ever read! Its excellently formatted and the stories are so cute!! Also, they wrote me a not a one, BUT TWO PART ANTARCTICA FIC WHAT IS UP WITH THAT ITS SUPER AWESOME GO READ IT.

Countryhumans One-shots! (commissions open!)
By: LittleSingingDragon

Probably the most. Detailed. Fricking. Fics. I. Have. Ever. Read. Its so beautifully written, you have never read anything like this I swear.

Countryhumans x reader oneshots
By: Zulu_the_demon

Also a newer fic and its lovely! Its nicely detailed and has very cute stories with good plots and lots of heart.

Countryhuman X Sister!reader
By: Kittycake556

I just started this one but I really enjoy it, very nice an fluffy! And I'm a huge sucker for family dynamics.

Countryhumans x reader stuffs
By: SnazzyLuna

Good well written oneshots! Pretty good one about Russia towards the beginning!

Icebreaker >Greentica<
By: Iwillnomyou

HANDS DOWN THE BEST GREENTICA FIC I HAVE EVER READ. ITS ADORABLE, FLUFFY AND HAS JUST THE PERFECT AMOUNT OF ANGST. THE CHARACTERS ARE SO WELL DEVELOPED IN TERMS OF CHARACTER AND PERSONALITY. PLEASE READ IT.

{ Countryhumans x reader} oneshots
By: moonfeatheranime12

Another new fic! Has some very nice oneshots and great concepts!

Countryhumans Senarios/One Shots/ Etc. (Closed)
By: bleach_everyday

One of my favorite oneshot books of all time! I'm always excited to read this one!
THEY ALSO WROTE ME A VERY GOOD ANTARCTICA FIC GO READ IT.

Mute (Ukraine x Canada)
By: EstonianFriend

Best! UkeNada! Fic! Ever! Its so well written and the USSR family dynamic is amazingly written its literally so good.

do you want to build a snowman?

By: alastorkins

[image]

Definitely one of the newest GrenTica fics to the scene, but I'm already in love!! Please read it, steals all your uwus.

Hope everyone enjoys these awesome fics! And kudos to the creators!
Much love and stay safe!
-Nebula

P.S. I will probably be adding to this list from time to time, so don't be afraid to check again if you ever need more countryhumans content!

Greenland x Reader: So In Love With You

Greenland x Reader
So In Love With You

A/n: Hi yes I donno if im back but please read the warnings first.
This is just an experiment because uhhhhhhhhhhh im stressed and dying but heres a fic sorry if you're not into girls.
Its super short and gay sorry.

Warnings: basically a lime, lesbians, it gets kinda kinky, I wrote this on two hours of sleep and a massive migraine, please forgive me

Y/n's POV (3rd Person POV)

"I love you…" Y/n cooed, giving Greenland a peck on the cheek.

"I love you more." Greenland smiled, kissing y/ns soft lips.

Y/n let out a sigh of relief.

"You're so amazing Gren…" She smiled, nuzzling her neck.

"Well someones excited tonight." Gren smirked, gently stroking y/ns h/c hair.

"Well I haven't seen you in months."
Y/n replied, moving her head down to the crevice in Greenlands chest. "And you're amazing and beautiful and I loveeeee youuuuu…"

Greenland chuckled.

"Wow n/n, you've had wayyy too much to drink."

“Pshhhhh I donno what you're talking about.” Y/n giggled as her words slurred slightly.

“You're very cute when you get all lovey dovey.” Greenland said, placing another kiss on her partner's lips.

“Uhhhhh…”

Y/n felt her cheeks grow red and she pressed her face harder into Grens chest.

“The couch is rather boring… don't you think?” Gren teased.

“Hmmmm. You're right!” Y/n grinned, lifting up her face and kissing Gren. “I bet I can make it more fun….”

“Why don't we go into my bedroom?”

“O-oh… yes…” Y/n blushed.

“Unless you don't want to of course.”

Y/n shook her head.

“I definitely want to go to the bedroom.”

Y/n got off Greenland and grabbed her hand, dragging her off the couch and into the bedroom, shutting the door behind them.

Y/n giggled and shoved Greenland backwards onto the bed, pinning her down with her knee.

“Oh? You really think you can win that easily?”

Y/n suddenly felt her stomach turn as she wrestled with Greenland, who was now trying to get on top.

She laughed and giggled as she and Gren pushed and pulled each other around the bed, y/n let out a grunt as Gren shoved off the bed and onto the wall.

“Oh? A wall move? Very classy of you Gren-”

Greenland shoved her mouth to y/ns and held her to the wall.

Y/n struggled for only a second before feeling Greenland moving her mouth rhythmically to hers.

A small sigh of pleasure escaped her lips as Gren shoved her tongue into her mouth.

She closed her eyes and let everything go all at once.

All her doubts, worries and fears.

All that mattered was this moment.

This heated passionate moment.

Y/n moved her hands up to Grens face and pressed hers as close to her own as she possibly could.

Y/n moaned with excitement when she felt Greenlands hands traveling under her shirt and up to her chest, the touch and the tongue making music for her senses.

She leaned forward and the two flopped onto the bed, y/n on top.

Her hand moved quickly and with excitement when she felt Greenland unclasp her bra.

She began pulling the clothes from Grens body as quickly as she could.

Shirts, pants, bras.

All on a pile on the floor.

Y/n finally pulled her mouth from Greenlands and took huge, gasping breaths, her face grinning, her now bare chest heaving.

She felt a rush as she felt Greenlands hands trace her body.

“You’re just as beautiful as ever y/n.” Gren breathed, smiling.

Y/n blushed red and tried to suppress a smile.

Her hands traced their way up to Greenlands face and around the eye patch her partner wore.

“Y/n…” Greenland frowned, holding y/ns hand fast.

Y/n sighed.

“Please? I want to see you tonight. All of you. Please Gren? For me?”

Greenland slowly removed her hand, allowing y/n to remove it.

Y/n pulled the half white, half red eyepatch from Greenlands face, and pushed away the lock of brown hair that covered it.

Her finger brushed over the scar that cut its was down her dull, lifeless eye.

“What happened…?” Y/n whispered, kissing her partner's cheek.

“World War Two…”

“You're still beautiful Gren.” Y/n smiled, tossing it aside and pressing her lips back into Grens, slowly grinding her lower half into Grens, pleasure filling up inside her as Greenland let out a small moan.

Y/n pulled away for a moment and grinned.

“And I am soooooo in love with you.”

A/n: I wrote this in 30min.
I am a disgrace to the fandom.

Australia x Reader (GN): My Addiction

[image]

Australia x Reader (GN)
My Addiction

Im_Star_Boy this is all your fault and you know it.
Still love ya anyways.

Also, all art belongs to me (if you're interested in using it for something, ask first) and the chapter art has nothing to do with the chapter.

P.S. Gender neutral

Y/n's POV (1st Person)

"Auss I'm starvingggg…" I sighed, staring into the fridge, as I had been for the past twenty minutes. "And there's literally nothing to eat."

"Y/n, we bought food two days ago."

"Nothing to eat." I repeated, walking over and flopping on the couch next to him where he sat, petting his carpet python, Canberra.

"Well I think we have some mice in freezer if you're that desperate." He teased.

"I think I'll save those for this good girl." I replied, leaning over and giving Berra a little pat.

"You surrreeee? I'm sure she wouldn't mind."

"Aussie stop." I replied playfully nudging his arm, careful not to bother the snake. "I'm serious though. I'm going to die from

hunger.”

“Get some fairy bread or something then.”

“Some what?”

“Fairy bread.”

“Uh….”

“Wait. You don't know what that is?” He said, looking confused.

I shook my head.

“Okay, let me put Canberra away and then I’ll show you what I’m talking about.” He said, standing up and heading into his herp room.

Yes, he did have a whole room of his house dedicated to reptiles, and a pretty big one too.

I waited on the couch, mindlessly browsing on my phone while I awaited his return.

"Okay come on." He said, entering the room.

I stood up and walked over to him, taking his hand as he lead me into the kitchen.

"I'll show you how it's done." He let go of my hand and rummaged through the fridge, grabbing some white bread, and shutting it. "Do you mind grabbing the butter?"

"Sure." I responded, walking over to the cupboard and grabbing the butter dish. "I hope you arnt tricking me by using some weird Aussie name for toast."

“Now why would I ever do something like that?” He said playfully.

I handed him the butter and he took the bread and set it on the counter.

He rummaged through the pantry for a moment before coming back out of it with a jar of sprinkles.

“Anything else?” I asked.

“Nope!”

“Wait. Fairy bread is just bread, butter, and sprinkles?”

He grinned and nodded.

“You could have just told me that!” I laughed.

“I thought it would be fun to make it for you.” He replied, pulling out two slices of bread on a piece, and putting the rest away.

“Then make away.” I said, watching him spread some butter on the fluffy white slices.

“And now.” He said, opening the sprinkles with flourish. “For the final touch.”

He sprinkled the sprinkles on the two slices and shut the jar.

“Knife?”

I walked over to the cutlery drawer and grabbed a knife for him, I passed it to him as I popped up onto the counter.

He cut the two slices diagonally and grabbed one, lifting it up to my mouth.

“I better not get addicted to this stuff.” I said, leaning forward and taking a bite.

“Well? What do you think?”

I chewed slowly and swallowed.

"Okay that's actually pretty good." I admitted. “I lied that's really good. I'm surprised.”

“You doubted me?”

“Oh never.” I replied, leaning down and taking another bite. “But I better not get addicted to this stuff.”

“10 bucks you will.” Australia replied, taking a bite of the bread.

“Deal.” I smirked. “You're going down Aussie.”

“We’ll see.”

-a few days later-

3rd Person POV

Aussie got home from visiting his brother Ames house and went searching the house for y/n, keeping quiet in order to surprise them.

After wandering the house for longer than expected, he headed into the kitchen where he heard noises from the pantry.

Raising an eyebrow, he opened the pantry door.

“Y/n?”

Y/n swore as Australia opened the door, revealing the slice of fairy bread in their hand.

“I told you!” Aussie exclaimed, letting out a laugh.

“Don't judge me!” Y/n said in embarrassment, their face turning bright red.

“No judgement.” He smirked, entering the pantry and stealing the bread from y/n.

“Hey!”

He chuckled and took a bite.

“Love you y/n.” He said, booping her nose.

“Mhm… sure…” Y/n huffed.

“Y/nnnnnnnn…” He sighed, feeding her a bite.

“Love you too Aus.” They said, muffled by the bread.

“But you still owe me 10 bucks.”

A/n: Hoped you liked this short and sweet kinda cracky fic.
Yes, I am now addicted to fairy bread.
Square up Im_Star_Boy (jk bro only teasing).

How do you pronounce emu?

Japanese Empire x Reader: Sink or Swim

[image]

Japanese Empire x Reader
Sink or Swim

A/n:
Me: *getting ready to post another fem x fem fic*
My main demographic of gay guys and hetero girls: *already cringing*

Anyways, another fem x fem, probably going to be the last one I do for a long long time (unless it gets requested of course) since people just aren't interested in them.
I just really needed to get this one out of my system, sorry.

The song is Sink or Swim by Tyrone Wells, it's one of my all time favorites and fits perfectly with this situation.

Trigger warnings: WW2, death, suicide mentions

Y/n's POV (1st Person)

Caught in the middle of a crossfire

It was night.

I quickly made my way through the streets, heading to the base.

If I was seen by anyone who knew me, it would be all over.

Lost my balance on a high wire

"Finally..." I sighed, slipping from the street shadows and to the base entrance.

"Hello?"

I froze, tensed, ready to bolt.

"Are you applying?"

I slowly turned and my breath hitched when I saw who it was.

Trying to figure out what to do

Japanese Empire.

"I asked you a question." She said, not looking pleased.

I nodded.

"When I ask you something I expect a real answer."

"Yes ma'am. I'm applying. My name is y/n." I gave the country a small bow of greeting, hoping I hadn't messed up too much.

"Are you sure about this? There's no going back."

I nodded again.

"I'm sure. I need to help my country... this is the best way I know how."

"Then welcome y/n, to the Kamikaze."

Pushed to the edge of my reason

Japanese Empires POV (1st Person)

I briskly marched into the base, not in the best mood.

I was tired of the Allies mocking and advances.

Tired of them not giving me the respect I deserved.

I shoved the door open to the main hall where I'd been told the superiors were meeting.

"Japanese Empire! What a sur-" One of the officers started.

"Shut up." I growled. "I want men. In planes. Now."

No one moved.

"Did I stutter? Move!" I barked.

The men quickly scrambled and left the room while I followed close behind.

I watched as they began yelling at the pilots that I knew we'd never see again.

Who cared.

They were here to die anyways.

My eyes drifted to a girl talking to an officer.

'Y/n.'

I quickly walked over to the conversation, I had to stop her.

"Please! Just give me plane!" She pleaded to the officer.

"Fine! Get in! I don't care anymore." He said, throwing his hands up in exasperation.

"She's not ready. She's not going." I interrupted. "Get someone else."

"Ma'am I-" He started with me.

"Get. Someone. Else."

"Fine."

I watched as he left the thing.

"Wow thanks a lot."

I looked over at y/n as she stormed off.

"Y/n wait!" I called after her, following.

Everywhere around me it's treason

I finally caught up to her, finding her sitting with her head in her knees under a tree.

"Y/n?"

"Don't talk to me." Her muffled voice replied.

I sighed and sat down next to her.

"Do you know what the others think of me because of you?" She said, whipping her head up and glaring at me. "They think I'm aあそこ because of you! 'Look over there! That's Japs favorite!' or 'Aww look! Japan's little girlfriend!' I'm just so done with it! Why wont you just let me go serve and die like I'm supposed to? Like everyone else here?"

"People think I'm your girlfriend?" I asked, not sure why the statement made my heart flutter.

"I.. uh... adjs... well.. Yes..." She said, turning her head away, I swore I saw her blush.

"Oh..." I said quietly, looking over at
y/n.

She shouldn't be different than any other soldier volunteering their life.

I'd visited this training base more times then I'd like to admit. Y/n was always here. She always had a smile or a joke. Her laugh and personality always filled me with joy. She was my light in the darkness of this war.

"Why won't you let me go out?" She said quietly.

I don't want to do that to you

"Because, you're not ready."

'Because I don't want to lose you.'

"But I am. I've completed my training. I've done everything right. I've given up everything. Everything for you and my country. Please. Let me go?"

Kamikaze airplanes in the sky

We were interrupted by the roar of the planes taking off.

We looked up and watched them go, knowing we'd never see them again.

"I'll let you go when I- You're... ready." I replied.

Are we going down or will we fly?

"I'll be ready next time. I promise. I'll prove myself to you." She said, with a surprising amount of confidence.

This could be a shipwreck on the shore

"You have nothing to prove to me
y/n."

Or we could sail away forevermore

"How long are you going to stay this time?"

This time it's sink or swim, sink or swim

"I'll stay the night if you don't hog all the blankets from your superiors."

Hearing the song in your laughter

She looked surprised at my comment.
"I'm definitely hogging all the blankets then." She laughed, grinning mischievously at me.

"I'll report you to the most high up for that. Oh wait. That's me."

She gasped in mock surprise.

"You wouldn't."

"Oh I would."

A melody I chase after

The bell rang.

"Bed time." She sighed, standing up.

"Coming?"

She held out her hand for me.

I took it, and pulled myself up.

"I'll be there soon. I have to take care of some business first."

No one else has done this to me

As I walked away from her I grew angry.

Not at her, but at myself.

I shouldn't get attached.

She was just another girl.

No one special.

Another soldier just trying to serve and bring honor to their country.

But yet.... I loved her.

And I couldn't let her go.

Kamikaze airplanes in the sky

It had been two weeks since I'd seen her.

Didn't even sleep with her, I'd left as soon as I could.

"General wheres y/n?" I asked as I entered his office.

"She just left."

"She. What?"

He looked up at me, that stupid man, with a look of confusion.

"There was an emergency, we needed pilots, she completed her training a month ago. I don't see the problem here."

"You バカ!"

Are we going down or will we fly?

I tore out of the room.

I ran as fast as I could to the radio room.

I had to talk to y/n.

"Ma'am? What are you doing in-"

I shoved my way over to the radio.

"Put me on with y/n. Now."

This could be a shipwreck on the shore

There was the flip of nobs and the pressing of buttons.

"You're on ma'am."

"Y/n?" I said into the communicator.

Or we could sail away forevermore

Y/n's POV (1st Person)

"Ah!" I cried out in fear as an explosion went off to my left.

I gripped the controls tightly.

I was scared.

Scared to die.

I wasn't supposed to be scared to die.

This time it's sink or swim, sink or swim

"Y/n?"

I grabbed the comms quickly, recognizing Japanese voice.

"Japan? Japan are you there?" I said, a flood of relief filled my chest.

Take a deep breath

"Y/n, come back." I heard her say, her voice sounded almost strained. "You come back here right now."

"Japan you know there's no going back. My coordinates are set. Japan I'm sorry."

I felt a few hot tears slip down my cheeks.

"No. I'm sorry. I should have never let you in."

"Y-yeah..." I managed a chuckle out of fear as I saw the plane barreling towards the ship. "Letting me become a Kamikaze pilot was bad on your part."

No more time left

"I let you into my heart. I got attached-"

The comms went out for a second as another blast jostled my plane.

I choked on a fearful sob.

"Y/n? Y/n? Can you hear me?" I heard as she came back in.

"Yes. Yes Japan. I hear you."

The ship was close and closer.

A few moments and it'd be all over
"Japan I don't have much time...." I started.

"No. Y-you come right back here y/n... that's an order." I heard her voice come in, shakily.

Was she upset?

Why?

I was just me.

No one special.

This is what I thought I wanted

'I don't want to die.'

The ship.

I was going to hit it.

"Y/n, there's something I need to tell you... I-"

A blast hit my wing.

Why am I afraid?

'I don't want to die.'

And then I was free.

Kamikaze airplanes in the sky

Japanese Empire POV (1st Person)

"Y/n, there's something I need to tell you...I...." I started.

My voice hitched when I heard the blast.

Comms dead.

Are we going down or will we fly?

A single tear slipped down my cheek.

This could be a shipwreck on the shore

She was gone.

Forever.

Or we could sail away forevermore

"Y/n I...."

This time, it's sink or swim, sink or swim

"Y/n I love you."

A/n: Alright all done with dumping all that lesbian crap on ya, sorry.

Translations:
あそこ- basically means " pussy " in Japanese
バカ- fool/idiot in Japanese

Russia x Reader (Emergency Fic): Do You Feel Safe?

Russia x Reader (Emergency Fic)
Do You Feel Safe?

A/n: For nebula_ascending .

Trigger warnings: depression, suicidal thoughts/implications, yelling, implied self harm, mental breakdown.

Y/n's POV (3rd Person)

Y/n lay on the floor.

She hadn't moved.

She didn't want to move.

There were to many emotions boiling up inside of her.

She pulled the blanket she was wrapped in higher around her shoulders and curled her knees further to her chest.

Her room was silent.

But inside she was screaming.

A knock on the door.

Y/n let out a huff.

Leave me alone.

A knock again.

"Go away." She yelled, pulling the blanket over her head, wishing whoever it was to just get away from her.

The door opened.

Stupid broken lock.

"Y/n?"

Russia.

"Russia go away. I don't want you here."

She heard him take a step inside and shut the door.

"Can't you just take a hint?" She said, popping her head out, glaring at the tall Russian.

"Not until you explain yourself." He replied, folding his arms. "And I'm not leaving until you do."

She said up and stared hard into his eyes, mentally fighting him with everything she had.

Unfortunately, she gave in.

"Why do you care?"

"I'm your friend."

"I don't need friends. I'm fine on my own."

"I don't care. I'm staying in."

"Fine."

"Fine."

Russia sat down on the wall next to her, she scooted over to sit next to him, but she didn't touch him.

"So what's going on?"

"I'm tired. I'm done. I just want to be alone."

The Russian stayed silent, waiting for her to continue.

"I've just been so stressed and low lately. I don't one hundred percent know why…. Im just so depressed all the time. And I hate it."

She took a shaky breath.

"I just want to feel alive. For real. But I just can't… even this doesn't work." She said, pulling out a small blade from her pocket and tossing it one the floor.

"Everytime I hurt myself I just feel dumb. It's such a dumb thing to do. I always feel like trash afterwards and then people get all riled up because 'oh no y/n! You hurt yourself! That's bad!' Does it honestly look like I care?"

Tears were starting to build up.

Threatening to begin to pour.

"I honestly would love to be dead right now. Living is hard because you suffer, dying is easy because you're at peace. I don't care about suffering anymore. I've done my time. I just want out."

A few unwelcome tears slipped from her eyes.

"Why don't I do it? Because I'm a pussy. And I'm too lazy to off myself. Trying to kill yourself is hard work, I'm just not ready to do it yet…."

Her fingers traced over her neck, she could almost feel the rope if she imagined it enough.

"And I don't want anyone upset because I'm dead, though I doubt that anyone really cares…."

"Y/n people care about you alot. Me, your friends, your family. There's a lot of people that would be upset if you went and offed yourself." Russia interrupted, she glanced at the way his hands grazed over the bandages that adorned his forearms. "Trust me on that one."

"Friends…" She whispered, really starting to cry. "I've been such a

dick…."

"What do you mean?" He asked.

"Everytime I relapse… I push them away…. They always think they did something… they can't under- they can't understand… that t-the problem-" She choked. "Is me."

She lost it.

All the walls came crashing down.

"I hate hurting people. I hate that I care about people. I hate that I can't even be normal. I hate that I have to take meds to function. I hate that I can't always have the correct emotional responses. I hate the fact that I'm nothing more than a selfish douchebag. I hate myself." She yelled, her body wracked with sobs after each statement.

She cried so hard.

So damn hard.

She felt Russia wrap his arms around her and she sobbed into his arms.

"Please don't leave me…. I don't want to be alone." She said softly. "I'm tired of being left behind. I know I'm a lot. I'm too much for everyone…"

"Y/n, the only people that are worth your time are the ones who care. It's okay that you don't feel great all the time. Just… don't push people away okay? I know it's your defense mechanism-" Russia started.

"But then they won't think I'm strong enough. I don't need to be babied. I can handle myself. I can't let people down… I… I'm too proud…."

"You think? Honestly y/n, you're ego is bigger then Ame's sometimes I swear."

She stayed silent.

"That was a little harsh… I'm sorry…." He said quietly.

"No. You're right. I know it." She took a deep breath and leaned against him.

"I'm sorry for breaking down like that…"

"It's okay. I'm just glad you didn't do anything stupid."

"Me too. And thank you."

He nodded.

"Of course. Anytime."

"Stay with me?"

"Well I wasn't planning on leaving until you're safe. Do you feel safe?"

There was a pause.

"No…."

"Than I'll stay, you cry and rant for as long as you want to." Russia said, giving her a brotherly peck on the forehead.
She took in a few shaking breaths, tears still falling.

"Thank you…."

A/n: I'm fine.
Kinda...

Belarus x Male!Reader: Sweeter Than Apples

Belarus x Male!Reader
Sweeter Than Apples

A/n: Okay weirdly enough, I've never done a male reader x female character before...
So...
Lads here ya go.

Y/n's POV (3rd Person)

Y/n made his way through the trees, careful of his step along the slightly muddy path.

He was meeting his closest friend, Belarus, for apple picking. It'd all been her idea. He'd needed to take some pictures for a project for his photography class and she'd kindly offered to help.

Now, Y/n would never ever tell her, but he had a major crush on the country. She was an amazing girl and he'd honestly hate to ruin their friendship.

He trudged up the slightly steep hill he was now making his way up, Bela had told him it'd be around here...

He came up to the other side of the ridge and smiled in satisfaction as he saw the orchard a head of him.

"Y/n!" He heard someone call him from below.

It was Belarus.

She waved to him, smiling, her red and white scarf blowing softly in the cool, crisp breeze.

He grinned and waved back, starting towards her.

His heart thumping excitedly in his chest.

"Hey Bela." He said when he finally reached her. "How are you?"

"Good." She said with a slight nod. "And you?"

"Good." He replied back. "Question, why'd you choose to pick apples?"

"You said your project was on outdoor activities right? It's fun and one of my favorites. And... you asked me to help you... I mean, we can do something else if you'd like. It's your project, it's up to you." She said kindly.

"No-no this is perfect." He said quickly. "Should we grab baskets or something? That is how you do it... isn't it?"

She let out a soft giggle and he felt his heart flutter with giddy happiness.

"Yes. I've already got them." She replied, bending down, her traditional dress sweeping the grass as she grabbed the baskets. "Here."

He took it, readjusting his camera bag.

"Thanks."

"Come on." She said, leading him into the rows of trees.

"Which tree should we start with?" He asked, looking at their many options of first picks.

"That one." She replied, pointing to a slightly larger, healthy looking trees with bright red apples ahead.

"Yeah that one looks great." He replied, walking up to the base of the tree and setting down his basket and pulling his camera from his bag and started to take pictures.

He snapped a few here and there, juicy apples, rich green leaves, bits of sky and foliage, Belarus...

Wait.

Belarus?

He looked down at the shot he'd taken of her, staring at the way her hair swept around her shoulders as she reached for a bright apple, the way her eyes glinting with serenity and concentration, they way her lips seemed to always be curved slightly in her signature sweet smile.

He slowly looked up from the camera and stared at her.

She hadn't noticed him looking down at his camera for an unusual length of time.

A small smile peeked from his face as he lifted the camera and snapped another picture of her.

He checked it.

Perfect.

"Did you get the pictures you needed?" Belarus said, ripping y/n from his thoughts.

Had she seen?

Her face gave no indication.

"Yeah I did." He replied.

She walked over to him, grabbing the basket he'd set down earlier.

"Here." She said, a slightly mischievous smile playing on her lips, handing out the basket to him.

He shoved the camera back in his back and took it.

"Wh-" He started, but quickly found his hand in hers.

She giggled softly as she ran, pulling him close behind.

Y/n's face reddened as he looked at his s/c hand intertwined with

her soft green one.

"This is it. The tallest one." She said, stopping at the base of the biggest apple tree y/n had ever seen.

"Wow... I can definitely believe that." He joked slightly.

"Lets climb it." She said, letting go of his and and grabbing a low hanging branch. "You coming?"

He nodded and started after her.
He noticed every once in a while, she'd glance down to check on him, and smile at him each time.

His heart skipped every time she did it.

'Get it together y/n!'

They'd finally made it to the top.

"Wow, its higher than I thought." He admitted.

"Mhm!" She grinned. "Me and my brothers used to come here some time to get away from my- to get away from everything...."

He noticed her change of words but decided not to bring it up.

He checked his phone, pulling it out of his pocket.

"It's starting to get late, we should head back soon."

"You're right." She smiled. "Race you down?"

Without waiting for an answer, she swiftly began climbing down the branches of the tree.

"Hey wait up!" He said, quickly shoving his phone back into his pocket and following down after her. "Be careful, the tree looks kind of old, I wouldn't want one of the branches to-"

SNAP.

It all happened too fast, it felt like slow motion.

Bela climbing down.

The branch giving way to her weight.
The surprised and frightened yelp that exclaimed from her lips.

Y/n lunging forwards.

His hand grabbing tightly, desperately, to hers.

The heavy, adrenaline filled breathing that escaped both their lips.

"Bela! Are you okay?" He said, gripping her tightly.

"Y-yeah..." She breathed heavily. "I'm close to the ground... you can drop me...."

"Do you trust me?"

"I trust you."

He let her go, letting her drop softly to the ground.

He quickly and carefully made his way down the tree and to her side.

"Are you sure you're alright?" He asked again, still very worried but trying to keep the edge out of his voice.

She nodded.

"Okay, if you're sure..." He said.

"Definitely no more climbing trees though."

"Definitely." She agreed. "Lets head back to your place."

He shyly offered her his hand.

She took it.

His emotions screamed in excitement.

"Sounds good to me."

After getting back to y/ns place, he got them some snacks and drinks and sat them down on the couch so they could look through the pictures.

"I bet they look great." Belarus smiled at him as he connected his camera to his laptop.

"Guess we'll see in 3...2...1..." He said as the pictures popped up on the screen.

Belarus smiled at him and began scrolling, pointing out her favorites and what she liked about certain pictures.

A familiar red, while, and green faced country appeared on the screen.

"Is... that me..?" Belarus asked slowly.

'I FORGOT TO TAKE DOWN THE PICTURES!' His brain screamed, his mind going into full panic mode.

Would she think it was creepy? Weird? Would she hate him for life?

"Shoot Bela I'm sorry, I-I didn't mean to- and with your consent- Um...." He said, his face redder than the fresh apples they'd picked a couple hours earlier.

He quickly reached in front of her, trying to delete the pictures but his fingers kept slipping.

She stopped him.

"Why'd you take them?" She asked, a hit of curiosity peeked into her voice.

"The ones of me?"

"Well um, you see, you were just there, and um..." He was trying to keep the embarrassment out of his voice. "You look good you know? Like really good, and I wanted um... Well I thought it'd go

well with the project. Im sorry, I'll delete them..."

To his surprise, she laughed.

"You're... not upset?" He asked slowly, confused.

"Y/n I saw you take some of the pictures." She said, smiling.

"Why... didn't you say anything?"

"Because it was cute to watch your face get all red and blushy."

"What? No-no I wasn blushing, I was hot." He lied.

"Y/n I know you like me."

"You what now."

"I've had it figured out for a while now, it's kind of obvious."

"Oh."

Y/n felt embarrassed and mad at himself.

'Great. Now I've just ruined everything.'

"I like you too by the way." She smiled, giving him a peck on the cheek.

Y/n felt everything inside him heat up and turn to mush.

"I.. um.."

He blinked in surprise as a light suddenly went off in his face.

Belarus giggled.

"There, now we have a cute picture of you too." She teased slightly, passing the camera back to him. "Now let's get this project finished, then how about dinner?"

"Wait." He blinked "Did you just ask me out?"

"Are you going to say no?"

"No."

She chuckled lightly.

"Thought so." She reached into the basket of fresh picked apples on the table. "Apple?"

He took it.

"Thanks." He said, returning a smile and taking a bite into it.

Out of all the apples in the world, none could taste sweeter than this moment with her.

A/n: Ahhh male perspective has been a fun challenge and I'm excited to do more!!
More male chapters are on the way, sorry guys, I've been neglecting you for so long and you deserve better.
Sorry.

Also, do yall like that I post often?
Or nah?
I can back off if you'd like.

China x Reader (GN): Strong for You

China x Reader
Strong for You

A/n: Mmmmm yeah I'm pretty dead but this was too much of an issue to just ignore, especially since we had another victim in my country soooo yeah.

This is about the coronavirus, so please be warned if you're sensitive about this.

Also, why does the world break down everytime I try to take a break??

Y/n's POV (1st Person)

'It shouldn't be this hard…' I thought as I stood outside the doors of the hospital.

I was going to visit China. He'd been admitted recently due to a corona outbreak in one of his cities, Wuhan. I was honestly terrified for him.

People were getting sick, and it had just recently started spreading to other countries, Id seen the reports on the news. I was worried for him and my friends.

Taking a deep breath I walked through the doors and to the front desk.

"Hello, Im Y/n L/n." I said. "I'm here to see China? Im his partner."

The lady at the desk nodded and got me checked in and told me to sit and wait for a moment.

I slumped down in one of the chairs in the waiting room and tried to clear my mind.

'Come on y/n… you have to be strong right now… for him…' I tried to boost myself. *'You need to be strong for him.'*

"Mr./Miss L/n?" The lady at the desk called. "You can go up now."

She gave me the floor and room number and a nurse led me up to his room.

"Before we go in, were going to have to take some precautions." The nurse said. "I'm going to need you to listen very carefully to my instructions, understood?"

I nodded.

"I'm going to need you in a full body hazmat suit and not go past the yellow tape on the floor. I'll be taking you into a specialized negative pressure room, which will get you into his room. After your visit you'll need to take a full shower before you leave. I know all of this sounds like a lot, but is just what must be done to isolate the patient."

The nurse instructed, handing me my suit.

I put it on, the sinking pit in my stomach starting to grow with every second I was in this hospital.

I hated it.

Once the nurse made sure it was safe for me to enter the chamber, she let me in.

I walked into the chamber, and then to the room.

It felt like I walk walking through jello, my legs were starting to shake so bad.

And then I saw him.

Just sitting upright against the bed, hooked up to monitors and machines.
He looked tired and sick, and I felt my heart break a little inside.

“Hey China…” I said gently, taking a step inside and shutting the door behind me.

“Hello 亲爱的.” China smiled. “It's good to see you.”

“It's great to see you too.” I said, trying to sound upbeat, taking a few steps forward.

He quickly held up his hand to stop me and looked down, realizing I was about to cross the caution line.

“Oh.. right… sorry…” I said, realizing that I was about six feet further away from him then I wanted to be. “How are you feeling?”

“Much better now that you are here.” He replied. “How are you?"

“Im ah… a little worried about you to be honest, I hope they find a cure soon. I want you to get better.”

“They will. They're already working on creating one, and once they do, I will get better and things will go back to the way they were.” He assured me. “Have any of the other countries been infected? I haven't gotten hardly any news since I got here.”

I slowly nodded.

“Aussie, France, Japan, Malaysia, Nepal, Singapore, South Korea, Taiwan, Thailand, Vietnam, Philippines, and Ame just had his sixth case today…” I said, I could feel the threat of tears pricking at my eyes as I listed the names of my friends.

I saw his eyes widen in shock for a moment at how many countries I had listed, especially since the outbreak had just started.

“I see…” He said with a sigh. “I am very sorry to hear that. And how are the people reacting?”

“They're scared.. They're buying masks, staying inside out of fear, people are nervous about traveling on airplanes…” I swallowed hard.

“Are you scared?”

I felt my eyes well up with tears.

“Im fine.” I lied. “I'm just more scared for you."

“Y/n…I know you better than anyone. I know you're scared. Just remember that I love-”” He said, I winced as it slipped into a cough.

“Save your strength okay?” I said quickly. “No need to get worked up about this.”

“I…” He began to cough harder.

“Hey hey…” I said, I could feel my voice tightening. “China-”

I felt a hand on my shoulder and I was pulled from the room as doctors and nurses in suits like mine entered the chamber.

I was in a bit of shock, I wanted back in so badly, I needed him.

I was herded into the shower by a nurse, giving me instructions and health tips, I barely heard him.

As I got in the shower, images of China in that hospital bed flashed through my head.

How tired he looked.

How sick and worn he looked.

NHow he tried to be positive for me even though I knew he was hurting.

I found myself on the ground.

Alone.

Wet.

Scared.

"I love you too..."

I put my face in my hands and cried.

A/n: I was on the verge of tears the whole time I was writing this.

This is one of the most emotionally hardest fics I've ever had to write and I hope it didn't upset people too much.

Those of you in countries that are affected by coronavirus, I feel for you, I'm here for you.
Please don't hesitate to talk if you're scared, I am too.

I don't like making very negative fics, but I find them extremely therapedic and it helps me work through my anxiety. I hope y'all don't mind too much... If it causes too many problems I'll stop.

Russian Empire x Reader: My Little Russian Doll (Requested!!)

Russian Empire x Reader
My Little Russian Doll

A/n: Requested by ThatOneNobody1020 !!

I love the plot and I'm super excited to share it with you guys!!

3rd Person POV

"Your Imperial Majesty?"

"Yes?"

"Miss L/n is here to see you."

"Send her up."

The Empire smiled slightly to himself as he spotted the young girl on the grounds outside his window.

He'd met y/n a few years back, he'd found her starving and alone and for some reason, took her in and took care of her until she could get back on her feet. She'd come to see him ever since and they'd become close, she was like a daughter to him and he cared for her like a father.

He watched as she nodded to one of the guards and slipped inside the doors, he left the window.

Y/n hummed softly as she walked through the halls of his great palace, although it seemed to her she'd been here a thousand times the beauty never failed to impress her.

She made her way up the staircase to his room, clutching tight to the bundle of bergenia flowers she'd brought for him.

She turned the corner and knocked on his door.
"доброе утро!" She said brightly as he opened it.

"доброе утро y/n." He said with a smile, allowing her to come inside. "What do you have there?"

"I brought you flowers! I picked them on the way." She beamed, holding them out to him.

"They are very beautiful." He said, taking them from her and placing them in a nearby vase. "Tea?"

"Yes please." She replied, taking a seat at the small table as he sat across from her.

"How are you today?" He asked politely, pouring her a cup.

"I'm good..." She replied, taking a sip from her drink. "And you?"

"Very good now that you have joined me." He said, "Do you-"

"Your Imperial Majesty?" Someone interrupted.

The Empire sighed, very annoyed at someone intruding with his time with y/n, he was a very busy man and did his best to make time for y/n, however limited it was.

"Yes?" He said, keeping his voice calm in front of the girl.

"I must speak with you, it's urgent." The man said. "I wouldn't bother unless it was."

The Empire sighed and stood up.

"I'll be right back." He said, giving her a light peck on the forehead, earning a light giggle in response.

He exited the room with the man.

"Explain." He said shortly.

"That young girl, y/n, she isn't safe your majesty." The guard said quickly. "The locals have noticed her frequent visits, I've heard rumors from the people that they think she might be an aristocrat. And they're targeting you too, saying all these nasty things about you too. I don't think it's safe for her to be here at the moment. Who knows what the people will do to her."

The Russian Empire looked into the room and watched y/n for a moment, happily braiding some flowers that hadn't made it into the vase and munching on a few pastries. He didn't know what he'd do if anything were to happen to her.

"You're right." He said reluctantly.

"She's not safe here, after today she goes until it's safe."

"Пока!" Y/n smiled, giving him a hug. "Can I come again tomorrow?"

This would normally be the point where he'd smile down at her and say, 'Of course you may come again tomorrow, and every day after.' But today it was not to be.

"No y/n. I'm sorry..." He bent down and placed a hand on her cheek. "There's alot going on right now, and I can't have you here. You need to stay away from the palace, where it's safe."

Y/n teared up. What was going on? Did she do something wrong? Did he not care for her anymore?

"Shhh.. shh... Don't cry..." He said, pushing away a small tear that trickled down the side of her s/c cheek. "You must be strong y/n. You are strong, it will only be for a short while."

She hugged him tight and quickly rushed away, feeling very much upset and confused.

Why was he leaving her alone?

It'd been two weeks since The Empire had seen y/n, with the

rumors and threats growing worse, he had no choice.

He'd stayed in his palace, trying to ignore how lonely it sounded without her bubbly laugh and bright young eyes.

He kept seeing her everywhere he walked, sometimes he'd see that sad little street girl and his cold heart would break a little.

The Empire slowly walked into his carriage, he had an important meeting a bit away and he was hoping to catch a glimpse of y/n on his way. Just to be sure she was safe.

The ride was as boring and usual as it could get, the peasants were doing their thing, it was all so ordinary, except for the shouting....

He frowned and looked out the other side where a large crowd was yelling and beating someone. He couldn't care less who it-

Wait.

Y/n?

"останавливать! останавливать!" The Empire shouted, tearing himself from out of the carriage and into the crowd. "Get off of her!!"

The group backed off in fear, leaving y/n there in the center, crying and shaking from fear and pain.

Her body looked more thin and worn than usual and there were bloody cuts and nasty bruises decorating her arms, legs, and face.

He scooped her up quickly and held her close in his arms.

"No one is allowed to touch her! You hear me? You disgust me! You... you peasants!" He shouted angrily, his voice calling for command.

"Y/n let's get you home okay?" He said to her gently.

"H-home?"

"Yes, home. You're going to live with me now okay? I'll protect you from them." He said, holding her head close to his chest and glaring at the crowd, who looked at him with great fear in their eyes.

He took her to the carriage and set her in the seat.

"Wait here, I'll be right back..." He said, giving her a quick smile.

He walked up to one of his accompanying guards.

"Kill them. Quickly. I wouldn't want anything like this to happen again." He aimed a thumb at the crowd.

"Right away your Majesty." The guard replied with a nod, shouting for a few of his men.

The Russian Empire slipped back into his seat and held her close.

"T-thank you папа...." She whispered quietly.

"You're welcome, my little doll."

A/n: Ahhh I'm back!!!
Sorry for being away, with vacation and new classes, it's been hard to find time to write.
I have something big for y'all coming up this week so be sure to check in soon!

Translations:
доброе утро- Good morning
Пока- Bye
останавливать- Stop
Папа- Dad/ Papa

Antartica x Male!Reader: I Love You Just The Way You Are (Requested!!)

Antartica x Male!Reader
I Love You Just The Way You Are

A request by the lovely Im_Star_Boy !!
I've never written a male fic with our amazing frozen boy so this should be fun! Enjoy!

Trigger Warnings: Homophobia, yelling, emotions in general, don't worry y'all there's plenty of fluff too

***Italics* - flashback**
Normal- Present

Y/n's POV (1st Person)

I sat there in the car, my head pressed against the steering wheel and shaking as hot, angry tears slid down my face.

"I-im so stupid..." I muttered to myself, my eyes squeezed tightly shut. "I'm so stupid.."

"A-a boyfriend?" My mother gasped in horror. "Y/n!"

"Mom! I was going to tell you... I just didn't know how to tell you."

I looked between my parents, afraid of the shocked and horrified looks on their faces.

"So....." My father said slowly, coldly. "You're saying you're what? A homosexual?"

I swallowed hard, I could feel my self start to shake as a nodded my

head slowly.

My mother fell into a heap of wails and sobs, my fathers mouth set into a hard line.

"Get out." He said harshly, pointing to the dooor. "Now."

"Dad... please..." I begged, I could feel myself panicing. "Dad please, I-im your son..."

"I don't have a son. Get out now!" He yelled.

I stumbled back slightly, his words hit me asthough they were a wall forcing me back.

"F-fine!" I yelled back. "I don't want to see you anyways! H-homophobes!"

I raced for the door and ran out to my car, locking myself in as I began to cry.

_____

I took in a shaky breath and fumbled for my keys, turning on the car. I leaned my head back on the headrest, blinking away the tears that were flowing too fast for me to try and hold back.

My phone buzzed in my pocket.

'Nows really not a good time...' I thought, not even bothering to check it.
It buzzed again.

"Cant they just leave me alone?" I groaned into my hands as it buzzed.

Finally, slience.

I sighed and lowered my hands, rubbing them up and down against the steering wheel, I didn't know where to drive, I had no where else to go.

My mind drifted as I tried to think of where I could stay, but then

my phone buzzed again.

And again.

And again.

My phone buzzed a-

In fury, I whipped my phone from my pocket and clicked the call button, my eyes too blurred with tears and my emotions to hot to care who it was.

"WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT?" I yelled into the phone. "IM REALLY NOT IN THE MOOD TO TALK RIGHT NOW OKAY? AND NO ONE WANTS TO ANSWER YOU WHEN YOU SEND TEN THOUSAND TEXTS IN A ROW. IF YOU WANT TO TALK SOOO BADLY WHY DON'T YOU JUST CALL?"

I breathed heavily, pissed and crying harder.

There was no response.

I frowned.

'Not even gonna-'

The line went dead as I looked at the screen.

Tica.

My mouth involanterily dropped in shock and horror at what I'd just done.

'Of course he texted... he cant talk... oh what the hell have I done...?'

I slammed on the gas, driving as fast as I could to Tica's house.

I didn't know what I'd say or do, I just had ro get to him, to apologise, I'd have nothing left if I didn't have him.

Pulling into the drive way, I grabbed my keys and raced to the

door, unlocking it and bursting in.

"Tica! Tica?" I called.

Quiet.

I checked the texts on my phone.

Iceberg: Hi y/n I just got here!

Iceberg: You on your way?

Iceberg: Are we still on for our date? We can cancel and reschedule if you'd like.

Iceberg: Y/n?

Iceberg: Are you okay? Text me when you can

Iceberg: Y/n?

"Our date..." I groaned aloud. "We had a date..."

Maybe I could try and make it up to him?

"Alright lets do this.." I said, getting to work.

———————————————

My boyfriend didn't get home for an hour after I got there, I didn't know what'd he'd been up to and I honestly didn't care.

I was finishing up the cookies when I heard the door unlock, I slowly walked out to greet him. He looked at me, surprised.

"Antarctica I'm sorry." I said quickly. "I shouldn't have yelled, shouldn't even have called, and I definatly should have read who was texting. I'm sorry, really, you didn't deserve that. Please forgive me."

He walked up to me and wrapped me tight in his arms. I leaned into his coat and nestled my head in the thick fur.

After a few moments, he pulled away.

"What happened that made you so upset?" He signed.

I took a deep breath.

"My parents found out about me... about you... they didn't approve, they kicked me out." I said slowly, hating to admit it.

His eyes went wide. Tica knew about how conservitive my parents were and how risky it was to date me.

"Y/n I'm so sorry." He signed, kissing my forehead. *"You can stay here as long as you'd like."*

"Thank you." I sighed with relief.

"What's that burning smell?" He frowned.

I swore and raced to the kitchen, pulling some freshly burnt cookies from the oven.

"Ummm..." I looked over a Tica, feeling slightly embarrassed. "I made cookies?"

Tica laughed.

"Maybe you should leave that to me." He giggled, taking the tray and setting it aside.

"Agreed." I replied with a small smile, closing the oven, brushing my hand on the side of it.

"Ah!" I yelped and quickly pulled my hand back.

Tica pull off one of his gloves and grabbed my burnt hand in his freezing one.

"Thanks, that feels better."

"I'll clean up, you go out some medicine on that." He signed, shooing me away to go take care of myself.

When I came back, he was already almost finished with a new batch.

"Whoa, that was fast." I commented.

He smiled at me and tapped the side of his head.

"Memorized? Makes sense." I said, popping up on the counter.

He reached into the bowl and got a bit on his finger and plopping it on my nose.

I blinked in surprise.

He smirked playfully.

"Got you." He signed.

"I'll get you back later." I said, wiping it off my nose and popping it in my mouth. "Speaking of later... I uh... set up so we could watch a movie or some TV tonight, since I kinda blanked out on our date earlier."

He grinned.

"I'd like that. Start the cocoa while I finish these."

I nodded and began getting out the stuff to make cocoa, Tica hadn't given me the full recipe, he'd jokingly said he'd give it to who ever he married, and only them. Well, atleast I think he was joking.

After a few minutes of slience we were ready, we headed down to the basement and curled up together in a warm blanket and turned on the TV.

He picked out Frozen Planet since he really liked the episodes about penguins and other animals that lived in his country. I was just in it for David Attenborough.

I sighed softly and leaned on his cool shoulder, feeling alot of the cold that radiated off him since he was just in a long sleeved shirt and some sweatpants and not his usual snowy gear.

"I love you Tica." I said softly as we moved on to the next episode.

He kissed me on the head and smiled gently.

He pulled out his phone and typed something on it, so he wouldn't have to move me to sign.

:I love you too. Sorry I couldn't call... I wish I could... but we'll, what can you do?:

My mouth curved into a small frown.

"Tica I don't care that you can't talk, I'm glad you're an amazing boyfriend who's still there for me after I screwed up and make the best cocoa and keeps me cold on hot summer nights." I replied.

I looked at him, noticing a large blush flush his blue cheeks.

"I love you just the way you are."

A/n: Ahhhhh I just had so many feelings writing this!! I hope people didn't get too triggered by the beginning, I'm a bit nervous about that part so... yeah...
Anywayssss!! I've got something planned for Thursday or Friday so stay tuned!!
Love y'all and have a great day/night.

U.K. Fam x Reader (GN): Morning Moments

U.K. Fam x Reader (GN)
Morning Moments

A/n: Yeah…. I'm not sure exactly what I was thinking when I wrote this but here, all yours.

Dedicated to Im_Star_Boy … you'll know why ;)

Y/n's POV (1st Person)

I groaned and rolled over sleepily in my bed.

'10:15 am?' I thought, frowning. *'Too early…. Wait. Oh n-'*

"Morning Y/n!" New Zealand said, barging into my room, and flopping on the bed. "How's my favorite sibling?"

"Z get out of my room." I sighed, pulling the covers back over my head, rolling away from him.

"Wow good morning to you too n/n." He said in mock offense, getting off the bed. "I thought you loved me…"

"Yeah I do. But not when you bother me after I just woke up!" I grumbled.

He rolled his eyes and muttered something in Māori on his way out.

I sighed and sat up in my bed, running my fingers through my hair as I glared at the sunlight streaming through my windows.

I pushed the covers back and grabbed and blanket, wrapping it around my shoulders as I exited my room and headed down the hall.

"Morning Y/n." Canada said, heading down the opposite side of the hall, probably to his room. "Did New Zealand wake you?"

"Yup. Every morning at 10:15 this week. I don't know where he gets the energy." I sighed, walking over to my big brother and wrapping him in a hug.

Canada chuckled.

"I don't think anyone knows. You should probably get something to eat, Mom would kill you if she were here." He said.

"Yeah, I'll head down." I replied, pulling out of our hug. "Love you."

Our mom was on a 'business trip' aka taking a break from my dad. You'd think after being married for hundreds of years they'd learn to get along better.

I made my way into the kitchen and looked through the pantry and grabbing my favorite kind of tea and a mug.

I filled it up with some water.

"Morning Ame." I said, not looking over my shoulder at him.

"Morning n/n." He replied, I could hear him rummaging through the fridge.

After getting my water I turned around to see Ame pulling a large bottle of Coke from the fridge and the microwave running.

"What are you making?" I asked as it dinged.

"Hot pockets." He replied, pulling out the plate loaded with hot pockets.

"You're going to get fat if you keep eating like that." I sighed as the threw my tea bag in my filled mug and popped it in the microwave.

"Try me." He said.

I rolled my eyes at him as my father walked in the kitchen.

"Good morning Y/n." He smiled. "America….."

“Hi Dad.” I smiled back.

“Hey old man.” Ame replied.

My father gave him a disapproving look and turned his attention.

“What are you making y/n?” He asked.

“Oh just some tea.”

“I don't see a kettle.” He chuckled.

“Its in the microwave.”

“Excuse me?”

“Its in the microwave.” I repeated, pointing to the mug spinning in the microwave.

My fathers face changed.

“Who taught you that?” He asked slowly.

“The microwave tea thing? That was me.” Ame answered.

"Ame…. Exit this room before I start yelling at you for disgracing your younger brother/sister/sibling."

"How about you *Brexit* my life?"

There was a pause.

"America I swear to-"

"Fine. I'm leaving." He said, leaving the kitchen.

"Honey would you like to use a kettle? The way you're supposed to?"

"No I'm good. Ame's way is faster." I replied, glancing at the time on the microwave.

My father just stared at me the entire time the tea heated up.

It dinged and I took it out of the microwave.

"It's not even boiling…." My father said pointedly.

"Well of course not. Then it wouldn't be drinkable." I replied, taking a sip.

Britain looked like he was going to explode, thankfully Aussie walked in.

"Morning mates!" He said, walking in with his usual smile.

“Morning Aus.” I replied.

“Morning son.” Britain said.

“Do we have any Gaytimes?”

"Excuse me?"

"He's talking about his ice cream." I explained.

Aussie walked over to the freezer and pulled out a box of ice cream.

"Oh! Can I have a Cookie Crumble?" New Zealand said, popping his head around the corner.

"It's a Gaytime…." Australia sighed at his younger brother. "Here."

Aussie tossed one to Z and pulled out another one.

"Thanks Aus!" New Zealand said, leaving the kitchen.

"Would you like to have a Gaytime
y/n?" He asked, a small smirk playing on his lips.

"I'd love to have a Gaytime." I replied, trying not to laugh at the

look on my dad's face.

He tossed it to me and I caught it, unwrapping the treat and taking a bite.

"Wow that's a good Gaytime." I said, snickering slightly.

"Well it's good to have a Gaytime." He replied, his smirk growing larger.

"Having a Gaytime is delicious." I said, trying not to choke on my icecream as my dad's face looked as though he was questioning having us kids more and more.

"I do love me a Gaytime." Aussie said with a huge grin on his face.

"This family I swear…" Britain muttered, swiftly *ahem* *Brexiting the kitchen* as Ame would probably say.

As soon as he was out of sight, me and Aus burst out laughing.

"What's so funny?" Nada said, walking in where Britain had just come from, looking very confused.

"Just having a Gaytime." Me and Aussie replied with a laugh.

A/n: As you can tell, I haven't gotten enough sleep and just smashed a bunch of old ideas together yayyyyyyy.

Fun fact, this was originally going to be titled "Having a Gaytime" and I was gonna link the song "Having a Good Time" but then that was too much and I'm rambling oh hecccccccccc…..

Also, lmao people actually use tea kettles???

I just use the microwave.

((Also, I've never used a kettle in my life and I don't know anyone that owns one a hahhaha))

Valentines Special!!

[image] [image] [image]

[image]

[image]

Valentines Special!!

A/n: Happy Overrated Holiday That Just Lovesssss Single People

Y/n's POV (1st Person)

"Whew that was a long day huh?" South Korea chuckled, flopping down on the bed next to me as I curled up into him.

"Mhm…" I sighed contently, nuzzling my head into his chest.

"This is nice…" I heard him smile as we lay there sleepily.

My phone buzzed in my pocket.

I let out a groan and fished my phone out and turning it on, my face scrunching up at the sight of the bright screen.

"Y/nnnnn turn that downnnn…." South fake whined.

"Oh hush you." I said, opening the message from Japan.

Cat Lady: Happy Valentines Day!! Hope you and South had a cute date tonight!! Love you!! ❤□❤□❤□❤□❤□❤□❤□❤□❤□❤□

"Oh shoot…" I said, the realization setting in.

"What's wrong?" He frowned.

"Today was Valentines." I said, letting out a light chuckle and looking up at him.

"Oh." He looked down at me, slightly embarrassed.

"Whats wrong?"

"I completely forgot." He replied. "Sorry Y/n. Can I make it up to you? Is there anything you need?"

"I forgot too." I laughed. "And don't worry about it, it's just a holiday, I don't *need* anything. I have the best thing in the world."

"You do?"

"Yeah. You." I giggled, pushing myself back into his chest.

"Awe…"

I smirked to myself, hearing the blush on his face.

"Can we go to bed now?" I yawned. "I'm so tired."

"Me too." He replied, flipping off the lamp.

"I love you."

"I love you too y/n."

"South?"

"Hm?"

"Happy Valentine's Day."

A/n: Yes it short. I'm sosososososssoosososososso sorry. It been so busy and I've been such a mess. I thought yesterday was Wednesday all day and I didn't even think to write until it was too late and then I did write but it was such garbage and so I deleted it I'm sorry you can be mad sorry.

Have these self insterty doodles, huge thanks to those of you that replied to my message board for suggestions!! I had fun doing them.

Thanks again to:

Iwillnomyou
lemmony-lynn
Zulu_the_demon
annagm223
Sweetzies_Studio
X-ViVia-X
Galaxyheart12

A/n: Love you all so much!!
Also, thanks for over 65k!!!

Prussia x Maid!Reader: Your Obedient Servant (Requested!!)

Prussia x Reader
Your Obedient Servant

A/n: Requested by LILLYPADS123 !!

Y/n's POV (1st Person)

"Is he still…. You know…?" B/f/n asked as we headed into our masters house.

I nodded.

"Oh wow… Is he…?" They asked slowly.

"No!" I blushed. "I-i don't think of him in that way!" I said indignantly.

B/f/n giggled.

"Okay if you say so." They replied. "I'll talk to you about it later. Bye!"

"Bye…" I sighed, slipping into the back quarters to change into my uniform.

Ever since I'd started working at Prussia's mansion a month ago, the great empire had started paying some… special attention to me.

I finished slipping into my maid uniform and left the quarters to begin my daily chores.

It was a quiet morning in the household, I did all of my usual chores. I didn't see my master all morning, just my fellow staff. I was starting to feel at ease, until, of course, I did see him.

I up on the step stool, dusting off one of the higher shelves when I heard the door to his room open, I silently prayed it was b/f/n or one of my fellow maids, but I was not so lucky.

“Hello Miss y/n.” I heard a slightly rough voice say behind me.

“Hello sir.” I replied, not turning to face him.

“*Du siehst wunderschön aus*.” Prussia said, I could hear him coming closer.

“Thank you sir.” I replied.

“That uniform looks very soft… may I?”

His hands gently caressed my ass and I tensed up.

“S-sir… you should stop.” I said quickly, getting down and facing him. “T-that's not appropriate.”

“Well I pay you don't I? I should atleast have my fun with what I’m spending my money on.” He said, tracing his finger under my cheek and pulling the feather duster from my hands.

“Im s-sorry.. I need to go..” I said, grabbing back my duster and racing down the hall.

I slipped into one of the empty bedrooms and slammed the door shut, trying to steady my racing heart.

“Wow you came in here fast.”

I whipped my head around to spot b/f/n fluffing up some pillows.

“Phew.” I sighed. “It’s just you.”

“What happened?” They asked, coming over and putting their hands on my shoulders.

“It was Prussia…” I replied. “He grabbed me… and he flirted… and I don't know how to feel!”

“Well do you like him?”

“What? Ah! I don't know! I mean, he’s tall, and strong, and powerful, and handsome... oh.” My eyes widened as my voice grew soft. “Y-you don't think?”

B/f/n giggled.

“Sure sounds like it.”

“But he always flirts and touches! It makes me uncomfortable!” I retorted.
“Have you tried telling him that?”

“No…” I huffed. “He’s just so… *dominating*.”

B/f/n giggled.

“I’ll.. tell him to stop tomorrow…” I sighed.

“And…?”

“Admit I may have a thing for him?”

“Yup.”

I groaned.

“I hate you.”

“You know you love me.” B/f/n replied, taking my arm. “Now come on, we have work to do.”

———————————————

I took a deep breath as a smoothed out a small wrinkle in my apron the next day at work, it would be a very long, or very short day if I got the wrong message and got fired.

I took maybe two steps out of the room I changed in before I saw him.

“Miss y/n?” Prussia said. “There's a spill in my room, would you mind cleaning it for me?”

“Of course sir.” I replied with a little nod.

“Thank you.” He replied, giving me a wink before turning on his heel and walking stiffly down the hall.

I exhaled softly as he left, and quickly grabbed my supplies before making his way to his quarters.

I found a few small drops of red wine spilled onto the edge of the pristine white carpet. It would be hard to get out, but I’d manage.

I’d only been cleaning for a few minutes when I heard the door open behind me.

“I see you’ve found the stain.” Prussia's voice spoke.

“Yes I have sir. It will be a few more minutes before it is cleaned.” I replied.

“No worries. Take your time y/n.” He said, I stiffened as I felt his face right next to me.

“S-sir… you’re very close to me.” I said softly.

“I like watching you work *liebling*.” I shivered as I felt him touch the sides of my chest and travel down to hold my waist in his strong hands.

“You’re shaking…” He whispered, I could feel his lips brush against my ear. “Do not deny you are enjoying this.”

“I don't deny it.” I whispered back.
He grabbed my face with his hands and pressed his lips harshly to mine.

I moaned in surprise.

“P-prussia…” I whimpered, pulling away.

“Shhh…” He said, putting his finger to my lips. “No one needs to know.”

“No one needs to know..” I whispered back softly.

A/n: Okay that was a lot kinkier than I expected.

Also, I've closed requests for ever so please don't request anymore. If you've already requested on the last round, I will write it as promised. But after this round I'm done.

Translations
Du siehst wunderschön aus- You look beautiful
Liebling- Darling

A/n: I HAVE A NEW BOOK!!

[image]

Hello everyone!!

I'm super super excited to announce....
I FINALLY HAVE A NEW BOOK!!

It's a country humans story, focasing on the USSR family and thier relationship.

This one is an actual story, not oneshots.

I'm so happy to be able to share this with yall, and it's been my passion project over the past few weeks.

It's called:

We Are A Family
By: nebula_ascending

Desc: Russia lives in hell. His father beats him. And no matter how hard he tries, he can't seem to protect the ones he cares about.

He has always done his best for his siblings. But with his mom gone and his father talking more to empty bottles of vodka then to him, he finds himself taking on more and more each day. And he begins to wonder, how much longer can he take it?

I'm bad at descriptions the story is better I swear.

TLDR: Russia is a great big brother with a side of angst. Ukraine is a slightly edgy plant boi. Belarus is an absolute bean. Kazakhstan is a good boy and we love him.

I've spent hours, talking through ideas with mutuals, getting beta feedback, working on character ref sheets, designing cover art, and most of all, writing.

I planned to have this up sooner, I'm so sorry for the wait but I hope you guys like it as much as I do!!

Much love and affection,

-Nebula

Philippines x Reader: Deep Water

[image]

Philippines x Reader!
Deep Water

A/n: Okay I've been too scared to post a fic with any of the ASEAN countries as the main because I honestly don't know much about them.
But I figured I'd test the waters with Philippines because he's cute and a surprising amount of people in my demographic are from the Philippines and I feel like I owe yall one.

The song is Deep Water by American Authors.

Y/n's POV (3rd Person)

It comes and goes in waves

"Come on Phil!!" Y/n laughed dragging her best friend down to the beach. "We've got some waves to catch!"

It always runs back but it's never quite the same

"Okay I'm coming!" He replied, grinning. "If you're not careful I'm going to break my board!"

She slowed down her pace so they we're at a quick walk.

"Sorry, I'm just really excited to spend some time with you." She said, blushing slightly.

She and Phil hadn't seen each other in a month and were very eager to spend some time with each other.

Well, I think there's something wrong with me

The two finished walking down to the beach, laughing and joking the whole way.

"Whoever catches the biggest wave wins?" Y/n asked.

"You're going down." He smirked, racing into the water.

"Hey!" She giggled. "Cheater."

Got nothing to believe, can't you see it on my face

Y/n plunged herself into the water.

Laying flat on her board she pulled herself through the water and over the break.

She smiled as she saw Phil just ahead of her. Truth be told, she had feelings for him, and she hoped to confess soon. But not today. Today she just wanted to see her best friend.

“That one!” Pilip called to her, pointing to a large wave in front of them.

She nodded and the two began to paddle furiously towards it.

They made it to the wave, allowing it to pull them in before flipping the boards and allowing the wave to carry them across the surface of the water.

I was going for the title, got hit by your tidal wave

Standing up and running her fingers through the water was exhilarating. She felt calm and content surfing next to Philippines.

The pair surfed and played for hours, screwing around catching the waves and enjoying eachothers company.

Can't stay in the shallows, please tell me I won't wash away

"Hey Phil!" Y/n yelled. "I'm going to beat you! I found the biggest wave!"

Y/n grinned and pointed to the massive wave starting to roll in.

Phil yelled something to her, but she couldn't hear it as she entered the mouth of the wave.

When it pulls me under, will you make me stronger?

As she got closer, she quickly realized her mistake. It was too big.

She tried to paddle away from it, but found herself sucked in further and further.

"No no no no no…." She muttered in panic as the wave crashed over her head.

Will you be my breath through the deep, deep water?

She was slammed down into the depths.

Y/n tried not to release any of the precious air that she helt in her lungs. Kicking upwards, she propelled herself to the surface.

She gasped for breath just as another wave slammed her down.

She tried again, only to be pushed farther and farther into the depths.

Y/n lifted her hand out to the small glint of sunlight above her as her vision faded out in the deep blue sea.

Philippines POV (1st Person)

I sat in the water, smiling to myself at y/n.

She was so cute the way she teased me and played in the waves. I was glad to have her as my best friend, although sometimes I wished she was more.

"Hey Phil!" Y/n yelled.

I perked up at the sound of my name.

"I'm going to beat you! I found the biggest wave!" Y/n grinned and

pointed to the massive wave starting to roll in.

My eyes grew wide as she headed towards the massive wave.

It was too big.

Take me farther, give me one day longer

"Its too big!" I shouted. "Y/n stop! Its too big!"

She couldn't seem to hear me.

I whipped by board around and paddled furiously towards her, but I was too far away.

"Y/N!" I yelled as the wave pushed her under.

Will you be my breath through the deep, deep water?

I shoved my board aside and kicked my legs through the water as hard and as fast as I could.

I had to get to her, fast.

Between strokes I could see the waves crashing over her again and again, until she didn't come up.

I stopped at the spot I'd just seen her in and looked down. I couldn't see her.
I took a deep breath and plunged into the salty water after her.

Ain't even scratched the surface

I could barely make out anything, except for the dark shape sinking lower and lower into the depths.

'Y/n…' I thought, pushing against the currents, trying to make it to her as fast as I could.

I could feel the pressure starting to build up in my lungs. I couldn't stop now. I was so close.

Thinking I deserve the dream but I don't deserve the hurting

I reached my hand out, with one final kick I grabbed her by the arm and pulled her close to me. The pressure pressed harder and harder in my lungs, begging to breathe. But I couldn't. Not yet.

I pushed up, one arm around her and one arm stretched towards the surface.
My head broke the surface, I gasped for air.

I coughed slightly and looked at y/n.

“Y-y/n?” I shook her slightly. “Wake up!!”

No response.

I want the flame without the burning

I pulled us out of the waves, past the break, and to the shore.

I laid her down, brushing a strand out of her beautiful face and tilted her chin up, still no response.

Pinching her nose, I put my mouth over her and began to rescue breathe.
Gasping for my own breath, I waited for some sign of life. Nothing.

“You have to wake up…” I said, placing my hands on her chest and pressing quickly. “Come on y/n… come on!”

I breathed again.

But I can't find my purpose when I don't know what my worth is

“Y/n please… I love you….” I pressed harder. “Wake up please… I-I love you so much..”

I could feel tears starting to fill up my eyes.

“P-please…” I said shakily, the compressions slowing to a stop.
I placed my head in my hands. This was my fault. I didn't know how or why, I just knew somehow that I’d done this.

I was going for the title, got hit by your tidal wave

I strangled cough suddenly split the air.

Y/n.

I quickly rushed to help her sit up as she coughed and sputtered water everywhere.

“Oh my gosh y/n you're alive oh wow that's alot water okay you’re doing great keep coughing I’m so glad you’re okay I love you…” I gushed, swiftly kissing her on the lips.

I was going for the title, got hit by your tidal wave

She quickly shoved me off.

I felt crushed.

She hates me now.

“S-sorry…” She coughed. “I was very into that I swear….. I-I just cant breathe…”

“Yeah you’re right sorry.” I replied, blushing.

Can't stay in the shallows, please tell me I won't wash away

I nervously waited for a few moments while she finished hacking her lungs out on the surf.

"So um…. 'I love you' and um… you kissed me?" She asked slowly.

When it pulls me under, will you make me stronger?

I shyly nodded.

"Sorry, I should have done that." I sighed. "I just panicked and I really care about you- I like you. Actually. Alot."

Will you be my breath through the deep, deep water?

"I love you too…" She said softly, leaning in slightly towards me. "Should we try that kiss again?"

Take me farther, give me one day longer

"Yes." I replied, knowing my flag was probably completely red at this point.

She giggled, moving her head closer to me.

I grinned and slowly leaned in as her lips met mine.

Will you be my breath through the deep, deep water?

A/n: Hope I did okay with this one, I've been kinda scared of screwing it over for a while now.

And sorry it took me so long to publish another chapter! I meant to have this out yesterday, but my day went from all the free time in the world to, take a half decent shower and pass out.

Also, special thanks to everyone who read, commented, and voted on my new book!! I super appreciate it thank you all sososososo much!!

Also, also, if I were to *ahem* write a more spicier chapter…. Which countries would you want to see?

Kazakhstan x Reader (GN): Take To The Sky

[image]

Kazakhstan x Reader (GN)
Take To The Sky

A/n: Hope everyone had a good weekend! Sorry I havnt uploaded much this week or this weekend, take this fluffy oneshot as compensation for my crimes.

Also, I'm like, 90% sure it's gender neutral tell me if it isn't and I'll fix it.

The song is Take To The Sky by Owl City!

Y/ns POV (1st Person)

Shipwreck in a sea of faces

I lay on my back, looking up at the clear blue sky.

It was a peaceful spring morning and I was eagerly awaiting the arrivail of my boyfriend, Kazakchstan.

He was a little busy with work, but he said he'd take me out this afternoon. He was the sweetest guy I'd ever met.

There's a dreamy world up there

A large shadow suddenly swooped over my face.

To anyone else, it would have looked like a large bird high up in the sky, but I'd reconize the golden tint of those wings anywhere.

I smiled slowly and sat up as the bird like shape grew larger and larger before landing infront of me.

Dear friends in higher places

"Hi y/n." He grinned shyly, pulling his goggles up onto his face as he walked over to me.

"Hi Kaz." I replied, kissing him gently as he knelt down infront of me. "How was your day?"

"It was the usual. But it's alot better now that you're here." He blushed slightly. "How was your day? I hope I didn't keep you waiting too long."

"My day was fine. It's really pretty out here." I said guesturing to the small grassy patch next to the parking lot I'd parked in. "The sky is a nice blue today."

Carry me away from here

"Yeah it is." He replied, looking up at the clear blue.

"Is it nice up there? I bet it is."

"It's amazing." He said.

There was a content silence between us.

"Do you…. You know?" He asked slowly.

I looked at him as he pointed to the sky.

"Fly with you?" I said, excitement slipping into my voice. "I'd love to."

"Good." He beamed. "I brought you a harness."

"I brought lunch." I said.

Travel light, let the sun eclipse you

"Go grab the food while I get it set up." He said, pulling to me to my feet as he stood up.

I unlocked the car and grabbed the small picnic basket I'd

prepared this morning for us. I finished pulling it out and relocked the car.

Glancing back, I saw him finishing up with the harness, and struggling with one of the straps.

"Here…" I offered, setting down the small basket and began to fix the strap for him.

He kissed my forehead.

"I love you." He said, blushing madly.

"I love you too." I replied, kissing his cheek. "Are you sure I won't be too heavy for you to carry?"

'Cause your flight is about to leave

"You won't be too heavy. Trust me, I've carried heavier. I once carried Russia." He winced at the memory. "It um… ended with an emergency landing…."

"Oh wow." I giggled. "How should I…?"

"Here I'll help you." He said, helping me strap in and scooping up our food. "Ready?"

"As I'll ever be."

And there's more to this brave adventure

I took a deep breath.

"3…2...1!" He yelled, pushing off.

I let out a scream as he began to climb higher and higher into the sky.

"Oh no oh wow we're really high please don't let me fall…" I wimpered quietly, my eyes shut tight.

Than you'd ever believe

"You okay?" Kazakhstans blue and yellow face looked down at me.

"Yup!" I half lied. "Doing just great!"

Birds-eye view, awake the stars 'cause they're all around you

I looked down and my breath hitched in my throat.

It was beautiful.

Everything looked so small, I was on top of the world.

I could see every tree and boulder and creek and grassy feild that made up the forest we flew over.

Wide eyes will always brighten the blue

"Whoa…" I said aloud.

"Beautiful huh?" He said, hearing me.

"Incredible." I replied.

"I knew you'd like it."

Chase your dreams, and remember me, sweet bravery

He veered sharply to the left and a small yelp escaped my lips.

He began to descend quickly to a large feild below.

My heart raced in my chest as we came closer and closer to the earth below.

'Cause after all those wings will take you, up so high

Landing was the worst part.

I could feel the slight struggle to keep us balanced enough to land. I could feel the powerful beat of his wings stir up the air around us like a protective bubble as our feet made contact with the ground.

"What'd you think?" He asked as he unstrapped me from the harness and pulled it off.

"It was amazing! And scary. But mostly amazing." I squealed slightly. "It must be so amazing to fly all the time, you were amazing."

He blushed.

"I'm just glad you liked it." He said taking my hand as walking me up to the small hill under a large tree. "Should we eat?"

So bid the forest floor goodbye as you race the wind

I nodded as we sat down and began pulling out our food.

I'd made some of his favorite foods, kurt, shelpek, nan, and manti dumplings to name a few.

I leaned on his shoulder as he wrapped his wings around me. We took turns feeding eachother bites of food as we laughed and talked all afternoon.

“This is nice.” I sighed as the dark clouds began roll in, painting shadows and dacing the light over the trees.

“Yes it is.” He said, cuddling me a little closer with his soft wings.

I laughed softly.

“That tickled.”

“I love to hear your laugh.” He smiled at me, a soft red glow at the edge of cheeks.

I kissed him and he kissed back.

A rumble of thunder inturrupted our moment, warning us to the impending storm.

And take to the sky

Kazakhstan frowned.

“We should go.” He said, quickly grabbing the harness and strapping in. “I don't want to have to try and fly through the storm with an extra person.”

“Yeah thats a good idea.” I replied, strapping in and giving his hand a squeeze as we took off.

On the heels of war and wonder

I shook with cold and fear as we went higher and higher into the brewing storm, I couldn't feel my fingers and toes.

I could feel the wind pulling at us, threatening and foreboding.

There's a stormy world up there

The storm got worse and worse as we flew higher and further. Rain began to tear into ice like ice daggers.

Rain was alot harder when you were in it. I bet it would have been nicer if we were on the ground.

You can't whisper above the thunder

A large gust hit our side and I felt him tip and shake, threatening to push us over.

“Kaz!” I yelled over the wind. “Are you okay?!”

“Im fine!” He yelled as a flash of light went off to our right. “Its going to be a quick landing though!”

But you can fly anywhere

I sqeezed tightly to the straps, shutting my eyes tightly as he dipped down.

Down, down, down to the ground.

Purple burst of paper birds

I winced slightly as we tumbled on the ground.

“Y/n!” He said struggling to get me out of the harness.

“Im alright!” I gasped, the wind being knocked from me.

He gently wrapped his hands around my waist, covering me with his wings and out of the rain.

“Thank you…” I said softly, leaning back into his lap.

This picture paints a thousand words

“You sure you’re alright?” He asked, I felt him stroke his fingers through my wet h/c hair.

“I am now.”

“I’m really sorry about today.” I could hear how upset he was.

“What are you talking about?” I said, turning my head to face him.

So take a breath of myth and mystery

“I had an amazing date with my amazing boyfriend and touched the sky.” I kissed his cheek. “How many people can say that?”

“Not many I guess.” He shrugged. “I’ve got to go, sorry. Another date soon?”

He frowned as he checked his watch.

“Soon for sure.” I gave him one last kiss before slipping out the fold of his wings and heading back to my car.

I couldn’t wait to fly with him again soon

And don't look back

A/n: Wow two songs fics in a row I'm sorry. I swear all my ideas right now are song fics.

Anyways, sorry again for not uploading this weekend. Have a great day/night, love y'all.

Ireland x Reader: Leap Day

Ireland x Reader
Leap Day

A/n: Hello and happy Leap Day!!

Sorry I've been dead all week, school just got really crazy and I haven't barely had the time to even think about writing, I hope this little chapter semi makes up for it though.
So Leap Day huh? I don't care for it, but I do think the Irish tradition is cute.

Back in ye old days in Ireland, women were only allowed to propose on one day a year, Leap Day.

I think it's cute and I love the rom-com, Leap Year, that's based on it (its cute you should watch it) so that's what this chapter is loosely based on.

Sorry for the ramble.
Enjoy!

Y/n's POV (1st Person)

"I can't believe you're going to marry him…" Greece said softly as I packed another outfit into my suitcase.

"If he even says yes." Finland piped up, not looking up from his phone as he lay sprawled out on my beanbag.

"Finland… we're trying to be supportive." Greece replied.

"It's fine Greece. I know he doesn't mean anything by it." I smiled at him. "Right Fin?"

"Mhm…" He replied.

Truth be told, I was terrified to propose to Ireland. We'd been

together for almost a year now and I loved him more than anything. He was the most amazing guy I'd ever met, and I was ready to take things to the next level. I just hoped he liked me enough to say yes.

"How are you going to do it?" Greece asked, sitting on my bed and pushing a lock of blue and white hair from her face. "Does he even know you're coming?"

"Nope! I'm surprised by him, I want it to be romantic. I'll fly into Shannon Airport and drive up to the Cliffs of Moher. They're really pretty." I pulled my phone from my pocket to show them, Greece smiled and Finland looked with mild interest.

"It's really pretty y/n."

"Thanks. It's where we met too. I was on my grand Europe vacation and my car broke on the way to see them. Ireland found me stranded on the side of the road and drove me up. We even stayed the night together." I blushed at the memory.

"Red faced?" Finland smirked. "Did you two…"

He made a gesture.

"That's none of your business!" I said quickly, feeling my face go hot and turning around to shut my suitcase.

Greece giggled slightly and I saw the two of them share a look.

"Oh stop that you two." I huffed, trying mentally to cool my heated cheeks.

"Anyways, I have to get going. Airport security, you know how it is."

I lifted the suitcase off my bed and smiled at the pair.

"Good luck y/n." Greece said, giving me a gentle hug.

"Thanks Greece." I smiled, hugging her back tightly. "I'll miss you guys."

I pulled out of the hug and walked to the door.

“No hug for me Fin?” I asked.

“Fine…” He sighed, getting off the beanbag and giving me an awkward pat on the back.

I snickered.

“You’re so anti-PDA its adorable.” I smirked, giving him an affectionate peck on the cheek. “I'll call later. Lock up for me!”

I tossed the key to my apartment to Greece before slipping out the door and loading my stuff in my car, driving to the airport as fast as I could. Traffic could be horrible and I could not afford to get stuck. Not today.

I parked and got my bag, hurrying into the airport and heading for the security line.

“Hey.” Someone said, tapping my shoulder.

I whirled around.

“Czechia?” I said in surprise. “What are you doing here?”

“Flying planes. My next flight shift isnt for another few hours. Do you want to skip the line?” He asked.

“Yes please.” I smiled as he began to walk me to a smaller line.

“It's pretty convenient I always seem to be here when you’re flying.” He chuckled.

“Yeah.” I chuckled back. “That is super convenient…. Hmm ....”

I was shaken from my thoughts as we reached the security gate.

He said something to one of the security agents and she nodded, giving me and my bag a quick scan.

“You’re good to go y/n.” Czech smiled. “I’ll see you around. Probably next time you fly at this rate.”

“Well it's always good to know you’re around.” I replied. “Bye! Thanks again.”

I headed down the large halls of the airport to my terminal, quickly checking my ticket.

“Oh no….” I said quietly, stopping dead in my tracks.

I’d gotten the time wrong.

I was boarding right now.

I swore and tore down to the gate.

I arrived out of breath, handing my ticket to the person working there.

“You got here just in time.” They smiled, beeping my ticket. “No worries love, you get in there and take a deep breath okay love?”

“Thank you so much.” I smiled, giving her a nod and heading down the hall, into the plane and into my seat.

I silently thanked the world for giving me such amazing friends. I wouldn't be on this plane without them.

I looked out the window as the plane took off, I sighed deeply as unconsciousness washed over me and the sound of the plane lulled me to sleep.

“Hello ladies and gentlemen, this is your pilot speaking, we are descending to Shannon Airport as we speak. Please put on your seat belts and grab your personal belongings. Thank you for flying with us.” The pilot said as I slowly blinked back to consciousness.

I looked out the window, the sun was already low in the sky. I checked my phone, 4:13 pm. It’d take me an hour and a half to get there, Scotland would drag him over, and I’d propose. The plan was flawless.

I got off the plane and went to go get my rental car. It was smooth

sailing, absolutely perfect.

I hummed along to the radio, and checked the map every few minutes to make sure I was on course. I came to a large ditch filled with water and a few large rocks around it.

I frowned and checked the map, if I back tracked now and took the other road, it'd take me fifteen extra minutes.

'Pfft I can make that.' I thought, speeding up.

"MOTHERF- " I yelled as the piece of crap rental car bounced and I heard a loud pop.

"Nonononononononono…." I said, quickly getting out and looking in horror down at the popped tire and the marks on the sides. "No.. please…"

I went around back and checked the whole car for a spare, finally finding one, I sighed with relief and got to work.

"There we go…" I smiled, patting the tire. "Good to…."

My smile faded as I saw the tire starting to deflate.

'What the…'

I checked it.

Popped.

"ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!? REALLY?? I JUST WANT TO PROPOSE TO MY BOYFRIEND. IS THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK??" I yelled, standing up and kicking the spare as hard as I could.

"OW!"

I fell to the ground, clutching my foot.

"Ah… that was stupid… wow that was really stupid…" I groaned, inspecting my swelling foot.

Sprained.

I didn't have a car, and had sprained my ankle, and I was too far away from signal to call. I was alone.

———————————————

I didn't know how long I'd been laying in the middle of the road for. Didn't matter, no one was coming.

The stars were pretty, and I could hear soft wind whistle through the grass beside me. It didn't matter how nice it was. I had failed.

HONK.

I shot up, and looked at the pair of brights staring me in the face.

"Y/n? What the bloody hell are you doing?" Scotland said, poking his face out the car window. "Come on!"

I scrambled to my feet, limping into the passenger's side.

"Explain while I drive." He said ,whipping the car around violently and blazing down the road at full speed.

"My car tire popped, then the spare popped, and I sprained my foot and got stranded." I huffed. "Happy?"

"Oh boy." He laughed. "That's quite the story. We have to hurry though, or we won't make it."

I checked the time.

"It's 11:38. It's another half hour! We'll never make it!"

"We will if I'm driving!" He grinned, slamming down on the pedal all the way. "FREEEEEEEDOOOOMM!!!"

I held on for dear life, and reminded myself to never ride with him ever again.

"Get out lass!" He said as we pulled up to one of the cliffs. "Hurry!"

I scrambled out of the car and saw him.

“Y/n?” He said in happy confusion.

“Ireland..” I breathed, stumbling into his arms.

“What's going on? What are you doing here?” He asked.

I took a deep breath, taking his scent of fresh grass and whiskey, before pulling away.

“Happy Leap Day.” I smiled, getting down on one knee.

11:59.

“Ireland…” I said slowly.

“Will you marry me?”

A/n: Andddd scene!!
Hope you enjoyed!!
Sorry again for the lack of update, I plan to be more active this week I swear.
Have a great day/night!!
Also! I'll be getting to your Q and A's asap!!

Russia/Britian x Male!Child/ Teen!Reader: Found Family

Russia/Britian x Male!Child/Teen!Reader
Found Family

A/n: NoUsernameHere21 this is for you my guy, hope it gives you a little comfort, I'm always here for you.

Also, y/n is about like, 12/13 in this. Like, still a kid but not really old enough to be responsible yet?? Idk

Russia's POV (3rd Person)

Russia walked down the road of the quiet city at night. The air was cool and crisp as he wandered through the streets.

"Hey! Stop him!" Russia heard someone yell further along the road.

A kid came battling towards him and out of pure instincts, he grabbed him.

"Let me go!" The boy yelled. "Please you have to let me go!"

"Give me one good reason." He said, looking down at him in the dim lights of the flickering street lamps.

"They're my parents… they don't care about me… please I'm so tired of them. T-they don't love me…." He said, tears streaming down his cheeks. "Please let me go."

"Get behind the wall and stay low." He said, making a split second decision.

"Have you seen a kid?" A man said, approaching the Russian. "About this tall? Probobly crying like a baby?"

"I havnt seen any kid run through here." He lied. "I'd tell you if I did."

"Are you sure sir? You're not lying to me?" He asked, narrowing his eyes.

"Are you accusing me of lying?" He said cooly, glowering down at him as he crossed his arms. "Because if you are…."

"I'm not! I'm not!" The man said quickly, putting his hands up and backing away. "Thank you for telling me sir… I'll go now. Have a nice evening."

Russia watched the man leave the street before turning back to the allyway he'd shoved the boy into.

"Hey kid," He said gently. "They're gone, you're safe to come out."

The boy slowly came out from behind some boxes and hesitantly came towards Russia.

"Thank you…." He said quietly.

"Anytime." Russia replied. "So running away huh?"

The boy sniffed and nodded.

"I'm sorry. Do you have somewhere you're running away to?" He asked gently, he wasn't quite sure why he was being so nice to a random kid but it seemed like the right thing to do.

"Just… away." He replied. "I just needed to get out of there, for ever."

The Russian nodded in understanding.

"Do you want to crash at my place for a while? I'm not sure if my siblings will be there or not, but they're pretty nice." He offered.

"Yes please." He replied, looking up at him with scared yet hopeful eyes.

"Come on." He said, giving him a light nudge on the shoulder. "It's this way."

The pair walked in slience for a little bit, Russia taking note of the kids tired and worn apprearnce and nervous glances as though he seemed to be waiting to get caught.

'I need to stop calling him kid…' Russia thought.

"Hey what's your name?" Russia asked.

The kid looked up.

"It's y/n." He replied.

"Nice name." He said, smiling reassuringly at the young man. "I'm Russia."

"I know. I-i mean, I guessed. From the, uh…." He made a motion to his face.

"Oh yeah the flag." Russia chuckled slightly. "I forget about that sometimes."

Y/n managed a slight trace of a smile.

"We're here." He said, leading y/n up the stairs to a large house.

He lead y/n inside and brought him up the stairs to get cleaned up.

“Hello?” Russia yelled down the hall. “Anyone else home?”

No response.

“Guess its just us.” Russia shrugged.

“Here, get showered and I’ll bring you some clean clothes okay?”

Y/n nodded and slipped into the bathroom.

Russia hummed the Soviet Anthem quietly as he wondered into Ukraines room to grab some clean clothes, he was much shorter

then Russia so the clothes would fit better, quickly grabbing a fresh towel and setting them outside the door.

He gently tapped on it.

“Hey clothes and towel are outside okay? Ill be downstairs if you need me.” He called, heading away from the door and down to the kitchen.

———————————————

It was a while before y/n made his way down the stairs.

“Hi.” He said shyly. “Thanks for the shower. I needed that.”

“Anytime.” Russia smiled slightly. “If you're hungry just take anything youd like. Or I can try to cook, my sister is alot better then it then I am.”

He watched as y/n hesitantly dug around the kitchen until he settled on (your favorite snack).

“Good choice.” Russia said as he sat up on the counter next to him. “So you said you were leaving your family becuase they didn't care, да? Care to explain?”
Y/n nodded.

“I just got sick of it. Of feeling like I didn't matter to them. They didn't love me. Not like a family is supposed to. So I left.” He said slowly, looking down at the ground. “Please don't make me go back.”

“I wont.” He said, shaking his head. “I promise. You can stay here until we find you a better home okay?”

“Okay.” He said with a nod and a yawn.

“Tired?”

“Yeah, I don't sleep much.” He shrugged.

“Upstairs, all the way down the hall on the left.”

He nodded.

“Thanks.”

———————————————

Russia gently opened the door and peeked into the room y/n was sleeping in.

Except he wasn't asleep.

“Y/n?”

His head snapped up.

“Sorry, I can't sleep.”

“Want me to hang out with you until you do?”

“I wouldn't want to bother you. You've already done a lot…”

Russia shook his head and lay down on the bed next to y/n.

“I'll be here all night.”

The two lay there in silence for a few minutes.

“Why did you help me? I mean, you don't even know me.” Y/n contemplated aloud, breaking the silence.

“I guess because it was the right thing to do. You're young, you don't deserve to put up with a family that doesn't care. I mean, clearly it stressed you out enough to run away.” Russia replied, looking over at him.

“Do you think anyone will want me? I mean, my family didn't, and you… well you've made it clear.”

“I wouldn't mind honestly, but I'm not really stable enough to take care of another person.” Russia cut in. “But someone will want you. Im sure of it.”

“You think?”

“I know. Get some rest, we'll figure it out tomorrow, okay?”

“Night Russia.”

“Night Y/n.”

_____

Y/ns POV (3rd Person)

Y/n sat up and blinked, looking around in confusion, not quite sure of his surroundings.

It took him a moment to mentally recount the memories from last night, he looked over for Russia, but he was gone.

Y/n slipped from the bed and headed down the stairs.

“Morning y/n.” Russia smiled slightly. “Did you sleep okay?”

“Yeah. Thanks. Whats that?” He asked pointing to the plate in Russia's hand.

“Its (your favorite breakfast). I made it for you.” Russia handed him the plate. “Eat up. We have to go soon.”

“Where are we going?” Y/n asked, taking a bite of his food.

“I think I know someone who can take you in, probably permenantly if you like him enough.” Russia replied. “He known for taking in others on the spot, I doubt he’ll have a problem taking in you.”

“Who is it?” He asked.

“Finish up and I'll drive you over.” Russia said.

Y/n quickly finished up his breakfast and got into the car. It was a quiet ride over to the house, y/ns mind raced at a million miles per hour as he nervously looked out the window.

“Were here.” Russia said, pulling up to a large house, bigger then one y/n had ever seen.

“Whoa…” He breathed.

Russia parked the car and they two walked up the steps to the front door, which opened before they could even knock.

“Good morning.” The man at the door smiled. “Im Britain. You must be y/n.”

Y/n blinked and glanced at Russia.

“I called ahead.” He shrugged.

“Where are my manners? Come in!” He smiled warmly at y/n and opened the door for them to enter the house.

“I'll think I’ll head back now if that alright.” Russia said.

“Will I see you again?” Y/n asked, now feeling even more nervous.

“Anytime you want.” Russia said.

“Britain has my number, just call.”
He gave y/n a quick hug and left the house.

“Follow me and we’ll talk over tea.” Britain said, guiding him down the large halls, y/n had never seen a nicer house in his life.

Y/n sat down across from Britian as he poured him a cup.

“So Russia told me you ran away hm? And that your family didn't seem to care for you? Very unfortunate, you seem like a nice young man. Well, you always have a home here if you want it. It's just me and my wife, France, most of the time. Sometimes the boys come for holidays, don't worry about them, they're a little wild. Oh dear, I seem to be rambling don't I?” Britain chuckled.

"That's okay." Y/n smiled shyly. "I don't mind."

"So what do you say about staying? Hm?" Britain said, leaning forwards in his chair.

"Well if you're okay with it, and it works out and everything, then yes." He replied.

"Brilliant!" Britain smiled. "Welcome to the family y/n."

---

4 Months Later

"GOOOOOOODDD MORNINGGGGG" Ame yelled, barging into y/n's room that morning.

"Ame!" Y/n yelled back, his heart beating quickly in his chest at the sudden scare. "What the hell?"

Ame shrugged.

"That's how Z woke me up this morning. Dad wants to talk to you by the way." He said, walking out of the room.

Y/n grumbled to himself about the sudden wake up call as he got ready for the day. He headed out to the hall and spotted Britain coming towards him.

"Good morning y/n." He smiled warmly. "Sorry about your brother this morning. I didn't expect him to wake you up like that."

"It's okay D- um Britain." He said, blushing as he corrected himself.

"I already told you can call me dad." He said, waving it aside. "Speaking of family, I need to talk to you about something. Here."

Y/n took the papers from Britain and shifted through them.

"Y-you…." He swallowed hard. "You want to adopt me?"

"Yes. Y/n you're already a part of this family, atleast to us anyways. With your permission, we'd like to make it official."

"Y-yes." Y/n said smiling, trying to contain his emotions. "Yes I'd really like that."

"Come here." Britain said gently, pulling y/n into a comforting hug. "It's okay, I've got you."

"I love you…" Y/n said quietly. "Dad…"

A /n: Hope this was okay NoUsernameHere21 , and know you always have my support. Sorry if this wasn't 100% what you were looking for, I did my best.

Also, you guys have probably noticed the lack of updates recently, school has been crazy. I'm not gonna "take a break" so please don't suggest it.

I've decided that I will update this book as often as I can but just be aware it won't be as often as usual and I'm sorry about that but that's just the way it's going to be.

Also!! The Q and A should *fingers crossed* be up soon! I've been working very hard on it and am excited to share it with y'all.

Q & A/FAQS!! (Part One)

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Hello!!
Thank you to everyone who asked questions, y'all are amazing. Sorry this took so long, please enjoy, I've been working very hard on them all week.

Yee haw

I'm down to ship whatever so long as it isn't gross

If you've talked with me online for more then 5 seconds, then you know about Rory

I'll go anywhere honestly, I love to travel!

Seriously, it's crazy, your support means so much to me

And no, I don't have a least favorite color

Yes.... Hetalia.... I know.....

My hand hurts....

My least favorite food is corn

It's okay.....

Hey so long as it isn't math

There are some chapters I've written on here that I think are completely garbage but some of them are actually people's favorite fics so.... Just do it

Just not into them. Sorry :/

School is exhausting tho

I knew this question was coming...

My first fic was a Lord of the Rings fanfic, I wrote it when I was 12.

My inspiration for this book came from the fact that there was maybe, 1-2 Antartica fics out there? And I was like, "Fine I'll do it myself."

I've been in fandoms since I was 8 years old, it's a long list.

Surprised you even asked

I like reptiles what can I say

Music is my life, I love listening to anything I can get my hands on

End of Q and A Part One

Q & A/FAQS!! (Part Two!!)

[image] [image] [image] [image] [image] [image] [image]

Ahahhaha Wattpad will only let you do 20 pics per chapter.

Multifandoms27 this is all your fault

Girl!!

Cereal first, always

I like to paint

I had to take like, 5 quizzes to figure it out

I don't care if this is a "kids movie" it's adorable and I will defend it with my life

I-i just think they're neat....

FAQS:

Q: Can I draw something from your book?

A: Yes!! Please!! I would love to see more art of my book and it makes me so happy to see people being creative with it

Q: Can we talk someplace that isn't Wattpad?

A: Yup!! We have an Instagram!! It's @/nebula_ascending_

Q: Can I talk to you?

A: Of course!! My DMs are always open, don't ever be afraid to send me a message, I love taking to new people

Q: What is your sexuality?

A: I get asked this alot.... Please don't ask... It makes me uncomfortable and it's non of your business

Q: What is your gender?

A: Ahahha.... I'm sure it's super obvious by now..... *sighs*

Q: Will you (Nebula) ever appear in one of your fics?

A: Only if you want me too!!

Again, thanks for everyone that asked and for your support on this book. I love yall so much.
Have a great day/night!!

France x Reader (GN): Spilled Wine

France x Reader (GN)
Spilled Wine

A/n: Mmmmm another spicy chapter. Why France? Because let's all admit it, we'd all be down to fu- I mean, chill with France. She's kinda hot what can I say?

Made this one gender neutral so everyone can enjoy.

I usually don't post chapters like this because of my prominently younger demographic. But this book has always been intended for slightly older audiences let's face it.

Dedicated to: moonfeatheranime12 ;)

Warnings: Lime, mild swearing

Y/n stood off to the side of the room as the party went on. There was drinking and chatting and laughter. Countries from all over were there for the E.U. dinner party, with France as their host.

Y/n had a been pining after France for months, but she never seemed to notice.
It didn't surprise y/n though, France always had a guy or girl draped over her shoulder, always finding some country to get it up with her. Y/n felt there was never even a chance.

“Hello.” A gentle french accent said softly in y/ns ear.

Y/n jumped in surprise, knocking Frances glass all down their shirt.

“Pardon!!” France said, the pair staring down at the massive red stain that was soaking into y/ns clothes.

“I-its okay…” Y/n said nervously, embarrassed about the whole situation.

“Here, I'll get you another shirt, come with me.” She said, taking y/n's hand in hers and pulling towards the stairs and away from the party.

“Thank you..” Y/n said softly as they were led to a room.

Frances room.

"One moment *ma chérie*." She said, walking over to the large doors off to the side of the room, revealing a massive closet.

Y/n waited nervously, glancing around the softly lit posh room that France had.

"Here you are." France said, handing y/n a (favorite color) shirt. "This should fit I think."

"Thank you so much." Y/n gushed in relief. "I'll just change in the closet if that's alright."

"Of course darling, take your time." She smiled, waving towards the double doors.

"Thanks again." Y/n said, slipping through the doors and taking off the wine soaked shirt.

Y/n grinned as they sniffed the new shirt, it smelled like baguettes and roses. Like France.

Just as y/n had put the shirt over thier head, they felt a hand appear suddenly on the small of their back.

"Y/n wait." France whispered.

Y/n felt every inch of their body tense up, partly from excitement, partly out of nerves.

"F-france?" Y/n questioned.

"Y/n…. We've known each other for a while… I like you… I like you very much..."

"I like you to France." Y/n managed, blushing.

"Come to bed with me."

"What?"

"Now."

France grabbed the half shirtless y/n and shoved them to the bed.

"Do you mind?" She asked, pulling off the rest of the shirt.

"Uhhhh…." Was all y/n could say.

"Don't worry, I'll take off mine too if it makes you feel better." She said, untying her bandanna and pulling the shirt over her head and tossing it to the floor. "How's that?"

"G-great…" Y/n blushed and tried not to grin at the luck they were having with the incredibly attractive country.

France smiled, slowly, gently, tracing her finger down the center of y/ns chest. Passing the stomach, her hand went all the way down to the-

"France!!" Y/n squealed.

"Problem?" She asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Um... I mean..." Y/n blushed. "I'm not complaining. C-can you just go a little slow?"

France smirked.

"No. I don't think I will."

Y/n let out a small whimper as France softly stroked, and leaned down to kiss.

Kissing France was the most amazing thing y/n could ever

imagine. She was passionate, slow, and knew how to push every button.

"You're so cute y/n." She giggled. "And not a bad kisser too."

"T-thank you." Y/n replied as sexily as they could.

She laughed again and y/ns heart fluttered at the sound.

Holy hell she was beautiful.

The way she laughed, how she looked shirtless, that firey, flirtatious personality.

"France you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen." Y/n said, stairing deeply into her eyes.

"Awe thinking flirting with me will turn the tables?" She said soothingly. "Oh how wrong you are."

Her hand playfully moved to the zipper and buttons on y/ns jeans as she moved her lips to y/n's again, this time pressing harder.

Y/n moaned, not being able to contain the powerful emotions flowing through their veins.

"You're so desperate…." She smirked pulling away for a moment before cupping y/n's cheeks in her hands and nuzzling thier face. "You could try to be more helpful you know."

Y/n closed their eyes as they kissed France softly on the lips, feeling their way to her chest and to her bra clasp.

She let out a fake gasp.

"Oh so naughty." She teased. "What if someone were to see you?"

"They'd probably be too distracted by how hot you look right now." Y/n breathed, watching her flirtatious facade falter for a moment.

"Oh! You did get me." She giggled, placing her hands on the sides

of y/ns ribcage and stroking the sides of their chest with her thumbs. "Almost made me blush…. How dare you…."

Her smile widened as she passionately French kissed y/n.

"You're so soft and kind y/n… I've noticed that since day one…. Let me take you over… you won't regret it." She whispered, her lips brushing against
y/n's ear, sending tingles down their spine.

“I-”

“Hey Fran- *merda*!!” Italy yelled, covering his eyes in embarrassment and terror.

“What are you doing in here?” France growled, clearly annoyed.

“Um….uh.. EU needs you… I-Im going now!” Italy said, stumbling into the door. "N-nice to see you y/n!"

He quickly left, slamming the door behind him.

"Um…. Do you need to go?" Y/n asked uncertainly.

"Don't worry. I'll be right back." She said, grabbing her shirt and throwing it on. "I expect you fully naked at ready to go by the time I get back."

"You're the boss." Y/n replied, grinning like an idiot.

She giggled softly and blew y/n a kiss as she walked out the girl.

Y/n laid back down and stared at the ceiling, trying to process what had just happened.

Then it hit.

"Holy fu-"

A/n: Hope you enjoyed this short fic to hold you over until the weekend.

There is way more crackhead energy in this then I anticipated.

Oops.

St. Patrick's Day Special: Paint the Town Green

[image]
[image]

St. Patrick's Day Special!!
Paint the Town Green

A/n: *kicks down your door*
HAPPY ST. PATRICK'S DAY!!
I seriously love this holiday wayyy too much.

Why you may ask? Because I'm Irish duh. Even though I'm American born and bred, a good portion of my ancestors came over from Ireland. This holiday makes me feel more in touch with my history and where I come from.

Also!! Huge thank you for everyone's suggestions!! It really helped and I greatly appreciated it.
Special thank you to 12 yr old Nebula for having a great taste in music even though you were an edgy piece of garbage and I wish you never existed.

The song is Paint the Town Green by The Script!!

Y/n's POV (1st Person)

I know you're missing home
It's been so long since you've been

"OW!" I yelled, shooting straight up in bed.

"Ha! You're not wearing green!" Ireland said from next to my bed.

"I just woke up!" I exclaimed. “Jeeze Lucky!”

"I know." He grinned, giving me a loving peck on the cheek.

"There's a present for you on your desk. I'll meet you in the kitchen for breakfast."

He kissed me again and left my room with a spring in his step.

And that life you had in Dublin
Now ain't nothing but a dream

I just smiled and shook my head. It was my first St. Patrick's Day with Ireland and I'd been told he was… rather excitable on this day.

I got up out of the bed and looked at the green wrapped gift box on my desk. I carefully unwrapped the paper and let out a small 'oh' when I saw it.

It was a beautiful soft green spring dress. I hugged it tightly and quickly put it on. It fit me perfectly.

I headed out into the kitchen where Ireland was putting breakfast on the plates.

"Wow y/n. You look amazing." He smiled, noticing me.

"Thanks. I have an amazing boyfriend." I smiled back.

"Eat up." He said passing me a plate. "We've got bacon, sausage, egg, tomato, beans and I even made you coffee."

"This looks awesome." I said, taking a bite.

To be right there in the moment
You'd give anything to be

"And…?" He asked.

I gave him a thumbs up.

"Glad you like it. As soon as we finish, we'll head over to the parade. And then I want to take you somewhere special."

"Oh? Is it a secret." I asked, leaning forward.

"Yup!"

"So what happens after your little secret?"

"I'm going to make you the best Irish dinner you've ever tasted, and then we're going to get wasted."

"Hmmmm Ireland wants to get drunk? Why am I not surprised?" I said teasingly.

"Oh haha. It's St. Patrick's! The best way to celebrate is by drinking." He said matter of factly.

"Is Scott going to be there?"

"Nope. It's just me and you today."

"Awe…." I giggled.

"I should go get changed." He said, looking down at his green plaid PJs. "Be right back."

It's alright
'Cause tonight

After I finished breakfast and Ireland put on some real clothes, we headed out into the streets of Dublin.

There were people out in the streets, draped in green and filled with excitement.

"I can't even tell you how excited I am to celebrate with you." Ireland said, giving me a swift but passionate kiss.

"Me too." I blushed.

"Come on! The parade is going to start!" He said, grabbing my hand tightly in his as he pulled me down the road.

"Whoa!" I laughed, racing closely behind and holding on as he pulled me to the front of the crowd.

We're gonna paint the town green

We arrived right as the parade began.

It was amazing.

There were floats, bands, people in green as far as the eye could see.

My favorite part was watching Ireland.

He looked like an excited kid. He was shouting and yelling and couldn't stop smiling from ear to ear.

'I love him so much.…' I thought as I watched his lit up face.

He caught me staring and his smile faltered slightly.

"What is it?" He asked, cocking his head slightly to the side.

"You're adorable." I said, standing up on my tiptoes and pulling down on his vest collar to kiss him.

He ran his fingers through my h/c hair and kissed me back. I could hear 'ohhhhh's and cheering from the crowd.

Your friends are on the phone there
It's so close to Paddy's Day

The parade finished and he took me over to the car.

"Ohhh are we going to that special place now?" I asked as he helped me in.

"Well it's not really that special I just wanted to… well you'll see." He said as we drove, flipping on some Irish rock.

And it kills you not to be there
But life got in the way

"Okay we're here." He said, helping me out of the car.

"Phoenix Park?" I asked, taking a look at the green.

"I thought it'd be nice to take a walk before we get hammered in a

few hours." He chuckled.

“Can't wait for that.” I smirked. “You’re going to be a nightmare in the morning.”

We began walking down a nearby path.

“Yeah but it's definitely going to be worth it tonight.” He winked.

“Oh sureeee when I have to carry your half dead body all the way back to the apartment.” I teased, nudging him playfully.

“Hey!” He chuckled, nudging me back.

I stuck my tongue out at him.

If I have to break the bank
Spend every penny on your dreams

“So um..” His tone softened. “I was thinking, well, I know you only planned to stay with me in Dublin for a few weeks and then you were going to have to go back home after but um… I really like being with you all the time. What I’m trying to say is, do you want to move in with me?”

“Are you.. Being serious?” I asked in awe.

“Yes.”

“I'd love too.”

“Really? Thats awesome!” He said, kissing my cheek. “You're awesome.”

“I don't know if all my stuff would fit in the apartment..” I contemplated.

“Oh I have a house as well.” He said.

“Seriously?”

“Yeah.”

“I can't believe you.”

“I know.”

_____

It's alright
'Cause tonight

“Boo.”

“Lucky!” I yelped as my boyfriend scared me from behind, wrapping me up in his arms.

“I'm just going too…” He said, reaching past me and grabbing a small slice of soda bread I had just cut up.

“Hey!” I said slapping his hand away, but it was too late, he’d gotten his delicious prize.

“You’re the one who said no eating before dinner in the first place.” I reminded him.

“Well it's dinner time now.” He said, placing his head in the crook of my neck for a moment and giving me a squeeze. “Come on.”

He slipped his hand in mine and gave me a little spin, my dress flowing lightly around my legs as he finished twirling me.

We're gonna paint the town green

We took turns feeding eachother bites of Irish stew, soda bread, cabbage and carrots and Ireland had even made shortbread toffee.

“You’re such an amazing chef.” I said, leaning on his shoulder. “I don't think I can eat another bite.”

“You better have room for drinks in a bit.” He chuckled lightly. “I bet you ten bucks we can get all our drinks for free.”

“You’re crazy.” I laughed. “No ones going to give us free drinks on St. Patricks. I'll take the bet.”

“Let's find out.”

Just like home

“Please don't get into any bar fights.” I said as we entered the building. “I don't want a repeat of last time….”

“Last time wasn't that bad!” He protested.

“You don't even remember last time.” I said, rolling my eyes.

“Ha. Fair enough.” He said, leading me up to the bar. “Let's go start a tab.”

Let's color the streets like our own
Let's make this place feel like our own

I hopped up on one the bar stool and Ireland leaned over on the counter.

“Hi.” I said to the girl working at the bar.

“Hello.” She smiled. “Can I get yall started with anything?”

“I'll have a pint to start, just hand me another drink everytime I come around.” He said to the girl working at the bar, before turning to me. “Do you mind keeping track?”

“Of course.” I smiled, kissing his cheek.

“Go get completely drunk and then come back here and make out with me.”

If it's just you and me

I watched him blush at my words and give me a quick kiss before rushing off, fresh pint in hand, to go make friends.

“Can I get you anything?” The bartender asked.

“Oh um I guess I’ll have a pint as well.” I shrugged. “And just keep the tab going, if he comes back and is too drunk to remember to get a drink, just let it slide. Oh and don't worry about the price, we’ll

pay up.”

“You got it.” She smiled, handing me my glass. “Im Nebula by the way, just shout if you need anything.”

She took a few steps before pausing and turning around to face me one more time.

“Don't worry about money.” She winked. “Drinks on me.”

It's alright
'Cause tonight

I swore and took a swig of my drink.
Ireland drifted by a few minutes later to grab another drink.

“What's the sour face for?” He asked, draping an arm over my shoulder.

I just sighed and passed him a ten.

“Free drinks?” He grinned, taking the money from my hand. “I told you! It was probably your captivating eyes that turned that guy on.”

“It was a girl.”

“Even better.” He smirked, taking a sip and disappearing back into the fray.

I had no idea how much Ireland could drink until that night. As a few hours passed he kept coming back for more and more.”

We're gonna paint the town green

“Y/n!”

I turned around to see my boyfriend standing on the table, electric guitar in hand.

“Y/n L/n! This ones for you.” He said, striking a chord.

“Oh my gosh..” I laughed as he began to play.

"And we travel on the subway
Like it was the Luas line
Chase the Hudson to the Liffey
Where we kissed for the first time
Turn the city into Dublin
Yeah, wherever we may be
It's alright
'Cause tonight
We're gonna paint the town green
Just like home
Let's color the streets like our own
Let's make this place feel like our own
If it's just you and me,
It's alright
'Cause tonight
We're gonna paint the town green!"

He gave me the biggest, goofiest grin I'd ever seen before falling face first off the table.

"Ah jeez.." I said, setting my drink down and rushing forward to collect him off the floor. "Come on. Let's go home."

"What? No!" He whined, rubbing his head. "The party has just started."

"Ireland you can barely stand up." I said, putting his arm around my shoulder and hoisting him up.

Just like home

I dragged my drunk boyfriend out of the fray and to the door.

"Need any help?" Our bartender called.

"I got him! Thanks though!" I smiled, giving the brunet a wave.

"Happy St. Patrick's Day then!" She waved.

"You too!" I waved back.

"Whooooo St. Patrick's Dayyyyy." Ireland said sleepily.

Let's color the streets like our own
Let's make this place feel like our own

As I walked him down our street he began to pass out in my arms.

“No no no..” I said shaking him. “Ireland if you fall asleep on me I will leave your drunk body for the leprechauns.”

“Fineeee..” He muttered, I could see him struggling to stay awake. “Just for you…”

“Thank you. Much appreciated.”

If it's just you and me

I managed to drag him up the stairs to our apartment.

“You need to lose some weight..” I puffed as I pulled him up the last few stairs.

“Hey!” He drunkenly protested. “I'm not Ame!”

It's alright
'Cause tonight

I don't know how, but I managed to get him in bed, he tiredly grabbed my arm and tried to pull on me.

“What is it?” I asked softly.

“Sleep with me?” He pleaded. “You’re so hot and I love you.”

We're gonna paint the town green

“Of course.” I smiled, climbing in under the covers with him.

“Happy St. Patricks… Day…” He whispered as he fell asleep.

“Happy St. Patrick's Day.” I whispered back. “Lucky…”

Paint the town green
Paint the town green

A/n: I hope everyone has had an amazing St. Patrick's Day and ate lots of food!
Have a drawing from Instagram.

UK Fam x Reader: Family Night

UK Fam x Reader
Family Night

A/n: Quarantine has made me hella lonely so have this fluffy family oneshot because I think we all need a little love right now.

Y/n's POV (1st Person)

I lay curled up in my favorite blanket on my bed as I scrolled through my phone, occasionally answering texts from my friends as they popped up in my notifs.

After a few minutes, I heard my door open.

"Can't you people learn to knock?" I said as I lifted my head to see who had let themselves in.

"Oops." America said, shutting the door behind him and flopping down on the bed next to me. "What's up?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, clicking off my phone and looking over at him.

"I mean you haven't been coming out of your room besides to eat. I know this whole house arrest disease thing is really hard for you."

"I'm fine." I replied. "Just a little tired."

"Likely story." He smirked. "Come here."

"Ameeee…" I sighed as he pulled me close into his arms.

I curled up into him as he gently stroked my hair.

"I guess you're right… I've just been a little lonely recently. Which sounds weird, since I'm stuck here with you all. I just miss having

stuff to do. It's kinda boring here, as weird as that sounds." I admitted. "Sorry, I guess I'm being a bit whiny."

"No no it's okay. I get it. Trust me, the kids at home have been going crazy." He chuckled.

"Wait did you leave The States alone?" I asked, popping my head up to look at him.

"Well… I mean, Russia offered to babysit…" He said, biting his lip.

"And how many days ago was that?"

"Six….?"

"Ame!"

"It's fine! I've left them alone for longer honestly. Plus, The Colonies are there, plus 'Gina can take charge. She's capable." He said in defense. "Anyways, back to you…"

I let out a soft sigh.

"I just wish there was something to do…" I said. "It just feels like…. I don't know…."

"Come on." He said, getting off the bed. "I'll even give you a piggyback ride."
I rolled my eyes and hopped on his back.

"Ohhhhhh you're sooooo heavvvvyyyy…" He fake groaned. "How will I ever carry you?"

"Hey!" I protested. "You're the one that eats fast food all the time!!"

"So? I look fantastic." He replied, walking out of my room as I clutched tighter to his neck.

"Where are we going?" I asked as he carried me down the hall.

"To the kitchen!" He said, running down the stairs.

I squealed and held on tighter.

"You're going to choke me y/n." He said reaching the bottom.

"Oh sorry." I said, loosening my grip and hopping off as we reached the kitchen.

"AWEEEEE!!"

Aussie and Z were in the kitchen with Canberra on the kitchen table.

"She's cute when she yawns!" New Zealand grinned.

"I know right?" Aus replied. "Snakes are so cute."

The python popped it's head up to look at me as we entered the room..

"Hi Berra." I said walking over and gently stroking her back as she brought her head over to check me out.

"Boys we have a problem." Ame announced.

The pair of brothers look between us in concern.

"What's the problem?" Aus asked.

"Y/n's bored." Ame replied.

"We can fix that!" Z grinned.

"I'll go put Canberra away and find Nada." Aussie said, nodding at Ame and taking the snake from my arms.

Aus came back a few minutes later with Canada in tow.

"Okay guys." Ame said. "Ideas! What y'all got?"

"We could light the pool on fire again!' Z pipped up.

"Hmm…" Ame said thoughtfully.

"No!" Canada said with a nervous expression on his face.

"Wait again?" I questioned.

"Yeah. You've been missing out n/n." Z replied, high-fiving Aus.

"We could have a race with my lizards…" Aus suggested.

"Can we bet?" Ame asked.

"What no it's just for fun."

"Lame! Next suggestion?"

"Has anyone eaten dinner?" Canada asked, glancing at the clock on the oven.

"Uhhhh…" We all said in unison.

"Okay. Dinner first. Game plan after." Ame said. "I vote hamburgers."

We all groaned.

"You say that every time!" Z whined.

"I don't care so long as I can put maple syrup on it." Canada shrugged.

"You put maple syrup on everything." Aus noted. "Regardless of whether or not it *should* have maple syrup."

"Can we have something with bacon then?" Ame asked.

"I'm fine with that." Z nodded in approval.

"We could do breakfast for dinner." I said. "We could make bacon and eggs and-"

"Pancakes!" The boys all yelled in unison.

"Yeah." I laughed.

"You have the best food ideas." Canada smiled as we began to raid the kitchen.

I started working on the eggs with Aussie while Ame took over the bacon and Z and Nada began to whisk up the pancakes.

Finally, after some cooking and Aussie almost lighting himself on fire, the food was ready.

"This is going to be great." Canada grinned, pouring half a bottle of maple syrup all over his pancakes.

"Dude they're drowning." Aussie frowned. "You'll never even taste the pancake."

"But it'll taste like maple syrup and that's even better." He said simply, taking a bite of his soggy stack.

I giggled before digging into my own food.

"You make bacon wayyy better than Dad." Z said to Ame.

"I make everything better than Dad. He can't cook anything good." Ame replied. "He even puts *beans* on *toast*."

"Eww." I laughed. "Gross."

"I know." Ame nodded.

We finished up dinner and tossed out dishes in the sink.

"So, back to the game plan…." Ame said. "Any ideas…?"

There was silence as we all tried to come up with something.

"No?" Ame asked.

"We could watch a movie." Canada suggested.

"I'd be down." I said, the others nodding in agreement.

We all headed down to the basement to pick out a movie.

"I vote for Lord of the Rings!" New Zealand said, pulling out the box set from the shelf.

"Can we watch a rom-com?" Canada asked. "I like The Proposal and 27 Dresses…"

"Those are girl movies." Ame rolled his eyes. "I want to watch Star Wars or Star Trek."

"I don't really care." Aussie shrugged. "As long as it's good."

"Okay so we want action, relationships, and sci-fi…" I said. "And Aus doesn't care so long as it's good…. Hmmmmm…."

I looked at the large movie collection, my eyes searching wildly before I found it.

"Here you go." I said, passing the movie to Ame.

"Bumblebee?" He said, raising an eyebrow. "Works for me."

“I'm going to make popcorn!” New Zealand said, racing out of the room. “Don't start without me!”

We got the movie set up and curled up together on the couch while we waited for Z to get back.

“Okay! Got the popcorn!” New Zealand announced a few minutes later, coming back with several bowls of popcorn.

We thanked him and dug in as the movie began to play.

“Hey wait a minute…” I said. “Where's mom and dad?”

“Uhhhh…” I looked to my right and left as the boys shared glances.

“Don't go upstairs unless you want to have nightmares.” Canada said, giving me a knowing look. “It's *that* bad.”

“Gross..” I groaned, putting my face in my hands. “Didn't need to

know that.”

I cuddled up to Ame as the movie progressed.

“Thanks for dragging me out of my room guys.” I said. “I had fun.”

“Anytime.” Ame smiled.

“Of course.” Canada smiled and nodded.

“Definitely.” Aus said.

“Anything for you n/n.” Z winked.

“You guys are the best brothers I could ever ask for.” I smiled. “Even if you're all crazy.”

They laughed.

“No seriously, you guys are insane.” I nodded.

“Oh shut up n/n.” Aus said, lightly punching my arm. “You’re apart of this crazy family too.”

“Yeah.” I smiled. “Guess I am.”

A/n: I'm so sorry about not updating soon, that's on me. I have no excuse.

Also, huge thank you for 90k!!!!
Is there anything fun/or special you'd like for this milestone?

America x Reader: Flapper Girl

[image]

America x Reader
Flapper Girl

A/n: Doing a WW1/1920s oneshot because I've never done one before.
This oneshot will be…. How to put it? Very… different then anything else I've ever written. You'll see what I mean.

The song is Flapper Girl by the Lumineers. I highly recommend listening to it to get the vibe of this fic.

Americas POV (3rd Person)

Cut off all of your hair

"Honey I'm home!"

A smile grew on Ame's face as his wife walked in the door.

He stood up from his arm chair and put down the book he'd been reading and walked over to greet her.

"Hi baby! Oh-" His eyes grew wide as he looked her over.

She smiled at him as she twirled a piece of her beautiful h/c hair in her fingers. It had all been chopped short, all the way past her chin.

Did you flinch? Did you care?

"You.. cut it?" He asked uncertainly.

"Well someone has to get work done while her big man goes off to war." She smiled softly, walking over and grabbing the collar of his shirt before kissing him deeply. "Figured I'd cut it to play the part."

Did he look, did he stop and stare
At your brand new hair

"Has anyone said anything to you about it?" Ame asked.

"Oh yes. The ladies around the neighborhood have all seen it. Most of us are cutting it. It's so exciting isnt it?" She said brightly.

"Yes. Very.. exciting." Ame nodded, still not sure how he felt about it.

"I love you." She said, leaning into his arms.

"I love you too baby." He smiled slightly, holding her close.

"I'm going to miss you when you leave for the war tomorrow.."

"I'm going to miss you too."

"Please promise me you'll come back safe." She said, looking up into his sea blue eyes.

"I promise." He replied, kissing her nose.

Local boy, local news
Power lines, hangin' boots

"They're back!"

"Welcome back boys!"

"You did it!"

Ame smiled from the back of the truck as they drove into the town square.

The war had been long and hard and he was ecstatic at the thought of seeing his girl again.

Firemen in their trucks cut loose
A local boy's shoes

The truck stopped as the townspeople cheered, Ame quickly

hopping off and looking over the crowd to find her.

"Hi soldier." Said a voice next to him.

"Hi baby." He smiled, scooping y/n up into his arms and twirling her around.

"Ame!" She laughed as he pulled her in for a kiss.

"I missed you so much darling." He said, keeping his face pressed close to her.

"Me too honey, me too."

Cadillac, Cadillac
Businessmen dressed in slacks

"Those cars look like none of the ones I ever saw while in the ranks." America said as he looked out the window at the shiny Cadillac that drove by their house.

"Well only the rich folks have em." Y/n replied. "They cost a dime and a nickel."

I'm gonna buy one for us when I get back
A big Cadillac

"I'm going to buy you a car like that someday." He said as y/n joined him at the window.

"You really think we could afford somethin like that hun?" Y/n asked, looking at him questionably.

And you can wave to all of your friends
And I'll never leave you again

"I know we could. I promise, baby." He smiled, giving her a peck on the cheek. "One day you'll have a big fancy car and all the ladies' eyes would glow with envy."

Y/n giggled at his response.

“You dream so big.” She teased, going back to her work.

Would you write, would you call back baby if
I wrote you a song

“Hi honey.” Y/n said, entering the living room late that night. “Sorry, I had to cover a few extra shifts at work.”

“You couldn't just ask someone else to cover it?” Ame asked, slightly annoyed she hadn't been home in time to have dinner with him.

“Well everyone else wanted to get back home real fast tonight. And well, I figured we could use the extra cash.” She replied, heading into the kitchen to get herself some food.

I been gone but you're still my lady
I need you at home

“Baby, I know you… like doing all this work stuff, but its.. Not going to be necessary soon.” Ame said slowly, following her into the kitchen.

“Oh? Did you win some big money at a poker game or some bettin?” She laughed.

“Well I’ll have a job soon.”

“Oh hon I’m very proud of you.” She smiled, taking a bit of her food. “Well be making twice as much in no time.”

“You’re not going to quit when I get a job?”

“No? Wasn't planning on it. Why? Did you think I would?”

“Well yes. I did.”

“Oh.. I see..”

“Baby it's not very… proper for a woman to have a job and be the breadwinner for the family.” Ame said, somewhat firmly. “Plus you’re out late and it must be exhausting.”

“I like working actually. It gives me a sense of purpose you know? Plus it's just so.. Liberating.” Y/n smiled at him in response.

Romeo, Juliet
Balcony silhouette

“I'm going out for some fresh air, care to join me?” She asked, putting her dishes in the sink.

“No. I'm alright baby. I’ll see you in bed.” He said with a false smile.

His smile quickly turned into a frown as she walked out to the balcony and pulled out a cigarette and a lighter, smoke puffing in the air as she leaned on the rail.

Makin' o's with her cigarette
It's Juliet

Ame sighed as he looked out the window at his wife.

He remembered when they’d first gotten married.

She was the perfect woman. The perfect lady. She was his girl.

Now, after coming back from the war, she was so… different. He almost couldn't recognize her as his girl anymore.

He gave her one last look before heading up to their room.

Flapper girl, flapper girl
Prohibition in curls

Ame couldn't sleep that night.

His wife slept soundly beside him.

Why had so much changed?

Hair of gold and a neck of curls
It's flapper girl

Why had she changed?

Not that he minded a little extra fire, but it was like she didn't need him anymore.

Was she really fine without him?

No. She needed him. He was the man of the house. He needed to step it up.

And you can wave to all of your friends
And I'll never leave you again

“Morning.” Y/n said brightly, grabbing an apple and quickly heading for the door.

B“Whoa still going off to work?” He asked, quickly grabbing her arm. “You’re going to tell them you’re quittin right? I start work tomorrow?”

“Are you goofy honey?” Y/n giggled, pulling her arm back. “I told you. Im workin. I’ve got to go-”

A horn honked outside the door.

“That's b/f/n. I'm going to be late.” She said, kissing his cheek and racing out the door.

Would you write, would you call back baby if
I wrote you a song

America smiled in satisfaction at the dress he’d picked out for y/n for tonight.

They were long overdue for a date.

Maybe it would bring back the spark he’d been missing from her over the past couple months.

“Honey! Im home!” He heard y/n call.

“Baby! I'm upstairs! Come quick!” He called.

He smiled to himself as he heard her run up the stairs and into

their room.

"What is- oh!" She grinned as she took the dress from him. "I remember this one.."

"Our third date." He nodded. "Go put it on. We're going out tonight."

I been gone but you're still my lady
I need you at home

"I needed that.." Y/n smiled as they walked home from dinner. "Thank you. You're just the bees knees."

"No you are baby." He said, pulling her close and leaning his head on hers. "I've missed you."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, you haven't really been you lately. You've been workin and stuff and just… not very ladylike."

"Ame!" She laughed. "I'm just being myself. People… change? You know that right?"

"I know.."

'I just don't know if I like it…' He thought to himself.

If you ain't behind my door
Then I ain't got a home anymore

"I just wish you were home more. I wish you cooked more often. I wish I had my wife more." He sighed.

"I'm still your wife." She said. "Just because I've been working hard and paying the bills doesn't mean I'm any less of a woman. Now come on. Lets get home. We have work tomorrow."

Would you write, would you call back baby if
I wrote you a song

America waited for hours at the front door for y/n to get home the next night.

He was growing impatient.

If she could just be a proper woman things would work better and he wouldn't be so stressed all the time.

“Honey! Im-” She started, entering the house.

“What the hell are you wearing.” He said coldly.

“Trousers.” She smirked in self satisfaction. “All us rebels are wearing them. They’re so comfortable. Oh! I don't even have to worry about my skirt getting caught in the machinery at the factory! Isn't that nice?”

“Take them off right now, I never want to see them again.” America said harshly.

“What is with you lately?” Y/n snapped. “You’re always complaining a-and getting upset and God knows what! Why wont you just tell me what's wrong?!”

I been gone but you're still my lady and
I need you at home

“Why I! What's wrong? You want to know what's wrong? You have a job! You’re paying bills! You’re acting all self important! You’re smoking! You’re wearing pants! Where are you and what have you done with my y/n? Where's the girl I married?” He yelled.

“Im! Right! Here!” She yelled back. “I've been right here the whole time! Just because I changed a little does mean I’m not still me! You know what- I- I don't think I can do this anymore.”

She pushed past him and ran up the stairs.

“Y/n! You get back here right now!”

She came back a few minutes later with a suitcase under her arm and a bag in hand.

“Now wait a damn minute.” He said, slamming his hand on the door. “You wouldn't.”

Lovers come, lovers go

“If you don't love me for who I am now then you don't love *me*.” She said, firmly, moving his hand and opening the door. “Goodbye… America.”

Lovers come, lovers go

It had been three months since y/n had left.

She’d never come back.

Not even once.

“Y/n… I'm sorry…” Ame slurred drunkenly, looking down at the picture of their wedding day. “I don't know what I did wrong… but I know you’ll come back… I know you’ll come back…”

But she never did.

Lovers leave me alone
She'll come back to me

A/n: If there's one thing I've learned about people, this that they change. For better or worse.
I know most oneshots end with the reader getting her dream guy/girl, but what if she didn't for once?
What if the reader didn't get her lover, not by natural causes, but by choices?
I've never really seen this done before and I wanted to explore it.
I chose America for this fic because America is all about change and progressiveness. But it does have its moments where it hold back and hesitates. Which is why I wrote him for this oneshot. I wanted to see *that* side of him for once.
Anyways, hope you all enjoyed this fic and have a great day/ night.

England/Others x Reader: Soldier, Poet, King

[image]

England x Reader
Soldier, Poet, King

A/n: This was written on so much crack I'm sorry for being dead and then getting your hopes up for this trash.

I know the beginning is a little wack but if gets better I promise.

The song is Soldier, Poet, King by the Oh Hellos.

I know I've been doing alot of song fics lately but like?? All my fic ideas pretty much come from songs at this point.

Y/n's POV

There will come a soldier
Who carries a mighty sword

Y/n walked through the small orchard, running her fingers through the leaves.
She was alone, but she could see the castle a little ways in the distance, so she wasn't worried about being kidnaped and held for ransom or anything like that.

"Hello!"

Y/n turned around to see a man on horseback riding towards her.

As he came closer, she realized it was England dressed as a knight. He wore chainmail armor and a visit, his flag displayed brightly on his chest and a sword at his side.

"Hello fair y/n! I am on my way to a glorious quest. Care to join

me?" He said, halting before her.

"Are you sure Sir. England?" She asked, excited by the prospect of a quest, but also fearful of the danger.

"I am very sure. You are a bright and strong young woman. You will be most helpful." He replied, holding out his hand.

She took it and he pulled her up onto his steed.

"Where are we questing to good sir?" She asked, holding tightly to him as he clicked for the horse to begin.

"To fight a mighty dragon!" He announced proudly.

"Wait I thought those weren't real."
Y/n frowned.

"Shhhh…" England whispered.

He urged his horse forwards and y/n held on tight as they progressed to a swift gallop.

"We must find shelter for the night." England told her as the sun began to dip in the sky. "These woods are filled with dangerous beasts."

"What sort of beasts?" She asked nervously.

"The kind that are large and furry! They have horns on their heads and whisper in strange languages." He said solemnly. "But do not fear fairest Y/n! I shall protect you with my life."

Y/n smiled, feeling more assured of her situation and leaned against his soft cloak, feeling the movement of the horse moving below her.

"We have arrived at the Mysterious Woods." He announced a bit later, stopping their steed.

"Is that what they're called?" She asked.

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“Because they're mysterious? I don't know. I didn't name them.”

He swung his leg over the saddle and hopped down to the ground, helping her down as well.

He will tear your city down, o lei o lai o lord
O lei, o lai, o lei, o lord

“Well make camp here for the night.” England said. “And we'll be off first thing in the morning.”

He began to collect sticks and branches and things to build a small fire. They cleared the area out a bit so they could sleep near the fire and under the protection of the trees. After the camp was set, y/n found herself a bit tired and wanted to rest, but she didn't want to leave England awake alone.

“You should rest Lady Y/n.” England said, poking at the small fire. “You must be tired from the journey.”

“Hm.. maybe I will..” She said, laying down on the soft grass. “Sir England?”

“Yes my lady?”

“Why are you going on this quest? Why slay a dragon?”

“Because I wish to prove myself to my king and country. It is a great honor to slay a mighty beast.”

“Why did you ask me to come then?”

“Because you are strong and smart and beau- I mean bright.” He said, glancing away from her, his face seeming a bit redder in the fire light.

“And any good quest must have a party of heroes. It's just the way it is.”

“Thank you for thinking of me for your questing party.” Y/n smiled, yawning. “I think I’ll rest now. You should sleep soon too.”

“I will, my lady.” He smiled back. “Rest well y/n.”

He will tear your city down, o lei o lai o lord

Y/ns eyes snapped open as a series of loud cracks and crunches could be heard near them.

She sat up and quickly grabbed a tree branch, whipping her head around this way and that, trying to peek into the shadows to see what was coming.

Out of the corner of her eye, she spotted England awake and with his sword out.

“Stay quiet y/n…” He whispered. “It could be a-”

“Monster!” She yelped as a figure came out of the bushes.

They all screamed in terror before realizing no one was attacking.

“I-Im not a monster!” A man with a red face and white and blue cross frowned.

There will come a poet
Whose weapon is his word

“Norway?” Y/n asked, cocking her head.

“What? Oh! You have heard of me.” Norway nodded his head in approval.

“My name is Norway the Knowing. I’m a wizard-viking.”

“A what?” England asked, confused.

“A wizard-viking.”

“I… don't think that's a thing..” England said, giving y/n a, this-guy-is-crazy-should-I-stab-him look.

“Well sure it is. I am one.”

England opened his mouth to argue but y/n shot him a look.

“What brings you here oh great Norway the Knowing?” Y/n asked.

“I have heard of your quest and I wish to join it.” Norway said simply, taking a seat on the ground as his thick fur coat flowed around him and he put his glowing staff in his lap.

“Well I don't see why not…” England said. “Yes. You will do well at my questing party.”

“Excellent!” Norway beamed. “I've always wanted to be a part of a questing party, especially one involving dragons.”

“Let me guess, you knew that because you’re knowing?”

“Yes.”

“You must be very smart.” Y/n said.

“Well I wouldn't go that far but yes I know stuff.” Norway shrugged. “But it's nice of you to think me that way. Speaking of thinking, what made you think I was a monster?”

“Well you fit the description.” England said.

“What description?”

“Large, furry, horns on your head and whisper in strange languages.” Y/n cut in.

“Oh.. I can see the misconception.” Norway said, looking up at the viking helmet on his head.

“Well now that that's all over with, we should all go back to sleep.” England said. “It's only a few hours until sunrise and we'll need all the rest we can get.”

Y/n and Norway nodded in agreement and lay down on the ground, drifting off again.

He will slay you with his tongue, o lei o lai o lord
O lei, o lai, o lei, o lord

"Wake up Lady y/n…" England said softly. "Wake up...I'll be getting the horse ready now.. I'll meet you at the edge of the clearing."

Y/ns eyes fluttered open as she sat up and stretched, her blanket tumbling off of her.

Wait. Not a blanket. England's red cloak.

Y/n blushed at the thought of her sleeping with it. A maiden of her high standard sleeping with the garments of a knight. How scandalous.

Y/n stood up and folded the cloak up in her arms, she walked over to England who was tightening the saddle of his horse.

"Ahem." She said awkwardly, clearing her throat. "I believe this is yours.."

"Oh. Thank you." He nodded, taking the cloak from her and putting it on.

She stood there, shifting from foot to foot, not quite sure what to say.

"You have a beautiful steed, does he have a name?" She asked, stroking his silky mane.

"Buckingham." He replied.

"Well are we ready to depart?" Norway asked, approaching the pair.

"Yes." England nodded.

"Are you really going to go dressed like that?" Norway asked y/n questioningly.

"Ah.. well.. I didn't really have time to change.." Y/n replied,

looking down at her silky, now messy dress.

"Would you like me to use my magic to give you a change of clothes?"

"You can do that?"

"Sure I can." Norway shrugged. "Lets see.. Hmm.. magic words...magic words.. Blah blah blah poof."

Y/n blinked and found herself dressed in a tunic and boots, a much more adventure appropriate outfit. It even included a small dagger.

"Whoa! That was amazing." Y/n asked, admiring her new outfit.

"You're welcome Lady Y/n. Come along, there is a quest to be done!" Norway replied, shooing her onto the horse.

"How do you plan to keep up?" England asked. "There's only enough room for me and Lady Y/n on this horse…"

"Oh. I shall summon and ride my magical goat." Norway said, and a magical goat came out of the bushes.

"How'd you do that?" Y/n asked in disbelief.

"Plot convenience."

"What?"

"Nevermind. Onward!"

The trio set off through the woods, they had a long day of questing ahead of them.

He will slay you with his tongue, o lei o lai o lord

The group traveled all day, through woods and rivers, facing wild beasts and angry creatures. They grew weary, beginning to doubt they'd ever find a dragon when they came to a big lake.

"Look! It's Big Lake!" England said excitedly, waking up y/n who'd

fallen asleep against his back.

"Yeah.. that is a big lake.." Y/n muttered. "It's a very boring name for such a magnificently massive lake."

"That's because *someone* was too lazy to come up with interesting names…"
Norway muttered under his breath.

"The dragon lives across there! We've almost made it!" England beamed.

"Well how are we supposed to get across?" Y/n frowned. "Norway the Knowing?"

"For reasons I can't explain, I can no longer do magic at this point." Norway said simply.

There will come a ruler
Whose brow is laid in thorn

"Hello travelers!" I voice said coming towards them.

Everyone's heads turned to look at the new comer.

"I'm New Zealand. You're looking for a way to get acro- whoa wait hold up a minute." New Zealand's said, looking flabbergasted.

"Is.. something wrong?" Y/n asked, the trio sharing glances.

"England gets to be a cool knight dude, Norway is a freaking viking mage, Y/n is a cool maiden warrior chick, and *I'm just the boat guy*??" He said, looking thoroughly pissed off.

There was a pause of silence between the group.

"Um… would you like to join our quest?" England offered.

Another pause as New Zealand seemed to process the question.

"Hell yeah I would. I have a boat over there." He said, as the fog surrounding the lake lifted to reveal a dock with a small row boat.

“Oh that is convenient..” Norway nodded approvingly.

“Get in guys.” New Zealand said, taking them to the boat which they all got into. “I’ll row.”

The boat was pushed off from the shore and they glided smoothly across the lake. About half way across, y/n noticed a suspicious amount of bubbles near the surface of the lake.

“Um.. what are those bubbles?” Y/n asked aloud.

“Oh probably just fish.” New Zealand replied. “Big Lake has the famous Big Bass. They’re very big.”

“Hmm…” England said, looking out into the water with y/n. “I don't think that's a fish.. I think its a-”

“Kraken!” Norway yelled as the water exploded.

New Zealand let out a piercing feminine screech as the large tentacled monster rose from the water.

“Row! Row!” Y/n yelled, grabbing an oar and helping him row as Norway pulled out his staff and England pulled out his sword.

She pushed against the water with all her might, trying to keep the boat steady as the fighting and waves raged around them.

They finally made it to the shore, to the cave opening.

Norway and New Zealand raced ahead into the cavern, y/n close behind and England bringing up the rear to protect them.

Y/n made it into the opening and turned to see England grabbed by one of the creature's massive tentacles.

“Y/n!” He yelled, reaching for her.

She grabbed him and pulled with all her might, pulling him back and tumbling into the cave with him.

Norway blasted a bunch of rocks in front of the opening to block

out the creature.

Y/n was on the ground, England on top of her with his face implanted in her bosoms.

“L-lady Y/n!” He said, quickly getting off of her. “I-I don't- I didn't mean to.”

“I-Its alright…” She blushed madly.

“Well it appears we are in the dragons cavern.” Norway said, breaking the silence.

The pair got to their feet as they all treated deeper into the cavern

Smeared with oil like David's boy, o lei o lai o lord
O lei, o lai, o lei, o lord

The party traveled deep into the tunnels until they came to a huge cavern. It shimmered and glittered with geodes and gems of all sorts, and in the middle was a great red sleeping dragon.

“Oh… that's a big one..” New Zealand said quietly, not really wanting to wake it.

“Indeed.” Norway said.

“Now… we shall complete our quest.” England said, unsheathing his sword.

The dragons' illuminous green eyes snapped open at the sound.

“Oh shi-”

“Duck!” Y/n yelled, pushing him out of the way just as the dragon's tail swept for him.

The dragon roared in anger and rose to its feet in defense.

“Its Y Ddraig Goch! Red Dragon of Cadwallader!” Norway yelled as they all scattered.

“Oh wow! Good to know!! Let's just kill it!” New Zealand yelled,

hiding behind a rock.

Y/n stumbled back to once again avoid the dragon's tail, watching as England ferociously fended off the dragon.

He was so handsome. The way he held his sword. The way his armor moved with his body. The serious but slightly desperate look he held on his face as he tried not to die.

Smeared with oil like David's boy, o lei o lai o lord
O lei, o lai, o lei, o lord

'Snap out of it y/n!' She thought, shaking her head.

She had to help.

"Norway! Any magic now?" She asked, this quest was exhausting.

"Oh sure. I'll have to ask England first. It is his quest after all." Norway said.

"Hey England! Permission to help you take down the dragon?"

"Yes please good wizard!" England yelled back.

"Magic words...magic words.. this is so uncreative...magic words.. Poof!"

Rocks tumbled down on top of the dragon, but left its head exposed.

England left on top of the dragon and plunged his sword into its skull.

He will tear your city down, o lei o lai, o
O lei o lai, o lei, o lai, o

The group cheered and huddled together in merriment.

"That was awesome!" New Zealand cheered.

"It was a good job." Norway nodded, smiling.

“You completed your quest Sir England.” Y/n smiled.

“Well I couldn't have done it without you.” He smiled back at her. “I just can't believe it's over already."

“It's about the journey, not the destination.” New Zealand replied. “Learned that from Tolkien.”

“Who?”

“No idea.”

“Well I quite enjoyed the journey.” Y/n blushed. “Especially with you.”

“Me too.” England smiled, leaning forwards.

She felt her face heat up as he came closer, his face so close, his lips just barely brushing the edge of-

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

My head snapped off the pillow as I slapped my alarm, finally shutting it off.

“Whoa.. crazy dream..” I muttered, rubbing my temples.

My phone buzzed on the nightstand next to me, I grabbed it and saw a text message from New Zealand.

Z: Hey! Are you coming for movie time or not?

I glanced at my clock.

“Youve got to be kidding me!” I groaned, I’d set my alarm for the wrong time.

Y/n: On my way!

I scrambled out of bed and threw on clothes, grabbing a piece of bread to shove in my mouth on the way out.

I tore down the street to New Zealand's house. I opened the door

and headed down to the basement.

“Hey guys, sorry I’m late.” I said, sitting down between Norway and England, who I tried not to blush while looking at.

“Thought you’d never show up.” New Zealand said. “We’re watching Lord of the Rings by the way.”

“Fine with me…” I said, rubbing my face, trying to wake up.

“Weird dream?” England asked.
“Y-yeah..” I blushed.

“Don't worry, we all had it too.” Norway said. “The magic..”

“The knights and quests..” England added.

“Dragons! And unfortunately, boats.” New Zealnd sighed. “But hey! You to almost kiss-”

“Z!” I yelled, blushing. “No we didn't!”

“I was kind of sad we didn't get the chance..” England said.

“Y-you what.” I blushed harder.

“Do you mind if we….”

I grabbed him and kissed hard, he put my head in his hands and ran his fingers through my hair.

“Ew! Get a room!” New Zealand said, making gagging noises. “I think I’d rather be the boat guy again then watch you two make out.”

“Maybe we’ll just take our time questing off to a room.” England chuckled. “Like you said, it's about the journey to get there.”

He leaned in and kissed me again.

O lei o lai, o lei, o lai, o
O lei o lai, o lei, o lai, o

O lei o lai, o lei, o lai, o lei, o lai, o

A/n: I had wayyy to much fun with the fic and I'm sorry.

Quest Gang (England/Others) x Reader: Another Quest

Quest Gang (England/Others) x Reader
Another Quest

A/n: I finally post and it's this absolute crackhead mess.

Disclaimer: Y'all asked for this and it's 1000000000x worse than the last one...

Y/n's POV

"Lady Y/n! Lady Y/n!"

Y/n shot up in bed and looked around wildly.

She was in a bed of silken sheets that sat in a large room that looked as though it belonged to a princess in a fairy tale.

"Lady Y/n!" Came a voice outside the door, knocking loudly.

"Coming Sir England!" She called back, quickly scrambling out of the bed and looking around her wardrobe for something to wear.

A smile settled on her face as she pulled out the questing outfit she'd worn on their last adventure. Slipping out of the nightgown, she hurriedly put on her clothes and scrambled for the door.

"Good morning Sir England!" She beamed, opening the door with vigor.

"My lady we have a new quest upon us!" He said excitedly, waving a piece of parchment at her face.

"What's all this?" She asked curiously, taking the paper from his hand and looking it over.

"The King has given us a quest! Apparently, a king from another land has come to visit us and our king would like to give us a special gift. A magic plant. We are to collect the items to grow it and deliver it to his chambers by the time the sun sets."

"Oh my! You should hurry! Why'd you waste your time coming to me?"

"Well it wouldn't be a quest without you." England replied, smiling and shifting his feet.

"Oh." Y/n blushed. "Well- um... I guess I should join then."

"My lady?" He said, offering her his hand.

"My pleasure." She smiled, as she took his hand and they raced through the castle and out to the grounds.

She couldn't stop smiling to herself as England's words rang in her head. *'It wouldn't be a quest without you....'* Oh why did she have to be so head over heels for the handsome knight?

"Suppose we must find a ride?" She asked as they walked over the drawbridge and across the large moat.

"He'll be outside." England said assuringly.

As they stepped outside the castle walls, England lifted his fingers to his mouth and let a piercing whistle rip through the air.

A loud whiny came in response as a majestic black stallion raced towards the pair.

"Buckingham!" Y/n grinned as she stroked the horses neck and mane. "It's so good to see you!"

The horse neighed in approval as England walked over and hopped up onto the saddle. Y/n gave him one last pat before walking up to the saddle and allowed England to pull her up.

"What's on the list?" England asked, peering behind him.

"You didn't read it?" She replied.

"I was too excited to go questing with you." He chuckled. "It just slipped my mind."

Y/n held up the parchment and read aloud:

A Seed from the Pot Marshes
A Drop From The Sun
Feces From the Dunglands
Water From a Weeping Maiden

"He just wants us to grow a magic plant?" England said, raising an eyebrow.

"Apparently." She shrugged. "We only have hours left, we should start with the Pot Marshes, it's the farthest and we'll need the seed before anything else."

"You are the wisest of companions- if I might call you my companion of course." England replied, looking at her cautiously.

"You may." She said firmly, trying to stay regal and not fall into a blushing mess.

He gave her a small smile before digging his heels into the horses side as they took off like a shot and off into the morning dew.

———————————————

"Oh wow it stinks!" Y/n groaned, pinching her nose with her fingers as she slipped off their horse.

"It very much stinks." England nodded and Buckingham stomped his feet and whined in agreement. "We should find the seed quickly and get out of here."

"Agreed."

The pair walked through the marsh, keeping an eye out for the native plants.

"Here! I found one!" Y/n called, hurrying over and collecting a

handful of seeds off the plant. "Do you have a bag?"

England pulled a small leather pouch from his belt and passed it to her. Y/n took the pouch and carefully filled it up with the seeds.

"I think that should be enough." Y/n said. "Let's get going."

They began to head back over to Buckingham and the marsh began to bubble beneath them, churning slowly, threateningly.

"Uhhh... England?" Y/n said, grabbing his arm. "Is it supposed to do that?"

He paused and looked at the churning and bubbling ground near their feet.

"Uhh... No? No. Run!" He yelled, pulling her forward as the ground erupted just a few feet away from them.

A large ugly creature roared as patches of earth went flying around him. He was covered in moss and bog, his small pupils glared at the two adventures.

"Marsh Giant!" England yelled. "Y/n get back! I'll take care of him!"

England pulled out his mighty sword as y/n backed up, nearly tripping over her own feet as she tried to get away.

England rushed at the creature, giving out a loud yell as he began to slash and slice at the monster.

The monster howled and growled, grabbing at England. England dodged the best he could, his smaller size allowing for a speed advantage.

England charged at the monster, but slipped on the slippery marsh, allowing the giant to grab him by the legs and hoist him into the air.

"England!" Y/n cried, pulling out her dagger.

Y/n bit her lip and looked around, she knew she couldn't take on

the giant by herself, maybe she could-

"BEGONE!"

There was a flash of light and the giant disappeared, leaving England to fall face first into the mud with a satisfying 'plop'.

Y/n blinked a few times, trying to clear the spots from her eyes.

"Norway the Knowing?" Y/n asked excitedly, realizing it was their old friend.

"Well who else would you use as a plot device?" Norway chuckled.

"What took you so long?" England said, standing up and wiping some mud from his face.

"I was with my brother, Sweden the Gamer, he's also a wizard-viking. You see, he was introducing me to an interesting new religion he came up with. Hmmm... I believe it's called IKEA? Anyways, there's a lot of very delicious meatballs involved. Anyways! We must press on! Questing to do! Where to next?"

"One sec." Y/n replied, fishing around in her pocket for the list. "We need a drop from the sun... although I don't know how we're supposed to manage that..."

"Is there a very tall mountain near here?" Norway asked.

"Yeah, Very Tall Mountain is over there..." England said, pointing to a very tall mountain. "It shouldn't take long to get up there."

"I agree, but first let's get you cleaned up." Norway said about raising his staff. "Ahsdhjsiodjjpajdjapsoj poof. Now you're clean."

"Thank you." England replied, looking down at his fresh clothing. "You're very magical."

"Why thank you. Now onto the mountain!"

"So what do we do now?" Y/n said, blinking as she tried to look into

the sun. "I don't know how we're supposed to collect a drop from it. It's so far away...."

"I agree with y/n, it seems impossible." England said.

"Well, dragons, giants, and lake monsters exist. Who says I can't just ask the sun to give me a drop?" Norway said, getting off his giant magical goat.

Norway walked to the edge of the cliff they were standing on, y/n tensed as he stopped at the very edge and raised his hands to his mouth.

"YO SUN." He yelled at the sky.

"WHAT?" The sun yelled back.

"I NEED A DROP OF SUNLIGHT FROM YOU."

"WHY?"

"ITS FOR A QUEST."

"OKAY FAIR ENOUGH."

The sun rumbled and flickered as a small, golden drop fell from the sky and into Norway's hands. He summoned a flask and carefully slipped the droplet of sunlight into the container.

"THANKS." Norway yelled as he began to walk back towards the group.

"NO PROBLEM BRO TAKE CARE."

"I don't even know what to say." England said, shaking his head in disbelief. "How did you-"

"Magic." Norway shrugged, hopping onto his goat.

"I guess it's time to move on." Y/n said, putting a hand on England's arm to stop him from asking Norway more questions. "It's about noon based on our shadows, we need to get the next stop soon."

"You're right y/n. We wouldn't want to be late." England nodded thoughtfully. "I think I know someone who can help..."

———————————————

"Are we there yet Sir. England?" Norway asked as they winded down the forest path. "We've been at this for hours."

"I know its just on the other side of these woods." England said firmly. "I'm sure of it."

"If you say so." Norway replied.

"Do you know something I don't?" England asked, raising a brow.

"I know lots of things you don't. That's my whole point."

"Care to share with the rest of us?"

"Well if I told you everything then you wouldn't learn and it wouldn't be as fun for me." Norway said simply.

"Well-"

"Boys!" Y/n sighed in exasperation. "What is with you two?"

"Sorry y/n." The chorus.

"I think I see the light." Y/n said, peeking around England and holding tight so she didn't accidently fall off the horse.

"I see it too. And the stench is telling me we've reached the Dunglands." Norway said.

"Why do they call it that?" Y/n asked, as their animals trotted out of the woods and into the mountains of poop.

"Well I think Pooplands sounds to childish, because of the lack of education in these times, people wouldn't know Fecesland would mean, and apparently we're not allowed to say shi-"

"Hello there! Im New Zea- ARE YOU ACTUALLY SERIOUS RIGHT NOW?!?" A very furious New Zealand said, interrupting the

conversation.

He stood there, absolutely flabbergasted by the company.

He was wearing brown peasant clothes and holding a shovel. His face, clothes, and hands were smothered and stained with feces.

"WHY ME??" He yelled at the sky, falling to his knees. "WHAT HAVE I EVER DONE TO DESERVE THIS?? IS THIS ABOUT THE BOAT THING??? I TAKE IT BACK!! I TAKE IT ALL BACK!! PLEASE I'LL BE THE BOAT GUY!! I'LL BE THE BOAT GUY!!"

"Oh stop your whining Poopman." Norway said, rolling his eyes as New Zealand began to sob dramatically on the floor. "It's too bad he's not a girl, we could have used those tears."

"ExcUSE ME?" New Zealand said, getting to his feet and rolling up his sleeves as his hands balled into fists.

"Everyone take a deep breath." England said, hopping off Buckingham.
"New Zealand, it's really great to see you-"

"Even if you do smell like a cow's butthole." Norway cut in, earning a harsh glare from England.

"But we need your help. We need some of your poop- is- not yours of course, just some lying around."

"Sure." New Zealand sniffed, wiping his tears. "I see what I am to you. Just take it and go."

He reached into one of the piles and pulled out a stinky glop.

"That's disgusting." England and Norway said in unison, y/n swallowed hard.

"New Zealand, you're coming too." Y/n said smiling. "You came with us last quest, we'll need you for this one you."

"You can carry the poop oh great Poop Master." Norway chuckled.

"Hey!" New Zealand said defiantly.

"We're running out of sunlight." England cut in urgently, as the sun dipped behind the large mountain range ahead of them. "We should get going."

England pulled himself back onto Buckingham and Norway summoned a giant sheep for New Zealand to ride.

"I feel like we're missing something...." Y/n muttered as they headed back into the woods, pulling out the list from her pocket.

"There's one more thing on the list." Y/n announced, causing the group to come to a halt. "We still need Tears of a Weeping Maiden."

The boys exchanged glances and looked at y/n.

"I suppose we could take turns trying making her cry..." New Zealand said simply.

"New Zealand!" England chided as Norway whacked him upside the head with his staff.

"Ow! It was just a suggestion!" New Zealand said, rubbing the side of his head. "Hey maybe we could-"

He was cut off by a loud cracking of a branch.

The group tensed. England drew his sword, Norway's staff glowed with power, Y/n placed her hands on the hilt of her dagger, and New Zealand hoisted up his shovel.

The bushed rustled and swayed in front of them, until a figure stepped out to reveal a very beautiful, very naked, woman.

"Oh jeez." New Zealand said, looking away awkwardly.

"That's definitely not PG." Norway said, making a face.

"I don't even know what that means but I definitely agree."

The woman took a few steps forward, her gaze fixed on England.

"Norway what is that?" Y/n said softly as the woman beckoned to England.

"That would be a Huldra. A creature of the forest." Norway replied as England got off Buckingham and sheathed his sword, walking towards her.

"What do they do?" Y/n asked.

"Well in their female form they're beautiful, sometimes naked, women with the tails of cows. She wont show her tail because she doesn't want to scare off her prey. They are often known to seduce young, unmarried men, sometimes even forcing them to choose between marriage or death. Take England for example, he'd be a perfect candidate ohhhh..... We should do something about that." Norways trailed off.

"England! Stop! It's a trick." Y/n cried out, hopping down from the horse and starting to unsheath her dagger.

England ignored her and continued to walk until he was inches from the Huldras lips.

A slow, satisfied smile came across the creature's face as she placed her hands on his shoulders and grabbed him suddenly.

"England!"

The woman pressed England's lips to hers and moved her mouth swiftly and rapidly, pulling England to her and wrapping her tail tightly around him.

Y/n rushed in, dagger drawn and charged at the woman.

The creatures hissed and pulled away from England, dodging y/ns attack and rushing back at y/n in retaliation.

"BEGONE THOT!!" Norway yelled, appearing in front of y/n and hitting the Huldra with a blast of energy.

"What just..." England said, looking around confused.

"Don't worry about it." Y/n said angrily, tears slipping involuntarily from her face. "You've made it clear."

"Huh?" England said, looking even more confused but also concerned.

"Come on. Lets just go." Y/n said, hopping on Norway's magical goat.

England and Norway got back on their steeds, Y/n turned her head away from England, more tears beginning to fall.

New Zealand reached over from his sheep and placed a small flask under y/ns cheek, catching the tears that fell.

"New Zealand." Norway chided.

"Hey I was helping you get the last thing on your list." He said, tossing over the vial.

The group began to ride back to the castle swiftly and silently. There was no need for conversation, and y/n didn't want it anyways.

Y/n held onto Norway as she watched the sun begin to dip further and further behind the mountains and the trees.

"I see the castle!" New Zealand yelled a few minutes later as they came up to the base of the drawbridge and the moat.

"We're just in time." Norway said, as one of the guards walked up to the company.

"Sir England! You're just in time! The guest is up in the North Tower! Hurry!"

The group exchanged worried glances and hurried up to the castle ground and in through the main door. They rushed through the halls and up the stairs. Up and under passage ways and trying not to knock over others living in the castle.

"We made it." England said, slightly out of breath. "Hand me the

ingredients. Quick."

Everyone hurriedly passed him the items and watched as he got to work.

"Here's a pot." Norway said, pulling a pot out of nowhere.

"Thank you." England nodded, placing the dung into the pot and planting the seed.

He carefully poured in the sunlight and pulled out the vial of y/ns tears. He hesitated for a moment, giving y/n a quick look, which she didn't return, before pouring in y/ns tears.

The pot glowed and shook as a plant shot out of the soil and grew to a large size.

"Wow." New Zealand muttered.

"Hmm... It looks familiar." Norway contemplated, looking at the large green seven-leafed plant.

"Let's just get it for the King's guest." England said, walking up to the door and knocking firmly.

The door opened.

"America?" England exclaimed with a frown.

"Oh hey you brought my weed." America said, taking the pot from him. "Cool. Thanks."

He shut the door leaving the group dumbfounded.

"Weed?" Everyone said in unison.

"I knew it looked familiar..." Norway muttered.

"You're seriously telling me we..." New Zealand said, beginning to giggle. "Oh wow that's the dumbest question I've ever heard of."

"Well it seems our journey has come to an end." Norway said with an upbeat tone. "I think we all enjoyed it."

"Y/n can I talk with you?" England said, turning around to face her.

"You may...." She said pensively.

"Listen, about what happened in the woods. I didn't mean to do that okay? I would never. She had me all caught up in her spell... please y/n... I.... I love you. And only you." England said earnestly, taking her hand in his, blushing. "Please forgive me."

"I forgive you." Y/n said after a moment of thought, blushing as well. "But if you pull anything like that again I shall have to throw you off the tallest tower and have Buckingham trample you a thousand times over."

"Seems reasonable." England chuckled, placing a hand on her cheek.

She smiled and leaned in close,as he came closer, his face so close, his lips just barely brushing the edge of-

_____

"Not again!" Y/n groaned, shooting straight up in her covers.

She looked around the room to see the others groggily waking up from the sleep over they'd all have last night.

"Okay did anyone else have a dream about a weird weed quest?" New Zealand said, yawning.

Everyone else nodded.

"It's weird it happened twice... that we all had the same dream again." Norway said.

"Yeah but at least the last one wasnt as crazy and stupid. I'm still mad about being the poop guy." New Zeland huffed.

"You'll get over it."

"Make me."

"Umm...."

"Y/n?" England said, turning to her.

"Yeah?" Y/n replied, adjusting the covers of the blow up mattress they shared.

"I'm sorry about what happened... even if it was a dream..."

"Don't worry about it. I know you wouldn't do that in the real world."

He grinned and kissed her, she kissed him passionately.

"Guyyyyssssss stooooopppppp." New Zealand groaned. "You too are sooooo gross."

"Should we do it again?" Y/n laughed softly, earning a plea from New Zealand.

"If you two don't stop making out I swear I-"

"All of you stop it." Norway sighed. "What's that?"

He pointed to a large pan sitting in the middle of their beds.

"I don't know. Guess we ate it." New Zealand said, scooting over and inspecting it. "It smells like chocolate....and something else...."

"Hey guys uhhhh...." America said, popping his head into the room and interrupting their investigation.

"Has anyone seen my brownies?"

A/n: Haha sorry guys y'all can kick me out of the fandom now.

I'll try to upload atleast once a week, either here or 'We Are a Family' (lmao shameless promo (please go read it it's good I swear)) but I make no promises.

Hope you all have a great day/night and happy questing.

A/n: 100k Reads?!?

[image]

Hi guys!!

Im... Honestly not sure what to say.

I'm still kind of in shock about it.

I mean, 100k??? That's alot, considering it was my first book, I only started it back in September, and it's FANFICTION.

But seriously, I wanted to thank you all so so much for everything.

I know I thank y'all alot, but you honestly deserve it. Even if you never commented, voted, or kept reading.

Even if you only read one or two chapters and left, your support and veiws mean so much to me.

You guys are like my family, even if we've never even talked. The community we've built together has been amazing, supportive, and a little crazy (but all in good fun of course).

I'm in such shock I can barely write (how ironic, I know). I often feel as if I don't deserve all this attention, but I promise I will do good with it. I owe you all that much.

Thank you again, truely,

-Nebula

P.S. Love yall sosososososos much

Easter Special!!

Easter Special

A/n: Happy Easter everyone!!
Hope y'all had/are having a good Easter.

This special is a little extra special because it's my first ever author collab with the amazing Zulu_the_demon .

It was really cool to have a co-author for once and it taught me alot about writing with another person.

I hope you guys enjoy this as much we enjoyed making it for yall.

P.S. My parts will be in bold and hers will not.

Y/ns POV (1st Person)

I was laying in bed when I heard a soft chirping of birds and faint barking of dogs.

I reached to my side where my boyfriend Czech would be, only to feel an empty spot on the bed.

I knew that today was Easter Monday but I was too tired from last night's painting the eggs that I didn't want to get up. I sleepily reached for Czech's pillow and brought it closer to me. I hugged it tightly and tried to fall asleep again.

I must have fallen asleep because I felt something poking my side and someone trying to hold back laughter.

I groaned in my half-asleep state and curling around the pillow some more, ignoring whoever was standing by the bed.

Suddenly I felt like somebody started smacking and whipping me somewhat gently with something and I heard Czech sing in his

native language.

"Hodky, hodky, doprovodky dej mi aspoň litr vodky. Nemáš-li vodku dej mi rum vypiju celý dům!" Then he started whistling loudly.

I yelped, scrambling on the other half of the bed until I reached the end and fall face-first on the floor.

I heard Czech burst out laughing from behind me so I got up carefully and turned to face him.

He was leaning on our bed laughing hard with some kind of whip that was made from braided branches and decorated with colorful ribbons.

Once his laughter died down he looked up at me still smiling and trying to catch his breath.

"Care to explain what the hell was that?" I said questioningly while crossing my arms on my chest.

"That, moje milá, was an Easter Monday morning wake up for every girl in the Czech Republic and Slovakia" Czech said grinning while waving with the colorful whip.

I looked at him confused not understanding at all.

"Well I see you didn't study my traditions" He said with fake hurt.

"Well...I did but only some." I said, lying because I didn't study them at all.

"Well Easter here in the Czech Republic, Slovakia and Poland are celebrating with an Easter whip." He waved with the braided branches.

"Then walking around the neighborhood, singing funny and classic Easter poems, drinking, eating and getting eggs, sweets and for grownups, alcohol" He explained and I nodded slowly.

"Okay...but why the Easter whip?"

He smiled.

"I'll explain it downstairs. I have made you some breakfast" He walked up to me and kissed my nose. "So why don't you change and come down so the food won't get cold hm?" He said with a smile.

“Okay okay coming.” I said as he left the room.

I rummaged through my drawers and closet until I finally found something decent to wear.

I gave myself a nod of satisfaction in the mirror and went out to the kitchen.

“So, are you going to explain why I just got the beating of a lifetime?” I asked, sitting down at the table.

“Well, it's just a tradition.” He shrugged, pushing a plate of rolls, cheese and meat in front of me. “It started in older times so that boys could uh... Whip girls into fertility and health.”

I choked on the cup of coffee I’d just taken a sip of.

“Good to know I’ll be nice and fertile this year.” I coughed, blushing slightly.

“It sounds worse when you put it like that..” He chuckled, also blushing.

“So um, I got you something for Easter. It's a tradition for girls to give guys stuff for Easter right?”

He smiled and nodded.

“Be right back.” I smiled back, getting up and rushing back to my room and grabbing the gifts from the back of the closet.

“Here.” I said, coming back and sitting in his lap.

I pulled out a few brightly colored eggs and a bottle of booze.

“Yesssssss.” He grinned. “You're the best y/n.”

He set the gifts down and pulled me in close, pressing his lips to mine. I wrapped my arms around his neck, enjoying the moment.

“Oh!” He said, pulling away. “We should go get sheep.”

I stared at him.

“Please tell me you didn't actually buy a sheep again. I don't care what Ireland says about them being good pets.” I sighed.

“It was one time! I was drunk!” He said in defense. “It's not a real sheep, it's a cake that looks like one.”

I slipped off his lap as he went to the fridge and pulled an adorable frosting covered lamb.

“Awe! It's adorable!” I squealed, walking over and inspecting the cake creation. “And it looks delicious.”

“Should we have some?” He asked, pulling a knife from the kitchen drawer.

“Definitely.” I nodded.

He lifted up the knife and sliced through the cake.

“Czech!! You cut off its head.” I said, looking at the lamb head on the plate.

“Well, where else was I supposed to cut it?” He asked questioningly.

“Oh, I don't know- maybe the butt???”

“Hey! I was putting it out of its misery!”

“Oh my gosh…” I sighed, putting my head in my hands and rubbing my face.

“So uhhh… want some?”

I looked at Czech through my fingers and tried to hold back a smile, but failed. I shook my head and giggled.

"Yeah I'll have some." I said with a smile and he smiled back.

He then proceeded to cut the sheep, giving me the butt. I looked at him.

"What you wanted the butt you have the butt" He said with a silly grin.

I shook my head again because of my boyfriend's silliness.

'And that's why I love him so much' I thought to myself and took the plate.

"Thanks for the butt. You might get one as well tonight" I said giving him a quick peck on his lips and walking back to the table.

His already red cheeks brighten with hue and I let out a quiet chuckle.

'He is so cute with that blush of his' I thought, sipping on my coffee and taking a bite of the sheep.

“Mmm! This sheep is really good! Who made it?" I asked Czech who walked by me to sit on his seat.

"Oh my mom dropped by to give me some more food, ribbons for the Easter whip, the baked sheep before going with dad in his log cabin to spend some time there" He explained while I ate.

"And speaking of ribbons...there is also a tradition that each girl that got whipped has to give the guy a ribbon on his Easter whip" He said, smiling and I smiled back while humming.

"I think I have one in my stuff...let me check a real quick."

I took the last sip off my coffee and rushed to our room. I reached for my suitcase and started searching in it. I smiled when I pulled

out the (f/c) colored ribbon that I used for the booze to decorate it.

I walked from the room back to the kitchen to see Czech sitting by the table on his phone with a decorated basket and Easter whip beside it. I walked up to him till he noticed me.

"Oh! You found one?" He asked standing up and putting his phone in his back pocket.

"Yeah I found this last piece. Is it enough?" I asked "Yeah it's just enough," he said as he tied the ribbon on the end of the Easter whip. He turned to me and gave me a kiss on my cheek.

Suddenly there was a banging on the door and someone yelling something in Czech.

Then I heard Czech's twin brother Slovakia yell something as well.

"I'll have to go. Kia is mad that I am still here with you and not getting drunk with them" He said with a smirk.

"Please don't tell me that you will get drunk…" I looked at him with pleading eyes but then I realized that it's his way of celebrating it, meaning he will get drunk.

"Fine...when you will come. Or should I ask when and where should I pick you up?"

He chuckled at that.

"I don't know myself. Someone will call you and tell you where I am. Now if you excuse me I have to go celebrate!" He said with excitement, grabbing the Easter whip and basket not before giving me a loving and rather long kiss on the lips.

He then went to the front door, taking his shoes and going outside to be greeted with his twin and some other people.

Czech then turned to me.

"Miluji tě zlato" He said and I gave him a wave with a smile till he closed the door, sending me his smile one last time before the doors

were completely shut.

Now I was alone in the house so I decided to search for something up about this crazy holiday and to see if there is some way I can play revenge on him.

After a lot of reading and research, I found out that first, since it is a leap year the girls should go out instead of boys and second, that the girls can pour cold water on the boys to 'cool them down' from the whipping and all the action.

I then heard my phone buzz so I set my laptop aside and reached for my phone that was in a charger. It was a message from Czech:

Czech: Hey love, I am heading home because I stained my so I want to change. Could you get me a t-shirt xo I could just grab it and go? I'm also going to drop off some of the stuff I got while I was out. Thank you and I love you

I smirked when I read the text and constructed a devilish plan in my head.

“Hey Y/n! Im back-” He started, but his words quickly turned into gargled sputters as I dumped a large bowl of water on his face.

“Welcome back.” I giggled. “Do you want that shirt?”

“Maybe some pants?”

“Already on it.” I said, passing him clean and dry clothes.

“So I see you looked more into my Easter Traditions then huh?” He said as he began to strip down and put on the fresh clothes.

“Yup.” I smirked, watching him change.

“Well I'm back to the bar. It's the one down the street. My usual.” He said, placing a bag on the table which I assumed was full of Easter stuff. “I'll drag myself back in the morning.”

“No. Im picking you up by midnight.” I replied, kissing his cheek. “And by the smell of you already, I’ll find you passed out in the corner of some bathroom.”

“Hey! I'm a responsible drunk."

I raised an eyebrow.

“Im a semi-responsible drunk?”

I waited.

“See you at midnight.” He sighed in defeat.

“Love you.”

“Love you too.”

I watched him leave and then turned my attention back to the apartment we shared. If he was going to be out for a while, and I didn't have anything to do today, might as well get some shut eye.

I walked into my bedroom and flopped down on my bed, setting an alarm, and then snuggling under the duvet.

I put on my favorite music and proceeded to pass out.

I woke up to my alarm a few hours later and dragged myself out of bed.

Heading out of the apartment and down the street, I walked into the nearby bar where Czech was usually at.

I took a deep breath and headed in, not at all surprised at the sight before me. There were drunk men strewn about everywhere and their girlfriends and wives attempting to drag them out of the bar.

I walked up to the bar man.

“Looking for yours?” He asked, glancing up at me as he

cleaned a glass.

“Unfortunately.” I sighed.

“What does he look like?”

“If the Czech flag had a body and could get drunk.”

“Bathroom to your left.”

“Called it..” I muttered, heading off to the mens restroom.

I pushed the door open, knocking over some drunk guy leaning against it.

“Czech come on.” I said, spotting him.

He groaned and looked up at me.
“Come on. I don't have all night.” I sighed.

“Coming…” He muttered, standing up and stumbling into my arms. “Ughhhh…I feel sick… but you smell really nice.”

“Thanks.” I replied, helping him out of the restroom area and out to the bar.

“One more?” He pleaded. “I can take it.”

“No.”

“Fine… only because I love you.”

“Love you too.” I huffed, managing to pull him down the street and to our apartment.

“You’re so hot right now.” He laughed tiredly.

I blushed a little but kept us moving.

“I'm going to put in bed now okay? And you’re going to sleep for a long time and I’ll leave some drugs on the table for your hangover in the morning.” I said.

“Nooooo I want to sleep in your bed. It's softer. And you're there. And you're so cute when you sleep.” He nuzzled me tiredly.

I blushed more.

“Okay okay. Just go to bed.” I said, pulling him into my bedroom and shoving him onto the bed.

“Hot…” I heard him say into the sheets.

“Oh come here you.” I said, laying down and snuggling next to him.

“This is nice…” He mumbled. “Oh hey, is today Easter? Happy Easter..”

“Happy Easter Czech.”

A/n: Hope you all had fun learning more about the Czech Republic and their wacky traditions.

Doing an author collab was sooo fun and I hope I can do more with other authors in the future.
I think that would be alot of fun and we could add more to this community.

Thanks and have a great day/night!

Poland x Reader: A Little Bit of Confidence

Poland x Reader
A Little Bit of Confidence

A/n: Haven't written Poland since like, chapter 8 of this book. And he's really soft and I'm in the mood for some cute fluff so take it.

Poland's POV (3rd Person)

"Hey Poland." Y/n smiled, taking a seat next to her friend and tossing her bag on the floor.

"O-oh hey y/n." He blushed slightly, shifting nervously, wings twitching slightly.

"Whats up? Did I miss much?" She asked, tucking a hair behind her ear and looking at him with bright eyes.

Poland swallowed hard, why did she have to be so attractive?

"Huh? Oh. No. I don't think so." He managed. "Just a lot of fighting."

"I can see that.." Y/n said as they both looked up at the front of the room, watching as America punched Russia in the face.

"Oooo." They both winced as Ame was lifted up off his feet by Russia and shoved roughly against the wall.

"Yeah that's going to hurt." Y/n said, turning her attention back to Poland.
"So anything new with you? It's been a while."

"Um.." He tried to think. "I don't think so.. I mean, I made perogies the other day, that's about it."

“You’ll have to make some for me sometime.” She smiled.

“So um, what about you? Where have you been off to?” Poland asked.

“I’ve been staying at Gren's house. She's actually really nice once you get to know her.” She smiled, looking down for a moment and looking down for a moment, he could have sworn she blushed, before looking back up.

“Oh wow. That's nice.” He said quickly.

Was she in a relationship with Greenland? Did they like each other? Was he jealous?

‘Snap out of it!’ He thought. *‘It doesn't matter! She wouldn't want you anyways!’*

“Yeah. I had a good time.” She replied. “It's nice to hang out with people you like.”

“Do you like anyone?” He blurted out.

‘What the hell did I just say?!’ He thought, mentally slapping himself.

“Ohhhh.” She blushed a little. “Um.. kinda, but I’m not sure about how I feel about them one hundred percent. You?”

“Uhhhhhhhhh….” He tensed up.

He hadn't really expected the tables to turn like that.

"Y-yeah. Um. Uh. Yeah." He said, feeling his cheeks grow warmer.

"Ooooo?" She leaned in, giggling and his heart fluttered. "Who is it?"

"Um….." He felt himself slowly sinking into the hole he was quickly getting himself into. "I-I'd rather not say yet."

"That's okay." Y/n shrugged. "I was just curious. I won't press."

"Thanks." He sighed in relief.

There was a pause of silence as they both watched Ame get beat over the head with an empty vodka bottle.

"Hey y/n?" He said twisting the edges of his sweater in his hands.

"Yeah?" She said, looking over at him.

"Could you maybe… help me with my crush?" He asked slowly.

"Sure thing."

"Wait really?" He blinked in surprise.

"Of course Poland. You're my best friend." She smiled back.

"O-of course. Best friend." He nodded, wings sinking a little and heart dropping in his chest.

"WILL YOU TWO IDIOTS STOP FIGHTING?" France said, interrupting the conversation and forcing their attention back to Russia and Ame who were wrestling on the floor. "WE'VE BEEN AT THIS FOR TWO HOURS AND DONE NOTHING. THIS MEETING IS OVER!!"

All the countries got up and started leaving, no one seemed to care that nothing was accomplished as usual.

“Well that was productive.” Y/n chuckled sarcastically.

“Haha. Yeah.” He agreed.

“So I’m a little busy tonight but I have tomorrow afternoon free. We could talk about it over lunch if you’d like.” She offered.

‘Lunch? With y/n? Just the two of them? Yes please!’ He thought.

“Yes! Um- yeah. Lunch. Very cool. I can do that.” He said, trying to play it off casually.

“Perfect. I’ll see you then. I’ll text you where to meet up. See ya!” She said, giving him a smile and a wave as she left.

“See ya…” He said quietly, still trying to keep himself from blushing like an idiot.

He took in a deep breath and walked out of the meeting room and into the hall.

“Hey.”

“Hey Germany.” He replied.

“So.. did you tell her?” He asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Not yet…” He sighed in defeat.

“Why not?” He asked as they continued down the hall.

“Because… I think she likes someone else.”

“Who?”

“Greenland.”

“Well she is attractive.” Germany said, adjusting his glasses as he did when he was about to go off on a tangent. “I mean that as a general statement of course. Just something I’ve observed based on her and the way I’ve seen other countries look at her. I think she's still single- I mean, if she's not already romantically involved with y/n. Which in our case, is very possible considering they're very close friends.”

“Thank you Mr. Logical…” Poland replied with as much sarcasm as he could muster.

“You’re welcome.” Germany replied as they headed down the street of the large building where they met.

“She invited me to lunch tomorrow. I… mentioned I had a crush on ‘someone’- I didn't say who of course. But… what do I do?” Poland asked, turning to face him.

“Tell her.”

“What?”

“Just be yourself and tell her. You’ll feel better after, even if she's already in a relationship.”

“But what if I mess up? What if it ruins our friendship?” Poland asked, wings fluttering at all the terrible thoughts racing through his head.

“Poland.” Germany said, placing a hand on his shoulder. “You’re her best friend. Even if she doesn't like you back, she’ll still care about you. Just go for it okay?”

“Okay. I trust you.” Poland nodded.
“Plus, I'm always right.”

“Whatever you say.”

———————————————

Poland messed with a loose string on his sweater as he waited in the booth for y/n.

She’d sent him the address for (your favorite restaurant) a few hours ago with a time. She still hasn't shown up yet.

He kept nervously checking his phone for a time or a text, hoping she hadn't stood him up.

A flurry of activity hit the table as y/n slid into the seat across from him.

“Hey Poland! I'm so sorry, I had some stuff to take care of at work and then even more stuff came up and I got distracted and I ran all the way here and- why are you smiling?”

“N-no reason.” Poland said, quickly wiping the smile from his face that had appeared when she’d showed up.

“Oh okay.” She shrugged.

“Can I get you both something to drink? Or we can order if you're ready.” The waitress said, interrupting them.

“I'm good to order. You?” She asked.

“Yes.” He lied, panicking as he looked at the menu.

“I'll have (favorite food) and (favorite drink).” Y/n replied, passing her menu to the waitress.

“Sounds good. And for you?” The waitress asked, looking up from her notepad.

“Uhhh… I’ll have the same thing.” Poland said quickly, passing up his menu.

“Perfect. Be right back with your order in a bit.” The waitress said, leaving the table.

“Soooo…” Y/n said, leaning forwards. “Who's this crush of yours?”

“I-I’d rather not tell you yet..” He said, the nerves starting to kick in.

“Boy or girl?”

“Girl.”

“Hmmm not alot of female countries…” Y/n said, looking as though she were thinking hard. “What do you like about them?”

“Huh?”

“You know, what makes you like them?” She repeated, looking at me expectantly. "What makes them stand out to you?"

“O-oh…” He gulped, he was really not prepared for this.

“Just list your favorite things about her.”

“Well um…” He blushed. “She's really pretty, and nice, and she makes me feel special. She's got this really cute smile and laugh, it's the most amazing thing ever, and when she walks in the room my heart does this weird thing. And she's always on my mind and just-

she's just the best."

"You're blushing so hard right now." She giggled.

"*Kurwa*…" He muttered, putting his face in his hands.

"Awe, don't hide Poland. It's cute."

"Here's your food." The waitress said, once again, interrupting them.

The pair began to eat, Poland trying to calm himself.

"So, why haven't you told her yet?" Y/n asked, breaking the silence.

"I.. don't think she'd want me…" He admitted, wings sagging a bit.

"What?" Y/n exclaimed. "Anyone would be lucky to have you! You're sweet, caring, your wings are hella soft, you're respectful and cute and-"

He blinked in surprise as she quickly cut off and quickly took a drink to hide her face.

"My point is, just tell her how you feel. I'm sure she'd like to know, even if she didn't like you back. Have a little confidence."

He took a deep breath.

"Y/n I-"

Her phone rang, cutting him off.

"One sec." She said, answering it. "Hey! Mhm, mhm.. What? Seriously? Now? Okay. Yeah he's with me. On our way."

She quickly hung up.

"We gotta bounce. Emergency meeting, probably nothing important, but we have to be there asap."

They quickly paid the check and left the restaurant and rushed down the street and into the meeting building.

They headed up the stairs and down the halls and took their seats around the large wooden table.

Poland couldn't seem to focus on the meeting at all, he couldn't stop thinking about the way y/n had described him.
Did she really mean all those things? Was he reading too far into it?

“Poland! Thoughts?” America said, shaking him from his mind.

“What? Oh! Me?” He sputtered. “I uh…”

He glanced around the table.

“I agree with Germany.” He said firmly, trying to make it seem as though he was paying attention.

Germany rolled his eyes and sighed giving him a, I-know-you-weren't-listening-but-I'll-let-you-off-this-time look.

Poland shrank back, pulling up his wings as if to shield him from everyone at the table.

Finally, the meeting ended.

“Well I hope everything goes well with you and your crush. Good luck Poland.” Y/n said, standing up and exiting the room.

“Psst! Poland!” Germany hissed from across the table.

“What?” Poland replied.

“Go! Now! Last chance! I will tell her!” The German whisper yelled.

“You wouldn't!”

Germany raised a brow.

“Oh my- you've gotta be kidding.” He muttered, rushing out of the

room.

“Y/n! Y/n!” He called, racing to catch up with her. “Hey..”

“Hi Poland did you-” She started.

“It's you. I like you. Alot. Like, alot a lot, more than a friend a lot.” He said, out of breath and blushing madly. “I know you don't like me back because you're with Greenland and-”

“Whoa! What makes you think I’m with her?” Y/n said, looking shocked.

“You blushed when you brought her up yesterday!”

“Ohhh..” Y/n said, blushing. “Um… when I was at her house, Antarctica, her boyfriend was also over. We all like to hang out. One of the nights I was there I kinda walked in on the two of them..”

She made a gesture with her hands and blushed harder.

“Oh.” Poland said, feeling thoroughly embarrassed.

“I.. like you too by the way.” She said, shifting from foot to foot. “Like, alot a lot, more than a friend, a lot?”

“Really?” He asked excitedly.

“Mhm.” She nodded.

“Would you, like to go out sometime?” Poland asked hopefully.

“Yeah.” She smiled. I'd really like to.”

A/n: Germany would be the ultimate wingman change my mind.

America x Reader: Hello Stars

America x Reader
Hello Stars

A/n: I don't have a good authors note for this, but I hope you enjoy the chapter.

Third Person POV

"Morning starshine."

"Mmmm…" Y/n groaned softly as America kissed her forehead and gently nudged her awake.

"Last day on earth and you're not letting me sleep in?"

"Well I wouldn't want my amazing wife to miss her flight now would I?" Ame chuckled, pulling her into his arms and kissing her softly on the nose.

"No you wouldn't." She replied kissing him back.

"I made breakfast." He smiled. "Don't worry, I kept it light. I don't think NASA would be happy if you threw up in one of his shuttles."

"No I don't think he would." She replied, pulling out of his embrace and getting out of bed.

He took her hand, leading her out of their bedroom and into the kitchen to eat. Y/n took the plate that Ame offered her and picked lightly at her food.

"You're pretty quiet this morning." He noted. "I thought you'd be more excited."

"I am excited." She replied, putting down her fork. "But it just doesn't feel real. I mean, space. It's so new and undiscovered. How many people have told you they've been to space? Much less the

moon?”

“Well I’ve been out there once.” Ame said, taking a sip of his coffee. “But I see your point.”

Y/ns phone rang, interrupting the conversation.

“Is it him?” Ame asked.

“Yup.” She replied, answering it. “Hey NASA. Yes I know it's today. Im coming. Yes Ame didn't forget. No. Of course. Mhm. Coming soon.”

“He always gets uptight before a launch. I don't blame him. But I wouldn't want to keep him waiting.” Ame said.

“Guess we should get going.” She replied, popping her dishes in the sink.

“Grab your helmet and your bag and I'll meet you in the garage.” America said, winking.

A few minutes later, the two of them were blazing down the highway towards the space center. Enjoying the whip of the wind and each other's company, y/n holding tight around his waist as he glided down the street.

“Ten bucks says NASA will be mad.” America half joked as they pulled in front of the large building in front of the launching pad.

They got off the bike and walked in the doors. There were people bustling about, yelling numbers and moving things from place to place, Ame getting the occasional salute from a passerby.

“There you two are!” NASA said, running up to them as were walking down one of the large halls. “Where have you been? Sir, I needed her here sooner.”

“Figured I’d let my wife get some rest on the big day.” Ame said, wrapping his arm around her and giving her a light squeeze. “What have you been up to?"

“What have I been up- you've got-”

“Hey hey…” Y/n cut in. “Ame, play nice. NASA, any instructions for me?”

“Upstairs. Get suited up, your teams already up there. The people up there have more instructions for you. And yes- I'll make sure you have one last chance to see America before your flight takes off.”

“Thanks.” Y/n nodded at the both of them before walking off and heading up the stairs.

“We should go wait up by the shuttle bridge.” NASA said, leading him out of the middle of the hall and up a different set of stairs. “She’ll be ready to see you soon.”

“I remember when getting suited up took hours.” Ame chuckled as he followed him.

“Ah yes.. The dark ages.” NASA remarked. “Technology has certainly come a long way. Although sometimes I wonder if we’ve gone too far...”

“Don't get all philosophical on me Nas.” Ame said, rolling his eyes. “Also are we there yet? There are alot of stairs. Don't we have an elevator?”

“We do.” NASA smiled. “But I thought you should get some exercise after your rest.”

“I sometimes wonder why I created you…” Ame muttered loudly.

“Heard that sir.” NASA said.

“That was the point.”

The two continued up the stairs until they reached the room just outside the bridge to the shuttle.

“You may sit.” NASA said, gesturing to the chairs in the room as he walked up to the large glass window that brightly lit the room.

“Oh I may sit?” Ame said. “Who taught you to have so much attitude?”

“I learned from the best sir.” NASA said, a small smirk playing at the edge of his lips.

“Oh haha.” Ame grumbled. “When will she get here?”

“Are you anxious?”

“Possibly.”

“Are you thinking about the missions again?”

“How could I not?”

“Sir, *Challenger* and *Apollo 13* happened a long time ago. We’ve come along way.” NASA said, attempting to reassure his creator.

“But she's my wife. You wouldn't understand.” Ame said, running his fingers through his hair.

“No. I wouldn't.”

“Hey boys, what are we talking about?” Y/n asked, entering the room.

“How big and awesome that moon rock you're going to bring back for me is going to be.” Ame said, standing up and hugging her the best he could through the suit.

“Oh? I didn't know I was bringing you a suivener.” She joked.

“You better bring me back something starshine, I miss it out there.” He said, kissing her softly.

“I'll think about it.” She said teasingly.

“Anything else you want me to do while I'm out there.”

Ame thought about it for a moment.

“Tell the stars I said hello.”

“I will.”

“Promise?”

“Promise.”

“Sorry to interrupt-”

“No you're not.”

“Sir-”

“Am I interrupting you now?”

NASA shut his mouth and gave America a hard stare.

“Yes NASA?” Y/n cut in.

“You need to board now. Please say goodbye.”

“Okay.” She nodded. “Ame… I love you.”

“I love you too starshine.”

He carefully cupped his hands around her head, his fingers tracing the features of her face.

She smiled as she kissed him over and over again, reaching up and running her fingers through his soft hair.

“Bye bye starshine.” He whispered as they pulled away.

“Bye Ame.” She replied, kissing him one last time.

“If you'll follow me please.”

Y/n slowly pulled away from him and followed NASA out the doors and to the shuttle. He helped her get settled and strapped in. He was about to help her with her helmet when she stopped him.

“NASA… If anything happens to me…” She said, her eyes flitting nervously.

“It wont y/n. I can assure you, the probability is extremely-”

She put a finger to his lips.

“Promise me you'll take care of him. If anything happens. Take care of him.” She said pleadingly.

“I will do my best.” He said with a firm nod.

“Thanks NASA.” She smiled, giving him a peck on the cheek before he slipped on her helmet.

NASA took a step back from the shuttle and looked into her eyes one last time before the door closed.

———————————————

“Sir?”

“Yeah NASA?”

“They're safely through the atmosphere.”

“Thanks NAS.” Ame said, leaning back in his chair, sighing in relief.

“You should head home and rest.” NASA said. “You look tired.”

“I wouldn't be able to sleep without her.” Ame replied.

“Well their trip to the moon and back will take several days. You can't expect to stay awake for that long. I’ll send updates if it makes you feel better. At Least rest for one night.”

“Why'd I have to make you so reasonable.” Ame chuckled, shaking his head.

“I think myself a little unreasonable. After all, I'm meant to make men fly to space and create robots to send us secrets of the universe.” NASA replied, something of a smirk playing on his lips.

“Didn't know you had so much humor in you.”

“As I said, I learn from the best. Go home. I’ll send updates in an

hour. Good night sir."

NASA lingered for a moment before leaving the room.

Ame stretched and got up out of the chair, walking out of the room and down the dim halls of the facility. He made his way out of the building and grabbed his helmet before pausing to look up at the blanket of stars above him.

"Night starshine. See you soon."

"Have you ever seen anything more beautiful in your whole life?" Y/n breathed as she looked out the window and down at the earth below.

"It looks pretty much like the pictures." B/f/n chuckled at y/ns remark.

"I miss him already…" She sighed, tearing her gaze away from their home planet.

"Jeez y/n, it's been what? A few hours? You're only going to be away from him for another two days. You'll live. Now come on, we need to sleep. Big day tomorrow."

"Yup." Y/n said, pushing herself away from the window and gently gliding down the ship.

No training could have prepared her for the freeing feeling of zero gravity. Or space in general. It was just so vast and beautiful, it was the most amazing thing.

She floated over to the wall and strapped herself to the cot, letting sleep take her over.

"You'll be able to call as soon as we get the okay." NASA said to an anxious Ame.

"Just let me know when I can." Ame replied, taking a sip from his twelfth cup of coffee that morning. "Get me another cup while I

wait?”

“Sir I’d rather if you didn't kill yourself via coffee addiction.” NASA said, giving him a sideways glance before returning to his screen.

The two waited in silence as NASA tapped a few buttons on his screen and put on his head set.

“Hello? This is NASA to Callisto 1. Please come in.” NASA said clearly into the headset. “Hello? Yes. I hear you y/n. Loud and clear. Yes. I am fine. He's here. Yes. Not yet but I’ll lock him in a shuttle if he does. Yes. Of course.”

NASA took off the headset and passed it to Ame.

“Starshine?”

“Hey!” Y/n's voice said through the headset.

“How's space?” He asked.

“It's amazing. I don't know why you ever came back down.”

“Hey you better come back to see me.”

“Duh. I miss you already.” Y/n laughed.

He smiled.

“I miss you too. How was the moon?”

“Weird. But it was a good weird.”

“Did I get a souvenir?”

“You’ll have to see when I get back.”

“Guess I will.”

There was a pause.

“Everythings… is going okay right? No issues with the panels or

the oxygen system or the thrusters?”

“Relax Ame. We haven't had any major issues so far. I mean, b/f/n threw up when we took off. But that's about it. If anything happens, you know you'll be one of the first to know.”

“I know. But I love you.”

“I love you too. I’ll see you later, this will be my last night in space and I need rest. I’ll call you when I wake up and then I'll land and we can get a late dinner after. Sounds like a plan?”

“You’re the boss.”

“Oh haha. We both know that is not true.”

“Good night starshine.”

“Night love. See you tomorrow.”

The line beeped out.

“See? I assured you she was fine.” NASA said, taking the headset from him.

“You’d understand if you were married, or had a girlfriend, or boyfriend, or were capable of love.” Ame rolled his eyes.

“I suppose so.” NASA said quietly.

“Guess I should get going before you kick me out huh?” Ame said, standing up and grabbing his army jacket from off the back of the chair.

“Yes. You should.” NASA replied, not making eye contact.

“See you tomorrow NAS. And I’ll see her tomorrow too. Text me an hour before I call.”

“Will do sir. Good night.”

Ame groaned as his phone rang loudly next to him.

“NAS… it's early… it's like… 3 am…” Ame whined.

“Sir there's been a problem. With the the shuttle I-”

Ame hung up and raced out of the bedroom, throwing on clothes and running for his bike. He drove as fast as he could to the control center.

He pushed past people and security, throwing open the doors to the control room.

“What the hell is going on?” He demanded loudly.

“Sir there was an explosion with one of the fuel tanks.” One of the scientists popped up.

“Sir…” NASA said very slowly, approaching the country with caution.

“You told me it would be fine… you told me it was safe!!” He growled, grabbing NASA by the collar of his uniform.

“Sir I-”

“Y/n is on that ship! My wife is on that ship!” Ame roared.

“We’ve got contact sir!” Another person on the deck called out.

NASA pushed himself from Ames arms and took a step back.

“Put them on.”

“Hello? This is Callisto 1 to mission control. Hello? Do you read us?” Came y/ns frightened voice from the speakers.

“Yes. We read you.” NASA replied.
"Report your situation.”

“The others were below checking on the fuel tanks, we’d gotten a warning light so they all went down to see what happened-a-and..”

There was a pause.

“The fuel tank burst. It took out half the ship, a-and my crew.”

There was a cry out from members on the control deck.

“It also took out the oxygen supply. I-I’m running on my suit….”

Ames heart dropped.

“I have five minutes left on it.”

There was silence.

“Mrs. L/n….” NASA said slowly.

“Don't give me hope if there isn't any.” Y/n's voice replied. “J-just… Is America there?”

“Yes. He's here. Would you like a private line with just the three of us?”

“Yes please.”

There was a shuffle as Ame was placed in a seat next to NASA and handed a headset.

“Y/n…” Ame whispered, his voice breaking.

“I know. Don't scold me.” She replied back softly.

“I should have kept you safe. Im sorry.”

“No Ame… no… Don't be sorry. Never be sorry for the choices I made. Don't blame yourself.”

“Mrs. L/n? How many minutes?” NASA cut in.

“Two.”

Heavily silence filled the air.

“It's really beautiful up here.” Y/n's voice said, breaking the silence. “I can see you guys.”

“I wish I could see you too.” Ame replied, a tear slipping down his cheeks.

“No… Im… crying a bit actually.” Y/n laugh sobbed.

“Are you scared to go?” Ame asked.

“I'm scared of leaving you. But I’m not scared to die.”

“Why?”

“Because I get to die in the most beautiful place in the universe. I have the stars to guide me and the earth to watch me go. But I’m scared to do it all without the man I love.”

“I love you Y/n. I love you so much.” Ame said, tears spilling down his cheeks.

“I love you too,” She replied. “NASA?”

“Yes y/n?”

“Take care of him. Keep your promise.”
“I….I will..” NASA said softly, a tear slipping down his face.

“I love you both. So much. I’ll be here, in the stars… I’ll always be watching over you.”

The line went dead.

“Bring her back.” Ame said.

“She cut the line. Not me. I-Im sorry sir. I failed.”

“Damn right you did.”

Ame put his head in his hands and felt the tears run down his face and arms. He just sat there, for hours. Feeling nothing but grief and pain and emptiness.

Finally after what felt like forever, he stopped crying, but the pain didn't go away.

He shakily stood to his feet, turning to see NASA.

“What the hell do you want.”

“Y/n sent a message before she…” NASA hesitated.

“What does it say?”

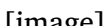
NASA stepped forwards and handed him the folded piece of paper.

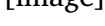
His hands shook as he unfolded it, a fresh wave of tears washing over him as he read the words over and over again.

Hello Stars

A/n: "We choose to go to the moon in this decade and do the other things, not because they are easy, but because they are hard, because that goal will serve to organize and measure the best of our energies and skills, because that challenge is one that we are willing to accept, one we are unwilling to postpone, and one which we intend to win." -JFK

A/n: Why I've been gone...



Mental Health May: Maladaptive Daydreaming

Mental Health May: Maladaptive Daydreaming

A/n: Hello everyone!!

Today's oneshot is different than usual (I feel like I say that a lot now but I'm having fun trying new things), as I'm going to focus more on education/simulation rather than storytelling.

Maladaptive Daydreaming (a.k.a excessive daydreaming) is a newer recognized disorder and is defined in Wikipedia as: "...a disordered form of dissociative absorbtion associated with vivid and excessive fantasy activity that often involves elaborate and fanciful scenarios. It can result in distress, can replace human interaction and may interfere with normal functioning such as social life or work. People who suffer from maladaptive daydreaming can spend more than half their days in "vivid alternative universes"..."

This has definitely been a huge challenge for me to write, and might not be that easy to read, please keep in mind that THAT IS THE POINT.

More will become clear in the chapter and the authors note at the bottom.

Happy reading!!

Y/n's POV

Beep! Beep! Beep!

I groaned and rolled over, lazily slapping my alarm clock as the noise rang through my ears.

Sighing, I got out of bed and grabbed a pair of clean clothes and

quickly changed before heading into the bathroom to get ready.

"Hey y/n!" Japan said as I walked down the sidewalk of the neighborhood.

"Hey Japan." I replied as she linked her arm with mine.

"Are you excited for the picnic later?"

"Definitely."

"Oh! You should come over to my house and we can make something together!"

"That sounds like fun." I smiled.

She grinned and pulled me down the street.

"What do you want to make y/n? You always have the best ideas." Japan said as we walked up the stairs to her front door.

"Chocolate chip cookies. They're a classic." I replied after thinking for a moment.

"I like the way you think." Japan winked, letting go of me and pulling me into her large kitchen.

"Wow Japan, didn't know you liked to cook." I said, looking around at the large array of appliances.

"Well most of the newer stuff is mine, but my mom handed me some of her more traditional cooking utensils. So I needed a large place to store them all." She explained.

"That makes sense." I nodded as she walked into the pantry.

"What do we need?" She called.

"Flour, sugar, baking soda, salt, vanilla, and chocolate chips." I called back, walking over to the fridge. "I'll grab the rest."

I pulled out the eggs and the butter and set them down on the counter.

“Y/n! Hurry up!” I heard my mom yell from down stairs.

I quickly checked my phone for the time.

“Oh great…” I muttered, shoving my phone in my pocket as I raced down the stairs.

“You're late again.” My mom said as I raced into the kitchen and grabbed my backpack and my lunch.

“I know Mom, I'm sorry.” I said, shoving all my stuff into my school bag. “I'll be on time tomorrow.”

“You better.” She said as I gave her a quick kiss on the cheek. “And take a granola bar or something with you!”

“Later Mom!” I called, already heading out the front door and down the steps.

I could hear the bus rolling down the road and I swore under my breath as I dashed to the stop. I managed to make it just as the bus pulled up to the curb.

The doors opened and I slid into the seat next to b/f/n and took over the window seat.

“Close one again.” They teased. “Next time you’ll have to run to the next stop.”

“Oh come on you’d stop the bus for me.” I said, rolling my eyes as I shoved my backpack down my feet.

“Would I?”

“You’d better.”

I leaned my head against the back of the seat and looked out the window at the cars and trees that whizzed by as we headed to school.

“So y/n… I was thinking…. After school….”

"Would you mind lifting that for me?" Japan asked, pointing to the mixer in the corner of the kitchen. "It's kinda heavy and you're a lot stronger than I am."

"Sure." I shrugged, walking over to the counter and grabbing the mixer.

She was right, it was heavy. I heaved it onto the counter and gently moved my hands out of the way.

"You just wanted to watch me lift that didn't you." I said, glancing over at the satisfied smile on Japan's face.

"So what if I did?" She shrugged. "I enjoyed it and you moved the mixer."

"Your boyfriend better not find out."

"He's as much of a flirt as I am." She replied, the doorbell rang. "Speaking of which…."

She left to go get the door while I measured the butter and sugar. I threw them into the mixer and began to cream them while I preheated the oven.

"Y/n's here too!" I heard Japan say as she walked back into the kitchen with two people in tow.

"Hey North, hey South." I smiled. "Long time no see."

"Hey Y/n!" South Korea waved, walking over to see what I was doing. "Oh that looks like a good start."

"Hello y/n." North Korea said, giving me a polite nod. "How are you?"

"I'm okay." I shrugged as I began to add the other ingredients to the mixture.

South tried to sneak some cookie dough when I wasn't looking, but loud "Ouch!" told me enough.

"That's what you get for trying to sneak some when the mixer is on." I said simply. "It's your own fault."

"Ow… it still hurts though." He whined while Japan put a comforting hand on his shoulder.

"Quit whining South Korea. You deserved it." North said.

"Hey!" South glared.

"No fighting you two." I said, giving them a sharp look, I was ninety percent sure North Korea had some sort of explosives in his coat pocket.

Screech!!

I was pulled out of my thoughts as the bus came to a halting stop in front of the school.

“So? What do you think? Can I count on you?”

“Huh?” I blinked, trying to think what on earth they could be talking about but nothing came to mind.

“Well?” B/f/n said, raising an eyebrow.

“Yeah. Of course.” I nodded, not quite sure what I had just agreed to.

I quickly followed b/f/n off the bus and into the cafeteria to meet up with my other friends.

“Hey guys.” I said, slipping into my usual seat.

I was greeted by some ‘Hi's and ‘Hello’s from my friends. They all began to talk about some things in little groups and I found myself wishing to block it all out. The cafeteria was loud anyways.

Slipping in my earbuds I began to turn up the volume and watch the noise drown out. Everything around me I could see, but I could also see myself slipping back into the world inside my head.

I finished up whipping up all the ingredients together, occasionally slapping South's hand away with the spatula.

"Would you like help y/n." North asked, standing behind me.

"Oh um… sure." I said. "I'll put the dough on the cookie sheet and you can arrange them into rows if you'd like."

"I can do that." He replied, moving over next to me as I plopped balls of dough onto the sheet.

"So what are you up to these days North?" I asked, glancing over at South and Japan who decided to have an intense make out session on the couch.

"Trying to expand my land, keeping my leader safe, threatening America, building large and scary nuclear weapons. And you?"

"Oh uh… not much." I replied. "Nothing nearly as exciting as you."

"Understandable. I am a great nation and you are a human."

"Awesome compliment." I replied, sounding genuine but being completely sarcastic.

"Thank you." North replied, my hinted sarcasm going right over his head.

The sound of the bell jolted myself from my thoughts and I blinked back into reality.

I swung my legs over the bench and followed the crowd out of the cafeteria, the music still blasting in my ears.

I felt a harsh tap in my shoulder and I pulled out my earbuds, whipping my head around.

“Jeez Y/n!” B/f/n said. “I’ve been yelling your name all the way down the hall.”

“Oh shoot sorry.” I replied, feeling a little bad. “I guess my music was up too loud. We should go to class now.”

“I hope you studied for the History test.” B/f/n reminded as we walked down the hall.

"That's today?" I said, feeling a rush of panic rising in my chest. "I thought it was Friday!"

"Nope." B/f/n said, popping the 'p'. "Mr. Smith moved it up remember?"

"No…." I groaned.

"You're pretty smart y/n." B/f/n said, trying to make me feel better. "We've been working on this stuff all term. I'm sure you'll do fine. Good luck in class! I'll see you later."

I waved goodbye to b/f/n as I walked into the classroom. My first class of the day. Art.

I threw on an apron and got to work on my landscape project. Allowing my brush and my paints to fill the canvas with color and wonder. It was soothing, calming.

The thing I liked about art is it required complete concentration. I didn't slip when I was drawing or painting, it made me feel normal.

I was putting the finishing touches on when I heard the bell ring again, and lost track of time again.

I turned on my music again as I entered the hallway. It was loud and it didn't like the loudness of the students in it, it made it hard to slip.

He finished organizing the cookies and I put the trays into the oven.

"They'll be ready in nine minutes." I announced, tossing my oven mitts to the side. "Who else is coming to the picnic?"

"Hmm…" Japan said, walking over. "America… Canada… New Zealand and Australia… Germany… Italy… I think that's it- wait- Russia's coming too."

"That's a bit more than I thought." I said, wondering if I should have made more cookies.

"Well Canada thought he'd be nice to invite his brothers, which meant

America had to bring Russia. They're not official yet but I have high hopes." Japan grinned, but she leaned over and whispered in my ear. "I'm not quite sure what North Korea is doing here… but it's too late to send him away now."

I nodded and me and Japan both glanced over at North.

There was an awkward silence between the four of us.

"Soooooooo…" South cut in. "You've been listening to any good music lately y/n? You know how much I love new songs, or bands, I'm down for a change of scene."

"(Favorite band) is pretty good, I think you should try them." I replied.

"Adding it to the list!" South said, whipping out his phone and making a note.

I came to again when I stepped into the science lab and was forced to put my phone away. Slipping into my seat, I swung my backpack off and grabbed out my supplies.

"Scoot your chair in I can't get in!" B/f/n said behind me as I scooted in to let them sit.

"How was uhhh.. Math? You have math right?" I asked.

"Yup. We have sooo much work! I don't know how I'll be able to get through it all tonight…. there's just….. and I don't know how to solve…. oh look at…."

I strained to try and stay in the conversation but my brain wanted to slip again. All this talk about math was stressing me out.

Finally the teacher walked in.

"I hope you all have your procedures from yesterday. If not you'll get a zero in the grade book and you won't be allowed to do your lab. Now go get started. And wear goggles!" Mrs. Neal said firmly.

"She's such a bi-" B/f/n started.

“Shut up or she might hear you. And yeah, we know.” I said, rolling my eyes. “I barely got through last night's homework.”

“You mean that giant twelve page packet front and back and the notes?”

I nodded.

“Didn’t do it.”

“B/f/n!” I snickered, trying to look stern. “You shouldn’t be doing that.”

We got started on our lab and I managed to stay focused on it. One would be surprised how much drugging small water organisms would be fun.

“Are you excited for our next class?” B/f/n giggled as we headed up the stairs.

“Oh shut up.” I blushed.

“Ohhhhhhh someone’s blushinggg!!”

“I said to drop it!”

B/f/n giggled.

“You should just ask them out already. Seriously.”

“No way! I’m not doing that!”

“Your loss if c/n **(crush name)** gets taken.”

I stopped talking to consider my friends' words.

“Still not doing it.”

“Pussy.”

“Yeah yeah we know.” I sighed as we walked into my English class.

I slipped into my seat, b/f/n sat next to me, and when c/n arrived, they'd sit across from me. Sometimes assigned seating really paid off.

"Hey."

I looked up to see c/n sitting down in front of me. My heart pounded in my chest.

"Hey…" I replied softly.

"Hey c/n." B/f/n giggled softly, I nudged them in the ribs. "Ow!"

"Shhh!" I hissed ignoring the confused look of c/ns face.

"Okay then." C/n said, looking between the two of us and shrugging it off.

The teacher walked in and began the lesson but I couldn't concentrate. My mind kept shifting from school, to after school, to the lesson, to c/n, to b/f/n, to the test coming up. My mind screamed for an out, it was too much. I reluctantly gave in.

The timer dinged, letting us know that the cookies were ready. I walked over to the oven and slipped on a pair of oven mitts, pulling the freshly baked cookies out of the oven.

"Oh those smells- OW!" South yelled, wrenching his hand away from the piping hot tray.

"South!" I exclaimed in exasperation.

"You literally just watched me pull them out of the hot oven!"

"I know I know… I just didn't think it through." He sighed, as Japan helped him nurse his burned fingers.

"You don't think anything through." North sighed.

"Hey! That's not true!"

"Guys! We're going to be late!" Japan said quickly. "I messed up at the

wrong time! We have to hurry!"

North helped me put the cookies on a plate and South and Japan went out to the car to get it started. We headed out and hopped in the back of Japan's tiny Kei car.

"You should really get a bigger car Japan…" I muttered as North and I squeezed into the back.

"It's cute and I like it." She replied, pulling out of the driveway.

North and I spent the ride in the back in silence, I could feel his gaze drift towards me every few moments. Japan and South were bopping to a mix of J Pop and K Pop in the front seat, singing loudly like they were having the time of their lives.

A few minutes later, Japan pulled into the grassy patch that served as a parking lot for the woods we were headed into for the picnic. I grabbed the goods and slipped out of the back seat, following behind the rest of the group to where the others were set up.

"I caught something!" I heard America yell as I walked up to the group.

He was struggling with a fishing rod that he'd thrown into the nearby lake.

"Ame! Be careful!" Canada said, standing worriedly next to him.

"Got it!" Ame yelled, pulling out a wriggling fish.

"I think you caught a carp." Canada said, inspecting the catch.

"Hey if I catch another maybe they can… carpool..." Ame winked and chuckled.

Canada smacked his forehead and groaned.

"Hey guys." I waved. "Nice fish."

"Thanks!" Ame grinned proudly.

“Hi y/n.” Canada said, lowering his hand and giving me a polite smile. “How are you?”

“I’m alright.” I replied.

“Ohhh I see you’ve brought the goods.” Ame nodded, reaching his hand towards the cookies.

“Hey! Those are for later!” I said, pulling them away.

“I’ll take those over.” Japan said, making herself known and taking the baked goods from me. “Nice to see you two!”

“Coming through!” New Zealand yelled, barreling towards us at full speed with a large container of gasoline in his arms, Australia close behind.

“No! No! Guys stop!” Canada cried, putting his hands up and stopping them in front of the lake. “You can’t try and light another lake on fire!! We’ve talked about this!”

“It’ll work this time.” Aussie replied. “We brought enough.”

Canada sucked in a deep breath and sighed.

“I admire your efforts but that is not the point, please stop burning bodies of water.” Canada pleaded.

“Aw big brother you’re no fun.” New Zealand whined, kicking the dirt. “Please Ame? Can we light it?”

“As much as I’d love to see that you should listen to Nada. But uhhh…” He leaned in close to the younger two. “Save that for later, I have some explosives we can light up in the backyard when we get home later.”

Aussie and New Zealand shared mischievous glances and nodded.

“I cannot believe you guys right now.” Canada sighed, walking off.

“You guys should take it easy on him or he’ll die from stress, or you’ll blow him up.” I commented.

"He's Canadian y/n, he's too polite to die on us." Ame teased, throwing his arm around me. "Let's go get food."

We walked over to the array of blankets that'd been spread out on a clearing of the forest floor. North, South, Japan, Germany, and Italy were already waiting and starting to eat. I sat down with Aussie, Z, and Ame.

"Where's Russia?" I asked, looking around.

"Probably too scared to show his face around here. And that's why I don't invite my boyfriend to any-" Ame started.

"I'm here." A heavily accented Russian voice cut in.

I watched the color drain from Ames face.

"Hi Russia." I waved, patting the empty spot between me and Ame. "You can sit here if you'd like."

He nodded and sat down.

"I brought drinks." He said, pulling several bottles of vodka from his coat and setting them on the blanket.

"How nice." Japan said, giving me a look I couldn't quite read.

The conversation started up again, but we were careful to avoid certain topics. Like world wars, or national debt, and especially nuclear bombs. We had Russia, America, and North Korea in the same setting, the tension was so thick between them it could be cut with a chainsaw.

Smack!

I jumped slightly as a large stack of books were plopped down in the middle of our desks.

B/f/n and c/n grabbed their books and pulled out some papers. I looked around, trying to figure out what was going on.

"Uhhh what are we doing?" I whispered over to b/f/n.

“Weren’t you paying attention? She already went over the lesson.” B/f/n grumbled. “Were supposed to read the chapters, take notes, and then pick a theme and write an essay.”

I thanked them and got to work. I tried to stay in it. To pay attention and do my work, pushing back the urge to start daydreaming again, I really wanted to get back. Who was going to use this stuff anyways?

I managed to tough it out for the rest of the class and followed b/f/n and c/n to the cafeteria, I was starving.

Sitting down at the table, I pulled out my lunch bag and my history textbook.

I shifted through the contents of my lunch, finding only a sandwich and a juice box.

“Sounds about right…” I muttered, taking a bite, apparently I’d been lazy about packing my food the night before.

I flipped through the pages of the textbook starting to study but my brain wanted a break, this test was too much anyways.

I struggled to stay in.

My eyes were reading but nothing was getting through to my brain. I mentally groaned in frustration and slammed it shut.

“You really should study…” B/f/n commented looking over at me.

“Well I’m a little too stressed to study right now.” I snapped. “I have a lot to do and my brain doesn’t want to study. I’m.. sorry.. shouldn’t have snapped, but please stay out of it.”

I sighed and put my head in my hands, taking a deep breath in and out. B/f/n put a hand on my shoulder.

“You’ve been really stressed with school and you obviously haven’t been sleeping well. Take care of yourself.” B/f/n said gently. “You know what? Let’s go downtown this weekend, we can

go to the shops and the canal and get lunch okay?"

"That sounds awesome, thank you." I said, smiling at b/f/n.

My relief was cut short by the bell.

"Hey." B/f/n said, stopping me as I was about to get up. "You got this."

"Thanks."

I weaved around the students in the crowded hall, trying to get to my class, conveniently located upstairs and on the other side of the building.

I managed to slip into the class and sat down at my seat, my feet bouncing nervously as the teacher passed out the test.

I bit my lip nervously as I read through the questions, doing my best to answer them. Why did history have to be so complicated?

My hands were starting to get warm and clammy and my mind went from stressed to blank to slipping.

I managed to make light conversation through the picnic and got many compliments on my baking skills. As the hours passed, the group started to drift homewards.

I gripped my pencil tighter.

Ame, Aussie, Z, and Nada were the first to go, I was half tempted to go with them and watch them blow up most likely illegal explosives in Britain's rose bed. Russia went shortly after them, not seeing a reason to stick around since his boyfriend had left but he'd been sure to give me an extra bottle on his way out. South and Japan went next, all I heard was "Netflix and chill.." and I didn't ask any questions. North, Germany, and Italy stuck around for a little longer.

My hand shot in the air.

"May I use the restroom?" I asked, looking over at the teacher.

“Sure, make it quick.” He replied, glancing up from his papers.

I gave him a quiet thank you as I rushed off to the bathroom.

It was a short ways down the hall and I immediately felt better once I was there. Taking a few deep breaths, I managed to clear my head for a moment. Another student walked out of a nearby stall, a cloud of smoke following closely behind.

“Want one?” The student asked, pulling out a juul.

“No thanks I’m good.” I replied.

“Okay cool.” The student shrugged, putting it away and leaving the restroom.

“It’s just a stupid test y/n… you can do it…” I said softly, attempting to reassure myself.

Slowly but surely, I made my way back into the classroom and sat down, resuming my test. I glanced around the room and made eye contact with c/n. C/n gave me a quick smile before going back to the test. Now feeling more confident with the smile engraved in my brain I went to work.

“Times up.” Mr. Smith announced and I breathed a sigh of relief and dropped my pencil on the desk. The tests were collected and we had a few minutes of free time before the period ended.

“Hey.” C/n said, walking over to my desk.

“Oh uh- hi.” I stuttered out.

“You okay? You looked really nervous during the test.”

“I guess I was a little nervous.”

“I’ll tell you what, I’m free next week, we can study together if you like.” C/n offered, writing something down in a notebook before tearing off a page and passing it to me. “Here’s my number, shoot me a text if you want to hang out.”

The bell rang and c/n gave me a small wave before walking away.

"I will!" I called as they left.

Slinging my backpack over my shoulder, I hurried down the halls and out to the bus lot and hopped on my bus. I ran my fingers over the c/n number as we pulled out and headed onto the road. I slipped on my earbuds and looked out the window, allowing myself to slip again on the way home.

"So Germany." North said, interrupting the conversation we were having. "How is your father?"

Germany's face set into a hard line, I felt nervous in my chest and Italy looked like he was going to cry or pass out or run or maybe all three.

"He's fine." Germany said cooly. "Why do you ask?"

"I always hear so much about him. I was curious." North replied.

"Well now you know." Germany replied, I watched as his fist clenched and his knuckles turned white.

"I'm going to-" Italy whispered, starting to stand to leave.

"Oh no you don't." I hissed, grabbing his shirt collar and pulling him back down.

"Ow!" He whispered.

"Well it seems I should go." North Korea said, standing up, I stood up with him.

"Thanks for coming North. I hope you had a good time." I said, giving him a smile.

"I did, it was nice to see you. I hope I can see more of you." He said, extending his hand.

"Guess we'll have to see." I replied, shaking it, ignoring the frown that settled on his face at my words.

I didn't dare look down at Germany as I shook North Korea's hand, I already knew what it looked like.

North turned sharply and left the scene.

"I still you should start telling people you and Germany are a couple." Italy said after he left.

"Italy!" I chided. "We're not ready yet."

Italy looked over at Germany.

"If she's not ready she's not ready." Germany shrugged, standing up. "But if I see him making moves on you I might have to step in."

"I can handle myself." I replied.

"Can we go home?" Italy said, also standing. "It's getting kinda hot…"

"Come on you two." I said, grabbing their arms and pulling them away from the picnic area and up towards Germany's car.

My brain clicked in as we stopped at my stop. I got off the bus and walked home.

"How was school y/n?" My mom asked as I walked in the door.

"Fine." I replied.

"Do you have lots of homework?"

"Not really."

"Okay, we're having dinner in an hour."

"I'm not really hungry, maybe I'll get a snack before bed." I replied, dumping my backpack and running up the stairs to my room.

I flopped down on the bed and curled up under the blankets. It had been a stressful day and I was done.

My mind begged again to slip and I willingly let it happen, I didn't

want to leave anymore. I could live in reality tomorrow, just no more today.
I took a deep breath as my brain took me under for the last time that day.

I hopped in the passenger's seat and Italy got in the back while Germany started the car.

“Can we go back and watch movies? I’m tired.” Italy asked, laying down in the back.

“Why do we let him live with us again?” Germany whispered to me teasingly.

“Because he’s our friend and we’re nice.” I said, rolling my eyes and kissing his cheek. “Plus he makes really good food.”

“Fair point.” Germany smiled lightly.

“Are you at least going to tell Japan soon?” Italy asked, not hearing us.

“No way!” I replied. “Germany is Japan's best friend, she’d kill us. You know how protective she is of him.”

“I thought she was my best… nevermind.” Italy muttered.

“We’re here.” Germany said.

I got out and took a hold of Germany’s hand as we walked up to the steps of his house, Italy in tow.

“Are we going to watch movies with Italy or…?” He asked, almost shyly.

I thought for a moment and pulled him in for a kiss.

“One movie, and then I’m all yours.”

A/n: I chose to talk about maladaptive daydreaming because it's something I have and something I feel more people should know about. I don't really like talking about myself but I

thought I'd share a little bit about what it's like.

When I'm having a daydream, I am completely aware it isn't real. I know it's fake and in my head. As for 'slipping' as I call it, I have control over it. I can choose whether or not to daydream most of the time. If I'm in an environment where I'm stressed or bored I am more prone to 'slip'.

I spend about 40%-60% percent of my day inside my head, but because of quarantine and the lack of social stimulation and the free time I do it more often.

There are ups and downs with having maladaptive daydreaming though.

Pros: I don't get bored easily, I'm more creative, I can ignore annoying people, I can get ideas for writing/drawing, I can play out different scenarios in my head.

Cons: It can make it hard to concentrate, sometimes I'd rather be daydreaming than interacting with real people, I have trouble sleeping because my mind is working, I can sometimes miss conversation or important info.

If you have any questions about how I deal with it or maladaptive daydreaming, feel free to ask in my PM's or in the comment section, I'm more than happy to answer.

Thank you and have a great day/night!

130k Special!!- Bonus Shorts

130k Special!!- Bonus Shorts

A/n: Hello everyone and thank you so much for 130k!! We've been hitting so many milestones together I haven't been able to keep up with them all.

You guys have been just the kindest and most supportive towards me so I thought I'd do something fun to repay the favor.

I went back through every chapter looking for times people have been like, "Hey wait a minute, I want to hear that story!"

So I've compiled a few fun shorts for you all to read to celebrate.

Enough of my gushing (all though yall very much deserve it, I wouldn't want to bore you) let's get into the stories!!

From: Sealand x Reader: Notice Me?- Mexico dropping a taco on his head

Sealand POV (3rd Person)

Sealand sat patiently at the meeting, quietly listening to the countries loudly argue about politics.

He swung his legs under his chair, his feet didn't quite touch the floor, in excitement for his turn to speak. He'd been practicing what he'd say on all the issues all morning.

"Any more comments?" Switzerland sighed as the arguing died down.

Sealands hand shot in the air.

He stretched it up as high as he could, waving it in the air.

“I do! I have something to say!” He muttered, hoping someone would notice.

“Guess that's over.” Germany said next to him, getting up and walking away.

The other countries began to follow suit and soon the meeting room was mostly empty.

Sealands hand fell in his lap.

Maybe he should give up on going to these meetings, no one seemed to notice him anyways.

“No.” He thought. “One day theyll listen and I'll become a country. Some chance will come, I just have to be patient.”

Sealand grabbed his stuff and walked out into the large hallway outside the room. A lot of countries gathered outside to chat and make plans for after work. Sealand weaved through the crowds, offering a smile and wave at each country, no one noticed of course, but he was used to it.

"Hey guys!" Mexico called out, getting everyone's attention. "Party at my place tonight! Anyone can come!"

Sealand grinned.

Finally! He could get to know the countries in a more casual setting. Might be easier to get noticed that way.
He was definitely going to that party.

Sealand nervously walked into Mexico's house where the party was set up.

Mexico had a large Mission style house and a pool and bar outside, where most of the party was happening.

Sealand pushed his way to the crowd, looking for Mexico. It was only polite to say hello to the host.

As Sealand tried to look over people's heads, which was very hard considering he was half the size as the others, he spotted America.

“Big brother!” He called, waving his hands in the air as to get his attention. “Hello! Over here! Big brother it's me! Sealand!”

America seemed to be too preoccupied with Russia and Germany to notice.
Sealand sighed, he wasn't surprised. His big brothers probably didn't know he existed. He wondered if his father had told them about him at all.

Hmm… speaking of father… maybe he could help him find Mexico.

Sealand grabbed a chair and stood on top of it, looking for his dad. He finally caught sight of him and hurried over.

“Father! Father!” He said, pulling on the edge of Britain's coat. “It's me! Seland! Have you seen Mr. Mexico? I want to say.”

He gave another tug, and Britain looked around but didn't seem to notice his son's attempts.

“It's okay father… I know you're busy.” Sealand said, walking away.

He wandered outside by the pool, wondering if he should just leave. He sat down on one of the lounge chairs and pulled his knees up, watching the other countries getting drunk and messing around in the pool. He wondered what it must be like to have friends like that.

“Yeah Nada. We should definitely hang out more.” He heard Mexico's voice say behind him.

Sealand whipped around in excitement.

Not realizing Mexico was holding a delicious tray of tacos he smacked his head right into it.

The food fell and landed right on his head.

Sealand pushed the food out of his face and looked up into Mexico's shocked eyes.

He saw him.

Sealand broke into a wide grin.

“Hello! Im Sealand!”

From: Easter Special- Czech gets wasted and buys a sheep from Ireland

3rd Person POV

The Czech Republic, Ireland, and Scotland all walked into a bar.

It was late, after a meeting and Ireland and Scotland always went out for a drink after to clear their minds. Czech, having nothing better to do and also in need of a drink, followed after them.

Ireland and Scotland took their usual seats among the bar. They were regulars at the small pub and the people there knew them well.

Czech walked over to the seats where Ireland and Scotland were already getting their drinks.

“Mind if I sit here?” He asked, gesturing to the seat next to Ireland.

“Can you keep up?” Ireland replied. “I don't want to drag you back to your place.”

“Im Slavic.” Czech said, sitting down. “And you underestimate me.”

Ireland and Scotland exchanged glances and Scotland smirked, waving over a drink and passing it to Czech.

“Good luck.”

———————————————

The three countries drank for hours, none of them wanted to be the first one to give up so they didn't stop.

“You know what eyepatch? You're not so bad.” Ireland slurred a bit, leaning his arm against Czech.

“Thanks.” He said, taking another drink. “You’re pretty not bad yourself.”

“How about a little friendly competition friend?”

“Im listening.” Czecch raised a brow, something in the back of his mind told him whatever he was agreeing to was probably a bad idea but he was too drunk to listen to it.

“Okay okay okay…” Ireland snickered. “So uhhhhhhhh if I drink more than you in five minutes you can buy one of my sheep?”

“Now why would I want one of your sheep?” Czech asked, confused.

“Well it's a great prize, plus it's a gift from me. Sheep make excellent pets.” Ireland said. “So cute and soft and fluffy, you'll love it.”

“Wait really?” Czech said, this was starting to sound better and better. “I want one.”

“Then drink with me.” Ireland grinned, holding out his hand.

Czech eagerly shook it.

“Hey Scotland-” Ireland started, turning to face his friend but quickly realizing he wasn't there.

He looked around the bar for a moment before spotting Scotland beating up some poor guy in the corner while yelling angrily in Scottish Gaelic.

“Typical.” Ireland sighed, pulling out his phone and ordering more drinks. “I'll start the timer on three.”

Czech nodded and grabbed his glass.

"1… 2… 3!" Ireland shouted and the two boys went to town.

They chugged as much alcohol as they possibly could, their shirts soaked and stained with the many mugs of beer they were trying to shove down their throats.

"Time!" Ireland yelled loudly as his phone buzzed. "I got nine!"

"Eight." Czech sighed in defeat.

Ireland laughed in victory and fell out of his seat.

Czech put his head in his hands while Ireland struggled to get back up to the bar.

"You have to buy a sheep now." Ireland said, shaking him.

"Alright alright." Czech groaned, pushing him off. "How much?"

"Uhhh 100€?" Ireland replied.

"I don't have Euros on me, just take some money." He said, handing Ireland his entire wallet.

Ireland eagerly pulled out most of the money Czech had in there and passed it back.

"When do I get the sheep?" Czech asked.

"I have one in the car." Ireland said, grabbing his arm.

"Well that's convenient." Czech muttered to himself as Ireland shouted at Scotland to stop punching people and get over here to join them.

"Scott you've got to stop getting in so many bar fights." Ireland said, grabbing Scotland and dragging the two drunk countries behind him.

"Oh shut up." Scotland grumbled as they walked out and Ireland let them both go to unlock the car.

“Here you are.” Ireland said, opening up the trunk to reveal a very fluffy sheep.

“Oh wow.” Czech replied.

Ireland picked up the large sheep and handed it to Czech, who stumbled under its massive wooly weight.

“Thanks.” Czech grunted.

“No problem.” Ireland said, tipping his hat. “See you around for another drink!”

Ireland and Scotland hopped into the car and drove off, leaving Czech very drunk and alone with a large fluffy sheep.

Somehow, the country managed to get back to the apartment he was staying at and into his room. He set the sheep down in the living area, hed deal with the problem later. Czech climbed into his bed and passed out, trying not to think about the massive hangover he was going to have in the morning.

Thunk. Thunk. Thunk.

Czech groaned and opened his eyes.

“Gah…” He groaned, rubbing the sides of his head.

The thunking noise continued outside his door. What on earth could be banging around? He was alone.

He stumbled out of bed and opened the door, only to see a sheep banging around the nearly destroyed apartment.

Books and papers were skewed all over the floor, some of the plants had been knocked over and the furniture had been torn up.

Czech looked at the wreckage and put his head in his hands.

“Do prdele…

From: UK Fam x Reader: Family Night- Z and Aussie light the pool on fire

3rd Person POV

"Aussie…." New Zealand whined, poking his brother repeatedly. "Im boreddddd…."

"Well what do you want me to do about it?" Australia asked from the other side of the couch.

"I don't know, you always have some crazy idea." New Zealand shrugged. "Plus you're the only one here. I mean, America's at his house with his kids and Mom and Dad are boring."

"You forgot about Canada."

"Oh hi Im Canada and I like snow and reindeer and I say sorry a lot and don't let my brothers have any real fun." New Zealand said in a mock Canada voice.

"Alright you have a point." Aussie replied. "Let's go see what we can get into."

The boys hopped off the couch and began wondering around the house, looking for something to do. But the house was quiet and there was nothing in there that could really get them in trouble to be found.

"Let's check the garage and if there's nothing in there we can just go over to Americas and steal his firework collection." Aussie said, leading Z out the door.

The boys rummaged through the garage for a few minutes until something caught New Zealand's eye.

"Hey Aus! Over here!"

Australia hurried over and a grin spread over his star scattered face as he saw the large containers of gasoline.

"Z? I know what we're gonna do today."

"Do you think this will be enough?" New Zealand asked, wiping the sweat from his brow as he dumped in his sixth container.

"I think we can add a few more." Australia replied, already on his eighth container. "Plus we have a big pool, we'll need a lot if we're going to light this baby up."

"I like the way you think." Z smirked, pouring in more gasoline with reinvigorated enthusiasm.

The boys poured in all the containers of gasoline, letting it lap up and over the edges of the pool.

"Ready?" Aus asked, whipping out a lighter from his pocket.

"Wait! I have an idea!" Z replied, racing in the back door and up to the kitchen.

"What are you up to?" Canada asked, pouring some maple syrup over freshly made waffles as New Zealand rummaged through the pantry.

"Oh nothing." Z called back, grabbing the bag of marshmallows and running away.

Canada watched him run off. He suddenly felt very suspicious of his younger brother. Maybe he should check it out…

"Im back!" New Zleand yelled, waving the marshmallow bag in victory. "I got these sticks too!"

"Very smart move little brother." Australia said, ruffling his hair. "May I do the honors."

"You may."

Aussie smiled and lit the lighter, dropping it into the sea of gasoline that covered the pool.

The pool lit up like a beacon and the two brothers cheered at the

growing flames. But as their cheers rose so, did the fire.

“Uhhhh Aus?” Z said, nudging his brother. “I think it's getting a little high…”

“You know what I think you're right…” Australia replied, his joyous tone faltering. “It's getting kinda close to the-”

“The tree line!” New Zealand finished, shaking his brother. “It's on fire! What do we do?”

"The only thing we can do." Aus replied.

While the two boys were outside panicking while their parents' yard was subjected to the flames, an unusual change in brightness caught the attention of Canada.

“Wait a minute…” Canada muttered, putting down his syrupy fork and quickly heading for the back door.

He was met with the sight of his younger brothers chilling out and roasting marshmallows over the burning pool and wreckage of the back yard.

“WHAT THE HELL?”

Aussie and Z turned around to face Canada, glancing at each other before looking back at Canada.

“Umm..” Australia started not quite sure what to say and looking at Z for some sort of help.

New Zealand slowly held up a slightly melted bag.

“Want a marshmallow?”

A/n: Hope y'all enjoyed that, have a great day/night!!

P.S. I'mma try to upload more often now that my mental health is better soooo yeahhh expect me not dying on y'all as much.

Antarctica x Reader: Little Talks

[image]

Antarctica x Reader: Little Talks

A/n: Fun fact I've never done an Of Monsters and Men song in this book before and once I realized I was like, hey, I should fix that.

The song is Little Talks by Of Monsters and Men (most of you probably know the song but not the name).

3rd Person POV

I don't like walking around this old and empty house

"Ready?"

"Ready." Antarctica signed back.

He stood up and helped her stand as well, the two wobbling slightly on their ice skates. Antarctica guided them over to the large, frozen lake and stepped up onto the ice first, y/n following suit.

“It's okay if you don't get it at first.” He signed quickly, letting go of her hand for a moment. *“It takes practice.”*

“I think I've got it, iceberg.” She smirked playfully, pushing off and guiding slowly across the ice.

I don't like walking around this old and empty house

Antarctica pushed off as well and skated after her. As he got close, she’d quickly skate off. Antarctica chased her around the lake, the two throwing snow at each other and laughing.

“You never told me you could skate.” He signed, grinning as he finally caught up.

“You never asked.” She shrugged.

“So how'd you learn?”

“Well it was my dad actually. He made me learn to ice skate so I could use it for dates.” She explained. “None of the guys I ever dated knew how to skate, until now.”

“Yay! Im the first!” He beamed.

So hold my hand, I'll walk with you my dear

“Yup.” She smiled back.

“Even if you do know how to skate, we can hold hands right?” He shyly asked.

“Of course.” She replied, kissing his cheek. “You don't even have to ask.”

The stairs creak as I sleep

“You’re so comfy.” Y/n yawned as she leaned on her partner. “Even if you are a little cold.”

‘That's my specialty.’ He wrote, passing her his notebook that they used in the evenings when they felt like cuddling. *‘But let me know if you get too cold. I don't want you to freeze to death.’*

“It would be worth it.” She sighed, snuggling into him.

It's keeping me awake

‘Sleep on the couch night?’

“Definitely. The fires warm and you're cold. Perfectly balanced as all things should be.” She replied, her eyes fluttering from open to close.

It's the house telling you to close your eyes

She heard him toss the notebook onto the table and felt his cool arms wrap around her.

He pulled her close and their heartbeats synced as y/ns eyes closed and they drifted off.

No sounds could be heard except the crackling of the fire, the breath of two lovers, and the icy howl of the Antarctic wind.

It was paradise.

And some days I can't even trust myself

"Do you have to go?" Y/n whined as Tica took a sip from his cocoa.

"I'd rather go sledding with you or feed the penguins but I have to." He sighed. *"I'll be back as soon as I can though."*

He set down the mug and kissed her cheek. Tica walked over to the hanger and grabbed his coat and goggles from the rack.

Her brow furrowed as he coughed and shuddered slightly, something that'd been happening more often.

Y/n stepped forward but he waved her off, made a quick sign for 'I love you.', and walked out the door, leaving y/n alone in the house.

It's killing me to see you this way

Y/n quickly made some breakfast and texted Greenland, she was the only one y/n could trust with Ticas secret.

Y/n: Hey look after Tica during the meeting okay?

Y/n: His coughs getting worse

Gren: Okay I will

Gren: Have you taken him to see someone yet?

Y/n: I'll make an appointment soon but don't tell him yet

Gren: You got it

Y/n tossed her phone onto the pillow of the couch and turned on the news for some background noise while she read her favorite book. Antarctica wouldn't be back for a few days and she was alone. Sure there was stuff she could do, but it just wasn't as fun without him.

'Cause though the truth may vary
This ship will carry our bodies safe to shore

Y/n tuned out the TV for a few hours until something caught her attention on the screen. A news reporter stood out among an icy wasteland.

:Hello, Reporter Nebula here, reporting live from Anatarica.: The bundled up brunette smiled into the camera. :Today well be talking about just how much climate change is impacting this small, uncharted piece of land...:

"Bitch…" Y/n muttered under her breath.

:According to recent studies, Antarctica is melting about six times faster than it was in the 1900's. With ice melting in gigatons, that's right, gigatons, and sea levels rising faster than ever, it looks like this not-so-cold land mass is definitely heading for this worst.:

Y/n snapped off the TV and texted Gren.

Y/n: I think I found the problem

There's an old voice in my head
That's holding me back

Greenland didn't reply for hours, but she was probably still in the meeting so y/n didn't think much of it.

She stayed up as long as she could, she tried texting Gren and Tica but still nothing. Finally, sleepover took her and she passed out.

Well, tell her that I miss our little talks

Y/ns phone rang loud and clear and she fumbled to grab it off the table.

“Hello?” She mumbled into the phone.

“Y/n you have to come quick.” Greenlands voice said urgently. “Its Antarctica he-”

“Where are you? Where is he? What's going on?” Y/n said, sitting straight up and gripping the device hard.

“He's in the hospital. I'll text you the adre-”

But y/n had already hung up.

She grabbed her coat and raced out the front door. Y/n got on and revved the snow mobile and hit the gas, pushing the machine as hard as she could.

The mobile raced over the ice hills and down their slopes, y/n ignored the stinging snow that was falling in the night. She just had to make it to Tica as fast as she could, no matter what it took.

Soon it will all be over, and buried with our past

Y/n pulled up to the small airport that was miles away from their house and jumped off, running inside.

They were starting to load one of the little planes the airport had to offer, she had to make it on. She marched up to where the small group of people stood, the reporter team she’d seen earlier on the news and pushed past them.

“Move.” She said, shoving the brunette reporter out of her way.

Y/n climbed into the plane and crawled into the tight cockpit.

“Ma'am you can't be in here-” The frightened pilot started.

“The hell I can't.” Y/n replied, putting on a headset. “Now fly.”

We used to play outside when we were young

And full of life and full of love

"Are you sure doctor?" Y/n asked, her voice full of worry.

The red and white faced country nodded.

"I'll give you two some time." Switzerland said, walking out the door.

Y/n sat down next to the bed Tica was laying in and gently put a hand on his shoulder.

"Y/n I'm fine." Tica signed, coughing slightly.

"No you're not." Y/n shook her head, moving her hand up to feel his forehead.

It was almost.. warm..

"Tica you're burning up. You can't get much hotter or you'll… melt." She finished softly.

"I'm always melting for you." He smiled playfully, but weakly.

"Tica…"

Some days I don't know if I am wrong or right

"How is he?" Arctic demanded as y/n exited the hospital room.

"Hes…" Y/n started, her voice starting to voice.

"Well?" Arctic glared.
"Arc don't be rude." Greenland chided, glaring at the cold country.

Arctic glared back and shoved passed y/n, walking into the room where Tica lay.

"She's just worried. She is his sister after all." Y/n said softly as Greenland took her hand and led her to a seat.

"She's worried about Antarctica and she's already starting to melt too… she's just scared."

“Are you scared?”

Y/n nodded slowly.

“Yes.”

Your mind is playing tricks on you, my dear

“I'm sure it'll be fine-” Gren started.

Beeps and blares started to ring from Antarctica's room, y/n was up on her feet in a flash.

She ran into the room as doctors and nurses tried to hold her back.

'Cause though the truth may vary
This ship will carry our bodies safe to shore

“Tica!” She yelled as his whole body started to convulse, water dripping from his mouth as his body began to fade.

Hey
Don't listen to a word I say
Hey

“Tica!” She screamed, kicking and pounding, trying to get to him. “Tica! Let go of me! Please! He needs me!”

Hey
Don't listen to a word I say
Hey

“Tica hold on! Let me go! Tica! Stop! Tica! Tica Tica!”

The screams all sound the same
Hey

“ANTARCTICA!”

And though the truth may vary
This ship will carry our bodies safe to shore

Y/ns eyes flitted open and she moved her hand to the spot where

Tica was supposed to be on their bed.

She sat up slowly and rubbed her eyes.

Slowly getting out from under the covers, she grabbed a sweater and put on some warm socks before heading down stairs.

“Morning.” Tica signed, already waiting in the kitchen.

“Morning to you too, iceberg.” She smiled back, grabbing a mug and making herself some warm cocoa. “What had you up so early?”

“Just excited to spend the day with you.” He grinned.

“Awe. You're so cute.” Y/n smiled back. “What should we do today?”

“What do you think we should do today?”

“Feed the penguins.”

“You just like to watch me talk to them.” He laughed.

“So?” She shrugged. “It's adorable, and hey, not everyone's boyfriend can talk to penguins. I'll grab the food and my coat.”

And though the truth may vary
This ship will carry our bodies safe to shore

Y/n walked through the icy terrain with two buckets of food and Tica in tow.

The wind didn't seem as cold, but still cold enough.

They found the colony and y/n started offering them the food they’d brought.

She smiled as she watched him walk up to a penguin and start chirping. A small giggled escaped her lips as he began to click and squeak.

“What?” He signed, sticking his tongue out.

“Nothing.” She said, shaking her head, still giggling, and turning her attention back to the birds.

You're gone, gone, gone away
I watched you disappear
All that's left is a ghost of you

Y/n's smile faded slightly as he phone buzzed in her pocket.

It was from Greenland.

Gren: Hey can you call me soon? It's been a few weeks

Y/n: Im busy with Tica right now

Y/n: I'll call later

Tica whistled to get her attention.

“Who was that? You look annoyed.” He asked.

“Just Gren. You know how she is.” She replied, shrugging. “Now where were we?”

Now we're torn, torn, torn apart
There's nothing we can do

“Yes?” Y/n said, laying down on the floor and putting her phone to her ear. “Like to tell me why I keep getting a million messages from you?”

“Well I've been texting you for almost a month now and you've refused to call me.” Gren bit back.

“Sorry I've just been busy with Tica.” Y/n said.

There was a pause.

“Right, sorry. Is he… with you right now?”

“No he's downstairs. Why? Are you trying to steal him from me?”

“What no I'm just concerned-”

“I know how you feel about him. Im not stupid.” Y/n said, making the line go silent for a few beats.

Just let me go, we'll meet again soon

“Y/n this isn't about that. It has never *ever* been about that.” Gren replied, with a harsh steely edge to her voice.

“Then why did you want to call me.” She asked.

“I wanted to meet up and talk. That's it.”

Y/n mulled it over for a moment in her head.

“Fine. Where are you thinking?”

“Same spot I saw you last.”

“No.”

“Y/n please.”

She hung up.

Now wait, wait, wait for me, please hang around

“Where are we going?” Tica asked as the two walked across the street.

“Gren wanted to meet up. So we're going.”

“Shouldn't it just be the two of you? She didn't ask for me to come.”

“Trust me she won't complain.” Y/n rolled her eyes.

I'll see you when I fall asleep
Hey

The two walked across the sidewalk and through a gated fence into a large park.

Y/n led him over to a bench and sat down.

“She should be here in a few minutes. I guess we should just enjoy the view.” She said, smiling over at him.

Don't listen to a word I say
Hey

The couple sat quietly, enjoying the scene.

It was a large grassy area, a few trees and lights dotted the scene.

There were no people in sight and the only sounds that could be heard were of the wildlife and the occasional sweeping of wind.

The screams all sound the same
Hey

Antarctica sat to y/ns right.

Her hand was so close to Ticas.

They could have almost been touching.

Though the truth may vary
This ship will carry our bodies safe to shore

“Y/n?”

Don't listen to a word I say
Hey

Y/ns head whipped around to her left and her eyes made contact with Grens.

“Hey Gren. You startled me. Me and Tica were just waiting for you.” She said.

The screams all sound the same
Hey

Greenland looked down at her with an unreadable expression.

But her eyes were filled with pain.

Though the truth may vary
This ship will carry our bodies safe to shore

"Y/n?" She said quietly. "Where do you think we are?"

Though the truth may vary
This ship will carry our bodies safe to shore

Y/n's head slowly turned back to look down at Ticas hand but it was gone.

And so was he.

She blinked and the park was now filled with a thousand stones.

Her eyes slowly lifted up to read the inscription on the stone infront of her.

Though the truth may vary
This ship will carry our bodies safe to shore

'Antarctica.'

A/n: We made it.

The End

[image]

Hello and goodbye everyone.

I'm sure most of you have seen this coming for a while now but I wanted it to be official.

I've been putting off ending this book for so long, secretly hoping that the spark that had inspired this book would come back, but alas, here we are.

I'll be honest, I'm not really into the fandom anymore and I'm ready to move on and find new ones.

But this one will forever have a special place in my heart.

I've had some incredible opportunities through this book, from working with other authors, interacting with fans, getting to talk and share ideas, becoming more confident with my writing, making friends, strengthening bonds with old ones, and hiding my Wattpad account so I don't have to try and explain the mess.

And meeting my beautiful and amazing soulmate who I never could have met except for through this book.

I'm saying goodbye and thank you to everyone here.

(And trying desperately not to get emotional)

Thank you for the reads, the votes, the comments, for being here with me as a part of this community.

You all have become like a family to me and it was the most beautiful thing to share it all with you.

Thank you.

-Nebula

_____

Some questions you may have now that I'm ending this book:

Will there ever be a book 2?

No. I've thought about it, and it's not to lack of ideas, but I can't see myself writing for the countryhumans fandom anymore.

Does this mean you're done with Wattpad?

Not at all! I haven't decided what my next projects will be, but I think I'm here to stay.

Can I take over the book for you/co author with you?

The book is mine and I wouldn't feel right about people continuing it.
As for possibly writing co-authored chapters on other people's books, I'm not opposed to the idea. So feel welcome to ask at any time (I can't promise a yes, I do have a few requirements).

Since you're done with countryhumans, are you quitting We Are A Family?

Nope!! I'm set on finishing the story, then being done. I'm excited to share the ending with you all and see your reactions.

(Please check out my other book no promo I swear)

Thank you all and have an amazing day/night!!